

ACTON DAVIES ON VAUDEVILLE

VARIETY

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CHICOT AND SIME'S REVIEWS OF THE WEEK

FYNES QUIT PROCTOR

(THE FIRST "REAL" STORY)

NICK NORTON'S REMINISCENCES

VAUDEVILLE MANAGERS' FADS

WILL D. COBB ON SONGS

NEW ACTS

SKIGIE

"CORKS"



SIME

CHICOT

Edgar Miller N.Y.

What I Don't Know About Vaudeville.

By AGTON DAVIES.

"Vaudeville—a place where a great many bad actors go before they die." I don't know that this definition of this word has found its way into any of the dictionaries as yet, but it certainly ought to. In the first place, I should never have been asked to write about vaudeville, because, for one thing, I know very little about it nowadays, and, for another, I have got a grudge against it. Vaudeville has robbed me of too many happy hours in the variety theatres to ever expect a boom from me. I feel quite sure that I am not the only dramatic critic who is free to confess that that there was once a time a good variety show was the spice of his life. And why not? What could be more restful and soothing to a man tired out by reviewing a long series of "new and original American plays," from more or less foreign sources, than to find a quiet afternoon's intellectual fun in watching the performance of first-class acrobats, cigarette dogs, or listening to the dulcet strains of a first-class serio-comic. Nowadays if a dramatic critic goes to a vaudeville performance he finds the greater part of the headlines are made up of dramatic extinct volcanoes, names which in many instances have outlived their usefulness and cleverness on the legitimate boards and now distended out of all proportion to their worth are starred at the head of the performance. Some of them have been fortunate enough to secure these short plays; in that case they may be pardoned, but even then it's altogether too much like work for a critic to sit down and enjoy their performance. I don't think I exaggerate the case at all when I say that there are hundreds of true lovers of variety show who are kept away from the performances by the number of plays which are now infected into the bill.

Again, it takes a highly clever actor

to adapt himself to the new environment of a vaudeville. Between him and the legitimate variety performers there is a wide gulf fixed—one of those gulfs which no suspension bridge can ever span. The actor, in nearly every instance, regards his dip into vaudeville as a vast condescension on his part, and looks down on the legitimate variety actor as a being belonging to an essentially lower orbit, a being of a distinctly cruder grade. The variety man meanwhile detests the interloping actor with all his soul. The fact that the star of the moment draws just about three times as big a salary as he does is enough to madden him, but there are usually abundant other reasons as well.

I have yet to meet an actor even among those few who have really scored big-hits in vaudeville who have a good word to say for it. Of course, they nearly always preface their denunciations with a request that they must not be quoted—probably because they might want to return to vaudeville some day—but that doesn't lessen the force of their roasts in the least. Even so high salaried a vaudeville star as Miss Lillian Russell looked as elated as a child just out of school when I met her in the foyer of one of the Broadway playhouses on Monday night. I was astonished to see her there, as I thought she was still drawing in three thousand dollars a week for singing four songs twice a day, so when I asked her "What does this mean. Are you no longer a Proctress?" she replied: "Thank heavens, no. Little Lillian has packed her little dinner pail away in lavender and is going to be a lady again until next March." From which remark I gathered that even in Miss Russell's exceptional case all that vaudevilles is not Valenciennes.

The whole method of the variety stage is so different to that of the regular boards that I cannot see why the average actor should ever expect that he could

score in it. Tabloid drama or comedy may be all very well in its way for those who like it, but it needs an exceptionally strong and magnetic actor to hold a variety audience for eighteen or twenty minutes, the length of the average "turn." In a legitimate play this same actor would have secured important scenes strung through three or four acts. In vaudeville if he doesn't hit out straight from the shoulder at once he is lost. The variety performer has been brought to this line of work and scores accordingly: it is his business to do and to do quickly almost everything which an actor on the regular stage is taught and schooled to avoid. To my mind there is infinitely more charms and originality displayed among the variety actresses to-day than there is among the actors. I could name at least a score of variety performers who have gone into legitimate musical work in the last few years, but if you asked me at a moment's notice to name the actors and actresses who have established themselves as permanent successes in vaudeville I am sure that I could count them off easily on the fingers of one hand. And here's another thing against vaudeville from my point of view. Variety actors may transfer to the regular stage and then return to vaudeville and prove just as clever as ever, but I have yet to see a single actor who having played in vaudeville for any length of time returns to his stage as good an artist as when he left it. Almost invariably the vaudeville rapid-fire methods of accentuation and playing for points tells against him when he reappears in a legitimate drama.

That actors and actresses by their wholesale rushing into vaudeville have hurt their financial standing with the theatrical managers is undoubtedly true. One of the biggest managers in this country, who usually had from one hundred and fifty to two hundred actors

on his salary list, whether they were playing or not, said to me: "The actors are simply cutting their own throats by rushing into this vaudeville business. It's true that they draw a very large salary for a few weeks, but how long does it last? And then thrown down and out in most cases. Take my own experience, for instance. This year outside of the few really important artists I have no actors under contract. I merely engage them for the run of a play, and thereby save myself a great deal of money. If the actors don't stand by the manager why should I stand by them? They don't hesitate to rush into vaudeville for a few extra hundred dollars and cheapen their market value to me, but if they have any following at all they draw their clientele along with them, leaving a yawning space in my balcony or gallery, as the case may be. And once having seen an actor for fifty cents it is against human nature to expect that anyone is going to cheerfully pay \$1.50 or \$2.00 to see him again. It would be foolish for me not to admit that vaudeville has hit many of the regular theatres hard during the past two or three years, because it has. It's cheap prices and the big attractions it frequently offers that have seriously affected our receipts, particularly in the upper portions of the house, so for the future I am going to make it a rule not to employ actors who have figured in vaudeville unless I discover that I cannot possibly get along without them."

Talk with any of the theatrical managers and you will find that their views of the subject are very much along these lines.

A good variety show is one of the finest tonics in the world, but vaudeville when for the most part it consists of fallen stars in mediocre wishy washy one-act plays is one of the finest producers of mental dyspepsia that I know of.

HOBBIES OF VAUDEVILLE MANAGERS.

While the average vaudeville manager never strays very far from one or the other of the houses under his direction, he invariably has some hobby or fad in which he seeks recreation and escape from worry.

Oscar Hammerstein steals away from the cares of the Victoria Theatre to write orchestral scores which are really played by real orchestras other than his own.

F. F. Proctor spends his brief periods of rest in his automobile. He belongs to the Larchmont Yacht Club, but leaves yacht racing to his son, F. F. Proctor, Jr.

B. F. Keith quiets tired nerves by using the long distance telephone. This acts like soothing syrup. At the head of his bed is a long distance 'phone and when he feels insomnia hovering in the vicinity of his couch, he calls up Philadelphia and gets the statement of re-

ceipts from his million-dollar house.

Percy Williams finds relaxation and pleasure in writing lurid melodramas which he sends on the road under an alias—beg pardon, I mean a nom de plume—and incidentally makes money with them.

J. J. Murdock, head of the Western Booking Association, goes in for amateur photography. He acquired this fad in a peculiar way. His wife (the Girl with the Auburn Hair) had been a camera fiend of long standing and likewise the butt of her husband's humor on the subject. One day when they were ascending Mt. Low, in Los Angeles, California, she persuaded Mr. Murdock to press the button. The pictures came out finely and Mr. Murdock was doomed from the movement he looked upon the prints. The next day he bought a ten dollar camera. It worked. The day after he gave the ten dollar camera to his sister-in-law and bought a better one for thirty-five. The third day the maid at the theatre had the ten dollar camera,

sister had the thirty-five and J. J. was pressing the button on a sixty-five dollar article.

George Castle runs trotting horses and flees from vaudeville worries to smoke peacefully on a Mississippi stern-wheeler.

E. F. Albee, of the Keith forces, amuses himself drawing up elaborate plans for new theatres.

Tony Pastor, the veteran of them all, finds his respite from business cares in running Elmhurst in the way it should go. Mr. Pastor is the only man in the variety business who takes an active, personal interest in the Actors' Fund. His right hand man, Harry Sanderson, finds entertainment in running the fire department of the Jersey-suburb where he resides.

Hurtig and Seamon seek relaxation in building up a summer colony for vaudeville actors in Arverne.

M. Meyerfield, Jr., head of the Orpheum circuit, seeks relaxation and rest in traveling and is especially fond of ocean

voyages, while Mr. Beck, his right bower, takes infinite comfort, when his day's or rather night's work is done, in "roasting" the actors. There is nothing, from their ancestors to their acts, that escapes his rapid-fire, vivid criticism. Then in the morning he goes down to the office and books them all over again.

DID HE QUIT OR WAS HE FIRED?

Billy Van, the minstrel man, who does his monologue in white face now, did not appear at Proctor's Twenty-third Street after last Monday, although booked for the week. At the theatre the information was that Van did not "make good" so was dropped after the evening performance.

Along Broadway it has been said that being dissatisfied with his position on the bill "Billy" quit. It is a matter of record that Van was number two on the programme.

There is nothing further. You may accept either version.

VARIETY

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VARIETY in its initial issue desires to announce the policy governing the paper.

We want you to read it. It will be interesting if for no other reason than that it will be conducted on original lines for a theatrical newspaper.

The first, foremost and extraordinary feature of it will be FAIRNESS. Whatever there is to be printed of interest to the professional world WILL BE PRINTED WITHOUT REGARD TO WHOSE NAME IS MENTIONED OR THE ADVERTISING COLUMNS.

"ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME" and "ABSOLUTELY FAIR" are the watchwords.

The news part of the paper will be given over to such items as may be obtained, and nothing will be suppressed which is considered of interest. WE PROMISE YOU THIS AND SHALL NOT DEVIATE.

The reviews will be written conscientiously, and the truth only told. If it hurts it is at least said in fairness and impartiality.

We aim to make this an artists' paper; a medium; a complete directory; a paper to which anyone connected with or interested in the theatrical world may read with the thorough knowledge and belief that what is printed is not dictated by any motive other than the policy above outlined.

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The only positive way to get VARIETY is to subscribe for it NOW.

This paper is for variety and variety only in the broadest sense that term implies.

Is honesty the best policy? Variety will give the answer in its fifty-first number.

The recent reversal of a lower court decision by the Appellate Term of the Supreme Court in this city where the question as to an artist's right of recovery under what is known as a "Sunday" contract was involved is an important

question. The Appellate Term in its findings said that the artist could not recover, having contracted to give an illegal performance, thereby nullifying the contract in its entirety.

The Supreme Court is popularly supposed to dispense good law, so that decision may be accepted as final in so far as the strict interpretation of the law is concerned. But the wording of the contract which the court had before it must also be considered.

If the contract mentioning Sunday by name or date read in the usual form, as it is supposed it must have, there was no distinction made as to what kind of a performance the artist was to participate in. On the theory that if a performance is allowed by the law or police on Sunday, it is a legal performance, and therefore the artist is not committing an illegal act in taking part, the agreement to take part in that performance would be legal provided the artist insisted that "Sacred Concert" be inserted in his contract.

Another and more plausible way of getting around the question, however, and one which would protect both the artist and manager, would be for the contract to read the full agreed price for the week (6 days), with a memorandum or separate agreement wherein the artist agreed in consideration of the payment of the price contracted for, he would give his services, without charge, to the manager on a certain Sunday in such manner as the manager may direct.

Under such an agreement, the manager would not be obliged to pay the artist the contract price until he fulfilled the Sunday date. The two agreements could not be classed as one, and the validity of either would not be affected.

Dave Robinson, the hustling manager of the Alhambra, did good work this week for his house and in behalf of Smaun Sling Hpo, "the Little Black Man," who is playing there. After each performance, Mr. Robinson caused the little fellow to be placed in the window of the box office, which he hardly fitted. The theatre emptying at the time caused a congestion in the lobby and street, well advertising the bill for the week.

The Sunday night vaudeville performance at the Casino may be seen for \$1 hereafter, commencing to-morrow night, instead of the regular theatre price as heretofore charged for these performances. B. A. Myers, the booking agent, was insistent upon this point, and finally induced the Schuberts to see the advantage of a popular scale.

Paul Durand, formerly in the office of the Marinelli agency, is no longer connected there. Mr. Durand left an aching void, always having had the details of the business at his finger tips.

Nicholas E. Kaufman, who was appointed executive for the Artisen Loge for this country upon Willy Zimmerman leaving for a tour, left for Europe last week. A new executive now reigns.

A report has it that James H. Moore cleared \$165,000 net (not "nit") at his Temple Theatre in Detroit last season. It seems too much to be true.

B. A. Myers expects soon to have in full blast a Connecticut circuit. On Monday night the first of the chain at Hartford (Hartford Opera House) will open under his management in opposition to Poll's in that city.

Thompson & Dundy provide each foreign act brought over with return tickets on the understanding they shall work no other place while here. The majority do not have occasion for the return part of the transportation.

Richard Pitrot, who has made a very long stay on the other side, is expected back in a couple of months or less. Charles Bornhaupt, who is also over there, will sail for home about Jan. 4.

Nanon Jacques, a vocalist who has made infrequent appearances in the vaudevilles, announces that she will head a new act around February that will be a starter. It is understood that Henry W. Savage made an extremely advantageous offer to Miss Jacques for a three years' contract. Nanon's father insisting upon accompanying his daughter during her travels spoiled her prospects in that direction.

A story goes about James T. Powers that while booked to play the Amphion, was asked to cancel the engagement. Powers replied "No, sir. I have given my word and I wouldn't break it for \$10,000."

Notwithstanding previous reports, William Morris will not book exclusively for W. T. Grover's houses after January 1. Mr. Grover running three acts at his New Imperial (old Montauk) in Brooklyn before the stock company commences work caused the sparks to fly off the edge of the negotiations.

One of the burning questions of the minute is: "Did Martin Beck stop in Texas on his way from New Orleans to San Francisco?" There has recently been established in Texas the Majestic Circuit, controlled by the Interstate Amusement Company. These ten-cent houses would give the performer a number of additional weeks down South if his salary was small enough to enable him to take the headline salary of the lesser places and terms might be advantageously arranged. The probabilities are, however, that the Orpheum people will not bother with the lesser fry, though the ten-cent house is becoming more or less of a feature in the West and Southwest, and, as McIntyre and Heath have it, he "did not even hesitate."

The Chicago managers like to travel. Martin Beck is probably back in Chicago after a trip over the Orpheum Circuit, and Mr. Middleton has just returned from a ten-day trip to French Lick Springs. Early in January George Castle will start on a three weeks' trip to California, and John Murdock will go somewhere sometime when he is a little

less busy with office affairs than he is at present. His current trips are as far as Schlessinger & Mayer's for planked whitefish.

Alfred Meers, the English wire walker, met up with a new word the other day. He used it in an advertisement and then casually mentioned the expression to a friend. "What does 'mott' mean?" he asked in a broad accent. It was explained that it meant a clever saying. "That can't be the word then," he declared. "It's one that means a silly fellow. It's spelled m-u-t-t." When it was broken to him that a mutt was slang for a small yellow dog with a scandal in his family, Meers changed his advertisement to read "a chump in vaudeville," and he got the change in just in time to save himself from being classed with the other dog acts.

PROCTOR'S EXTRAORDINARY DEMAND.

F. F. Proctor, the vaudeville manager with a circuit embracing Albany and Troy, has caused quite a stir among artists through his demand that his contracts be lived up to according to the Proctor construction; which is without any regard to the rights of the artists in the matter.

Were the artists in this country properly organized, an indignation meeting would have been held ere this. As it is the members of the International Artisten Loge of Germany who are now playing over here have had a conference on the subject and the matter has gone to the German head in Berlin.

The trouble arose over Sunday performances. In New York city the Proctor houses have Sunday performances. Performances on this day are not permitted in the up-the-State houses. Artists who were booked for the week at Albany and Troy were notified, after contracts were signed, that they would be expected to play one of the New York theatres of the circuit designated by the Proctor management on the Sunday following the closing up the State.

The artists objected strongly. Not alone was it not so mentioned in the contract, but Mr. Proctor generously offered only one fare to each act. It was pointed out that their services on a Sunday in New York city were of value and no provision had been made for that in the Proctor demand. Some were willing to play New York the Sunday preceding their opening at Albany or Troy, but not following.

They were given the alternative of acceding or being cancelled over the circuit. Paul Sandor, a foreign animal act, was notified after contracts were signed, to play Albany three days, Troy three days and New York Sunday night. Mr. Sandor replied tartly to Mr. Proctor, saying he had not contracted to play "by the day," and unless his contract was fulfilled, he would institute suit under it. He was told to play as originally agreed.

Nicholas E. Kaufman, the new executive of the Artisten Loge in this country left for Germany last Saturday, and will present what the members here consider a gross imposition, in strong language to the home body for its action.

Fynes and Proctor Part.

The important item of the week's gossip has been the probable plans of J. Austin Fynes, who resigned his position as general manager for F. F. Proctor two weeks ago. Mr. Fynes said at that time that he would shortly announce his future plans, but he is not yet ready to make any statement.

This much may be definitely stated. His new connection will include both dramatic and variety performances. Mr. Fynes' wide knowledge of plays and players will doubtless be turned to good advantage in the formation of stock companies. It is a fact that the stock companies of the Proctor houses were never better administered than when Mr. Fynes gave the matter his personal attention, and it is to be anticipated that the new announcement will be along the lines of a stock company with a variety bill preceding the performance, in accordance with what is generally known as the "Chicago plan." Of this matter Mr. Fynes refuses to speak, contenting himself with the statement to intimates that he will shortly have interesting announcements to make.

Mr. Fynes' departure from Proctor's was not much of a surprise to his intimate friends, for it has been to them no secret that for more than a year past the relations between Mr. Proctor and Mr. Fynes over the matter of policy were somewhat strained.

Mr. Proctor, upon his return from his Western trip, something more than a year ago, decided that bigger bills and a more important stock company would work to his advantage. Mr. Fynes was not in harmony with the idea of \$1,000 leading men and women and \$3,500 variety bills, and as his arrangement with Mr. Proctor called for a percentage of the net yearly profits, he apparently considered that he had some reason to demand consideration in the matter.

Matters appeared to have culminated recently, for Mr. Fynes has amicably retired. As his contract had not actually expired, it is to be presumed that he gave up the position because the new project appealed to him more strongly, and it is not unlikely that by next week an announcement of importance will be made.

Mr. Fynes, through his long newspaper career as a dramatic writer, is one of the best posted men in the theatrical business, and this knowledge will be put to good use.

As to the much discussed question: "Who will be his successor?" this newspaper is in a position to state with absolute accuracy that there will be none. Mr. Proctor himself made that statement early last week to several of his acquaintances, and strengthened his declaration by officially repeating it to all his resident managers at the first "council meeting" held by them after Mr. Fynes' retirement. The resident managers were told by their employer that each of them would hereafter be held strictly responsible for the success or failure of his house; that the position of general manager had been abolished, and that the duties and responsibilities formerly "passed up" to the "G. M." would hereafter be performed by the "G. O. M." himself.

This announcement was received with sedate, almost mournful, silence by at least two of the resident managers who may be said to have "had hopes." It is no secret that Mr. George Edward Graham, late of Albany, had for some time dreamed of an ultimate elevation to Mr. Fynes' post, although that dream never seemed to have inspired Mr. Graham's employer. It has been whispered, since Mr. Proctor's emphatic announcement of his intentions, that Mr. Graham is again seen in the company of politicians of high standing, and that if he can eventually "land" a government job with a good salary and easy working hours he will "grab it quick."

The other and perhaps more natural aspirant for the vacant chair was—and possibly though hopelessly still is—Mark A. Luescher. His boom, prior to Mr. Proctor's declaration, had been skillfully engineered in the newspapers and in general theatrical circles. Mr. Luescher is young, shrewd and energetic. He is the only Proctor employee permitted to have outside interests ("Le Domino Rouge," for example), while still working for Mr. Proctor. Those who know his restless ambition predict that he will find it more profitable to go into business on his own account than to remain in a subordinate position at Proctor's. That he was bitterly disappointed by Mr. Proctor's action is conceded by his intimates.

"SHEP" FRIEDMAN AND "BILL" LEWIS.

Sheppard S. Friedman is well and favorably known as a newspaper man. William E. Lewis has some similar fame.

At one time in the not long distant past, when Mr. Friedman recognized "Bill" as his "boss," while on the staff of a daily newspaper of this city, throughout which at present the Lewis family predominates, "Shep" was given a hurry assignment to cover a murder story.

The assignment happened just in the midst of a serious argument between Mr. Friedman and his superior, relative to a raise of \$5 weekly, to which Mr. Lewis, as the superior, strenuously objected.

Friedman went out on the assignment, however, subject to a future adjustment of the money proposition. While on the way, some friends insisted that he dine with them. The dinner extended to such a late hour that it was useless for "Shep" to report back to the office, the paper having gone to press, so under the circumstances, he decided rather than to be "fired" as a delinquent, he would "quit" without notice.

Wandering around Broadway for two or three days without hearing anything, he finally met "Bill," who said: "What's the matter?" "Oh, you know," Mr. Friedman replied, expecting to get a toasting for not reporting back on the assignment. "Well," answered Mr. Lewis, "if that \$5 is all that's keeping you away, you had better come back to work."

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

The evaporation of Hurtig & Seamon's Music Hall in Harlem, following the opening of Williams' Alhambra around the corner, hasn't occurred up to date. And when it is further said that the Music Hall is now actually drawing more patronage than at this time one year ago, before the Alhambra was its opposition, an explanation will be demanded by the predicting wiseacres who fell decidedly short.

The logical explanation is simple and harks back to the day of the Circle as a vaudeville house. When Percy Williams conducted that composite theatre at the lower entrance to the Park, it was the strongest opposition Hurtig & Seamon had, although situated some four miles further downtown.

The business of the Music Hall was affected to an appreciable extent by it, but this firm has not the capacity to compete with larger houses or more expensive bills. Also saddled with the added disadvantage of being an "upstairs" house, it was freely opinionated that the doom of the Hall would be sealed upon the entrance of the Alhambra into the field.

Meanwhile Williams secured the Colonial, discontinuing the Circle for vaudeville, trusting thereby to divert the latter's clientele intact to the new venture. It was found necessary, however, to build up a patronage for the new house, as most of the former Harlem patrons of the Circle commenced to circulate, dropping in anywhere that promised a good show—having been educated to recognize one—with the assistance of the Subway.

The underground mode of rapid transit whirls your Harlemite downtown in no time, and he was "downtown." All vaudeville houses between Fourteenth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth streets were easy of access and often visited.

Presently the "sameness" of most of the shows in town began to pall. A bill at the Colonial one week would be found in its entirety at the Alhambra two weeks hence, while the bills at Hammerstein's and Proctor's Twenty-third and Fifty-eighth street houses always had a familiar sound. The tangle became so involved that it seemed as though a portion of every show you had seen was playing at some house. The starting point of an act could not be conveniently located, and even so, that discovery was clouded by the multiplicity of other acts in conjunction which had already been dodged for five or six weeks.

The matter became complex, and how to see a vaudeville show above Fourteenth street that was new or at least seemed so was quite a serious question. This condition tended to restrict the vaudeville going public to its own localities. Consequently a bill promising some variety, if not novelty, was sought.

In the Harlem section the rebound was in favor of Hurtig & Seamon's. The realization came that a show there did not contain names that had been continuously flaunted in the newspapers and on the bill boards for weeks.

It is a matter of booking alone. The Alhambra, Colonial, Proctor's Twenty-

The Business of Song-Writing

BY WILL D. COBB.

I am a song writer, with both hands raised. May I Speak? Why is it that ever and anon some self-styled and erroneously-labeled "critic" dips his sarcastic Spencerian in the jealous jet of human unkindness and criticises a calling he wots not of? It is of him I would speak, for I am a song writer. I have rhymed "love" with "stove," "baby" with "lady," and have not been ashamed to take money for it. Of all the reviews, printed comments, or alleged "write-ups" on song writing in the magazines or the daily press, I have yet to read an article written by a man or woman who knows the song business. There are scores of writers to-day taking jealous jabs at the successful "songsmith," who would gurge with glee at the merest prospect of having a song of their own composition accepted by one of the music publishers. I wrote "Good-Bye Dolly Gray," and received \$6,000 for it; "Good-Bye Little Girl" netted me \$7,500. A writer on one of the evening papers recently ridiculed the sameness of these two songs. I put that "sameness" in the second song because I wanted a sameness in the money I received.

One of my latest songs, "Good-Bye, Sweet Marie," has the same sameness, and so far the same sort of money in royalties is rolling in. Believe me when I tell you the song writer is the highest paid man for his writings in the world. The chances are open to all. The public wants songs and is willing to pay for them. Try to write one. No, I am not laughing. A baseball writer on a morning paper foolishly frittered away a column of valuable space recently endeavoring to burlesque popular songs and their authors. Indignantly mentioning the article to a fellow song writer a day or so later, I was amused to hear my confrere reply, "That's peculiar, for it was only yesterday he was seeking my assistance, seriously intending becoming a song writer himself."

The music publisher is pestered daily by writers of "higher class poetry" who, allured by the mirage of "paydirt," fall from their perch on high and offer him a few little things they have "just dashed off." One poet out of a hundred can write a popular song, but it has been shown and proven that song writers who write hits can nearly all write poetry. But why should they? If there were a great demand for cotton goods on the market and silk had gone entirely out of vogue, would you admire the exhibition of "gray matter" displayed by a manufacturer who kept his mills running for silk? How many writers, Mr. Critic, do you suppose would refrain from adopting a certain highly paid for style of writing if they could "make good?" I believe, and I believe that the public believes, the paper and magazine critics' caustic comments on successful song writers savor strongly of sour grapes.

Third and Fifty-eighth and Hammerstein's are booked through the office of William Morris. Without reflecting leastwise upon Mr. Morris or his manner of conducting business, the condition is apparent. Anxiety to furnish the best always gives the same often, and satiates rather than satisfies.

"Skigle," the Youngest Critic in the World, Expresses His Opinion of the Bill at Hurlig & Seamon's. Likes Everything but the Ginger Ale.

("Skigle" is a boy, seven years old. Having been a constant attendant at vaudeville theatres since the age of three, he has a decided opinion. "Skigle's" views are not printed to be taken seriously, but rather to enable the artist to determine the impression he or his work leaves on the infantile mind. What "Skigle" says is taken down verbatim, without the change of a word or syllable.)



"They had a dandy moving picture there. ('The Train Wreckers'; Hurlig & Seamon's, Sunday afternoon, December 11.) They put logs on the track and the girl took off a red dress and kept waving it until the train stopped and then all

the people got off and shook her hand and then the train goes on and then the train robbers get sore and put the girl on the track and then go away on a hand-car and then the girl is picked up by the fireman, I guess, and then the engine starts after the robbers. They catch up and shoot them and all get killed. It was a peach picture all right but it always takes so long before the moving pictures come.

"The first act was all right. (The Maxsmith Duo.) Two fellows stand on ladders without holding and tries to light a cigar. They try to get together and then cakewalk and then he takes off everything from the ladder except a stick and dances 'Yankee Doodle.' It was all right.

"I liked the last act. (Harper, Desmond and Bailey.) Two girls and a colored man. One is white (mulatto). They danced and sang but I forget the songs they sang.

"The two children were all right. (The Two Pucks.) They came out in Scotch dresses and sang and danced. That's all I liked in the show.

"I liked that fellow that talked about the Rough Riders and his horses. (Pete Baker.) I can't tell what he said, I forget and that's all I liked in the show. And I liked that other sketch of the Brooklyn Bridge. (Charles Sabine and company.) It's a good sketch. Three boys and a girl and a man. They hide behind barrels and then they hit the man in the eye. You see the houses on the other side in Brooklyn and there's a moon. Tommy has no home so they sleep on barrels.

"That other sketch was fair. (Billie Taylor, 'Wanted: A Stenographer.') One of the girls had a wig with blond hair and the fellow gets a watch with dynamite in it and tells the girl to run because when it is eleven o'clock the old man is going to get it. That's all I liked.

"Those musicians were good. (Waterbury Brothers and Tenney.) He comes in on a trunk with a sail on and takes two bottles for a looking glass (binoculars) and then he takes a sprinkler and then a blower and then he blows the trunk away. That colored fellow puts

\$2 up so high the short man can't reach it and then he says 'I win' because he can reach a higher note on his trombone than the other fellow can.

"That crazy sketch was all right but the girl hollered so loud. (Atlanta Spencer and company, 'Mr. and Mrs. Nagg.') I liked the whole show.

"I had some ginger ale during intermission and it was rotten."



If you don't like something and want to tell about it, send it here if you think it will interest others. Variety does not assume paternity for any opinions expressed in this column. Items will be printed (if not libelous) whether we agree with the statements or not. It is desired to make this the artists' forum.

Sir.—Permit me in congratulating you upon the idea of Variety, and while wishing you the greatest of success, to use your journal for advancing a proposition to the variety actors of America. Briefly it is that we organize ourselves into an order similar to the International Actors' Association of Europe, a body that has done more than anything else to give us a reputable standing in society and mutual protection for the good performer and the good manager. In short it ensures what President Roosevelt terms "a square deal."

This society shall admit only performers of recognized merit and good character. There shall be regular assessments and initiation fee to insure a fund, and the best qualified members shall be elected to the executive offices.

Its operation would be manifold. For instance, if a performer has grievance against a manager, or vice versa, the matter is brought before the executive board. If they cannot bring about an agreement, it shall then go to a committee of members and managers, equal in number, whose decision shall be final. You can see, I hope, how this method would settle many cases amicably that, if brought to court, would cost greatly and arouse animosities that might never be overcome.

Furthermore, with a benefit fund, performers could be aided at times when a little help means a great deal. Survivors of deceased performers could be assisted—indeed, there is no end to the efficacy of such an order.

With its benefits the order must also have a penalizing plan to expel or punish members who violate contracts or otherwise act in a manner unbecoming to a society of ladies and gentlemen. These ideas are not experimental. They have been developed in the European society and the same can be done here.

Yours truly,
WILLY ZIMMERMANN.

Editor Variety.

Sir—Why is it that the managers always howl for new acts and new faces and novelty, when it is right at hand if they would take the time to investigate? After being away from New York a year it would seem likely that upon returning with an entire change of act the manager would at least give consideration instead of that old gag. Why is it? Do you know? J. ROYER WEST.

IN THE OLDEN DAYS Reminiscences of the Early Days of Variety by the Veteran Maaier and Professor, Nick, Norton.

NUMBER ONE.

NOTE.—There is probably no one now engaged in the vaudeville with the exception of Tony Pastor, who possesses as wide a knowledge of the variety business than Nick Norton, who gave up professional work to associate himself with the managerial end and who for several years has been a valued member of the Hyde & Behman forces. Mr. Norton has kindly consented to give some of his recollections for the benefit of Variety. The series will be continued in subsequent issues. A picture of Mr. Norton appears in the upper left hand corner of the title page.

"I guess all of us boys were attracted to the theatre," said Mr. Norton in his office in Hyde & Behman's Adams Street Theatre in Brooklyn the other afternoon. "I was intended for a printer and had been apprenticed to the Detroit Tribune. That was in 1859, and among the other 'devils' were three of the MacConnell boys, including Will MacConnell, who died the other day, Charles and Joseph. Joe died shortly after the war from a disease contracted in the army, but Charles is still alive and in the drug business. He was with Haverly in the days of the latter's startling success, but is practically out of theatricals now.

"As there were but four matinees a year in those days, Christmas, New Years, the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving, it was easy enough to fill a job in the theatre as assistant flyman, and after a day in the office I would go over to the Metropolitan Theatre and put in an evening pulling on the ropes.

"It was not a variety house but a stock, playing all of the stock stars who traveled about the country. After a while I got so that they would let me come downstairs and fill out in the farces used as afterpieces, and it was a natural result that I decided to become a specialist.

"The banjo was my first love, and for six months I strummed away under a local teacher. Then I decided that singing should be added to my accomplishments, and for three years my teacher labored with me. At the end of that time he gave up in disgust and advised me to try something in which I should not be called upon to sing.

"The first thing I saw was a trapeze act, and I decided that Fate had placed me on earth to become a trapeze performer, largely because a trapeze performer is not called upon to sing. I rigged up the swings in the flies over the paint frame and put in every minute I could on the bars. I was getting so that I could make the leaps very well when one morning I slipped and landed on the paint table.

"I landed on top of the sheet iron stove in the centre of the table used to keep the glue liquid. There was no fire in the stove, but the impact was sufficient to smash it and to add to my discomfort I overturned the huge pans of paint. When I struggled to my feet Joseph's coat of many colors was a sombre hued garment in comparison. I

slipped out of the theatre unperceived and so escaped the scene painter's wrath, but that ended my aspiration toward aerial flights.

"Then came Silas D. Baldwin, who in the summer traveled with Robinson & Lake's Circus (the original of the famous John Robinson show) and from the wings I watched his juggling.

"That is what I want, I told myself. I do not have to sing and I stay on the floor.

"I began to practice, and from Henri August (father of the famous August family) I learned other tricks. The foreman of the printing office objected to my practicing with types and other furnishings of the shop, and before my time was out he informed me that he thought I never would make a good printer and that he had his doubts about the juggling, but thought I had better take chances with the latter.

"My chance came in '63 at a benefit to Tom Vance, a popular comedian, and brought a traveling engagement. A theatrical man by the name of McMurty came along with a band of Indians for the old Barnum Museum. He was ahead of his engagement and he and the proprietor of the theatre formed the scheme of taking the troupe through Michigan playing the fairs.

"In addition to McMurty and his Indians there was a man to act as door-keeper and myself. We played in a tent through the day and in the evening at whatever corresponded to the town hall.

"The programme was a lengthy one, being opened by the Indians in a war dance. My juggling was the second number, and for the third feature there was another dance. I came on after this in light and heavy balancing, and after that there was a third dance.

"This gave me time to change to a Dutch costume, and in spite of what my teacher had told me I came out and sang 'Fighting Mit Siegel,' then a popular comic war song. A dance followed this, and then I came on in cork and sang. There was more dancing and I came on to do the 'Essence.'

"During the next dance McMurty (who sold tickets) relieved the door-keeper, who blacked up and went on with me in a banjo specialty, and after another dance by the Indians, we two did an afterpiece, 'Stocks Up and Stocks Down,' which is still in use; being the one in which a chair turned down affords a safe or risky support, according to which end you sit upon.

"The tour of the troupe came to an abrupt close at Pontiac, Mich. The day performance had been concluded, and the tent was already at the railroad station. The Indians were to give a performance in the evening, however, in the Opera House.

"After supper, the Indians secured a supply of liquor somewhere, and, possibly with a view to preventing the performance, threw the benches out of the Opera House and wrecked the stage.

"I carried my box of traps down to the train, checked that and the canvas to Detroit, and so ended my first theatrical tour.

"For this I drew \$15 a week and my board, and that was not such a small salary for those days at that. I remember paying John T. Kelly \$35, in a later day, though I paid him \$600 lately.

(To be Continued.)

Shows of the Week

RE.—ROBERTS.

Variety gossip the past few weeks has been busy with the rumor that the secret of the quick changes made by R. A. Roberts, who opened at the Colonial week before last, and who is now playing at the Orpheum in Brooklyn, was a double. It was pointed out that Mr. Roberts not only masked the entire stage with black cloth, but was most exacting in his demand that not even the stage hands should be permitted to look on.

Mr. Roberts' changes are so remarkably complete that there was some ground for the suggestion, so far as those who were on the stage was concerned, but while Mr. Roberts' changes are far more elaborate than those done by Fregoli and other protean artists, there is no need of a dummy, nor would the employment of such a device serve, since the act is virtually a succession of monologues broken by changes to the character of an old hag which serves to save time.

The play recites the story of the events preceding Dick Turpin's ride to York and the attempt to capture him in a London tavern frequented by the highwayman. There is an entirely useless Yorkshire type brought in to show Mr. Roberts' proficiency in dialect work and to provide him with an opportunity for an elocutionary effort; a woman supposed to be in love with the highwayman, a Bow street "runner" and the hag already mentioned.

This latter is made the medium for some of the most nauseating business ever done in variety. Mr. Roberts argues that it is all a part of the character; wherein he errs. Unalloyed vulgarity is not essential to the depiction of a character. If Mr. Roberts believes the opposite to be the case he should cut the character out. Some of his performances left the audiences stunned and gasping.

The various monologues which go to make up the thirty-five minutes' offering are all too long and the speeches of both Turpin and the rural character could be cut with decided profit.

Mr. Roberts gives a performance remarkable alike for the rapidity and completeness of the changes and the nauseating qualities of his comedy. The elimination of the latter would leave him a great artist. He should get sense and realize that he is not now appealing to the type of English Music Hall audience to whom catarrhal comedy seems humorous. In cutting he should also cut about ten minutes of talk.

WILL WILLIAMS QUIT?

The rumor is current that next season Bert Williams, of Williams and Walker, will offer himself as a monologue entertainer. There is said to be some feeling between the two members of the team, and Williams is reported to feel that he would fare better alone. It was impossible to verify the story, but some such development may be looked for before the opening of next season.

ORPHEUM.

Minstrels are the long suit at the Orpheum Theatre this week, where Weyburn's Minstrel Misses and the Crane Brothers in their "Mudtown Minstrels" are two of the attractions after R. A. Roberts, whose performance is recorded elsewhere. The Weyburn act is almost a parody of the well drilled performance which, a couple of years ago, scored a hit on the New York roof. Some of the girls still require to be personally conducted by the more experienced members, and there is a lack of the smart uniformity which usually marks the Weyburn acts. Also there is entirely too much of Bertie Herron. Having learned that she was funny she has ceased to possess humor and becomes merely tiresome. The act is rounding into shape and perhaps in a few more weeks will be right. It appears to have been put together too quickly. The Cranes need a little more new material to freshen the performance, but their funny idea of a minstrel show is something a man may laugh at without a sense of shame. It is clean and real fun lacking only novelty. The Three Meers offer some capital wire walking, much of which is lost to sight in the comedy matter in which it is enveloped. Alfred Meers offers some really novel "catches" and proves himself a comedian. Both the comedy and wire tricks are entirely different from those shown the last time they were here. The Dalton Brothers, a trio of head and hand balancers, spoil many good tricks by a very inferior comedy parade. They would do better did they drop their comedy and offered their act as a straight performance. Alcide Capitaine showed some splendid tricks on the trapeze, but spoiled the effect by appearing to sulk when the audience did not show proper appreciation. The De Witts are out of place here. There is nothing to the act to commend it save Mr. De Witt's diminutive stature, and his repetition of the few eccentric wriggles (they cannot be called by any other name) become tiresome and almost offensive. Binns and Binns have one new seltzer siphon trick that is good. They have some other new work, but when the comedian sought to waken his foot with an alarm clock, the clock went on strike through sheer shame on Monday. It makes a good laughing act and their selections of musical number are well made, even though they do hold to the "Miserere." The Italian Trio sing operatic and classical selections very well and head off further encores with one of those Italian comic songs that suggest an epileptic fit. They get plenty of applause before that, and score a success well down on the bill. The moving pictures held a large share of the audience.

Alexander Steiner will leave for Europe in April to engage acts for the Roof Garden season for the places controlled by Louis Werba, of the New York and New Amsterdam roofs. He will remain abroad for some time.

HAMMERSTEIN'S.

Apart from Tod Sloan (see New Acts), the feature of the show at Hammerstein's this week is the fact that Arthur Dunn is not shot off his piano stool. The trap room space does not permit the working of this time honored trade mark, and, as Mr. Dunn appears to have lost the yellow mat used in his Paderewski imitation, he has left only his queer "pants" and his act. He made an impromptu hit Monday afternoon by sitting down upon a table which promptly collapsed. He should keep it in the act. He needs something new. Matthews and Ashley made one of the real hits of the bill with their Chinatown dream. The coachman would show to better advantage if he did not labor under the delusion that to stoop over when he walks is making a character bit out of his work. He would fare better did he work naturally. They have a lot of good parody material and make most of their hit with this. They have improved greatly of late. Capital hand and head balancing is shown by the Darros Brothers, who are recent arrivals. The head balancing upon the trapeze is quite the best thing of its sort shown here, and in their preliminary ground-work they also show some good tricks. Bailey and Austin would do well to work on their act. The newcomer (Austin) does not work with sureness, and leaves the general impression of carelessness. It would seem that he is too certain of his success. Barrows and Lancaster still have "Tactics," which appears to have lost none of its old appeal. The new ingenue has a bad habit of talking at the audience instead of to the persons on the stage whom she is supposed to be addressing. The sketch moved briskly and earned several curtain calls. Mr. Lancaster plays with greater authority than he did, to the great benefit of the general effect. Genaro and Bailey had their dialogue amputated, which makes a variety act of their alleged sketch and, while it does not give them time to catch their breath until the end of their performance, the greater smartness of effect is worth the effort. Abd'el Kader and his three wives (two of whom are said to be his sisters-in-law) make their last appearance here before returning to Europe. The painting is scarcely good enough to make an act, but did well enough in the second place on the programme. Sailor and Barbaretto replaced Murphy and Francis, who decided that they were too good to open the show. The singers took the place and made a hit in spite of the handicap. Miss Barbaretto should be urged not to overwork her face. A little facial expression goes a long way and a lot becomes interminable. The girl with the eyes song is scarcely a fair exchange for the pajama girl. The act needs to be strengthened. Pictures, of course, and good ones.

At the request of Pitrot and Girard, Director Steiner, of the Berlin Wintergarden, has set back the time of Paul Conchas that he may accept contracts offered him in this country.

ALHAMBRA.

Possibly a political pull is exerted to keep the Alhambra open this week. Anyway, one may bet upon the red or the black, the same as at Monte Carlo. Le Domino Rouge is red and odd and Williams and Walker are black and even. Those sitting down front can appreciate the thoughtfulness of Le Domino Rouge. A near view of the lower part of her face makes one joyed that the upper half is shut from view. She is a clever dancer, but the impression is created that she is no raving beauty. She is said to be La Belle Dazie, better known abroad than here, though she is the pupil of a New York dancing master and was taken abroad with one of the Lederer shows. She is a capital toe dancer, and for those who like that sort of torture dance, she is very satisfactory. The mirrors she uses are an old story. They were first shown at Keith's theatre some eight years ago by Arnold Grazer, a California artist. They do not contribute to the effect of the dance, neither does the use of the Shetland ballet add much to the value of the act. The feature is really the mask. Williams and Walker—with more Walker than Williams—held the stage some forty minutes to do about ten minutes of real work—which is Williams' clever rendition of Nobody. The rest is a tiresome copy of the sort of act that was stale when Williams and Walker were new to New York. The last song is interminably drawn out and poorly done. However, they scored throughout. Reno and Richards have worked out the ball game idea and do well with it. It is all very foolish, but most of it is more than usually funny and they scored a hit of proportion. Van Biene plays the 'cello with a bow and much shaking of the head. Kubelik insured his hands; Van Biene his 'cello. This is well for the 'cello is a magnificent instrument and Van Biene's bowing is no longer as strong as it should be. Still he plays with skill and musical appreciation and a programme of four short numbers was extended by three encores. A. O. Duncan was a strong hit on the early bill. Tuesday evening he had a joke based on an item in the evening papers and little of his material is of the hackneyed sort. Duncan is a comedian rather than a ventriloquist, but as a comedian he is far better than the average run of monologue people. Cecelia Weston does foul murder to Nora Bayes' nonsense song and does some other stunts in the song line. She is tiresome in the extreme because wholly lacking in cleverness. Stanley and Wilson replace Kelly and Kent. Dorris Wilson is replaced by an amateur who is a fine singer, but no actress. She should make up her hands better. They look like a washwoman's. The Eight Shetlands did three stunts. In their first song, something about a "band, band, band," they are so breathless that it sounds like a succession of damns. Smaun Sing Hpoos attracted much attention to the little he does and there was the Vitaphone.

By Ghicot

PROCTOR'S FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET.

Paul Conchas and Adele Ritchie share the biggest and blackest type at the Fifty-eighth Street this week, but there are other pebbles on the shore—to say nothing of six or seven different distributions of gifts, from dolls for the girls at the Saturday matinee to smoking trays for the men Monday evening. Miss Ritchie's voice shows small damage from the recently announced paralysis of the vocal cords. It is at times more nasal than is approved by vocal authorities, but it is not a wreck. Miss Ritchie in her effort to convince her audience that she is not a condescending prima donna, rendering her selections in icy rigidity, goes to the other extreme and overacts. Her selections please and they are sung with excellent method. She is making good even for a large salary. Paul Conchas with his specialty more than pleased. He works to fine effect and with his capital comedy assistant makes appeal in both directions. Gillette's Dogs are as clever as ever, and the leaping dogs remain the real stars, though the pantomime draws the greater applause. Hines and Remington were a real hit with their old act freshened up with some new stuff. Earle Remington is bright if not beautiful, and she keeps the act new, though she would confer a favor by sending the kindling wood song to a better land. Greene and Werner were explosive but good. The man appears to imagine that he can make up in volume what he lacks in quality of voice, and at times one wishes that he was further away. Greater restraint would give the act a finish it does not now possess. Eddie Girard and Jessie Gardner have changed their act about a little. Mr. Girard will never be able to get away from his Irish policeman and to some this character has become worse than tiresome, but he plays it with a finish that is rare. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry are showing their "Village Out Up" for the first time here. The would-be-wise country youth who knows all of the actresses through the pictures in the Police Gazette gives Mr. Barry a chance, but there are some jokes in the act good only to those with an intimate knowledge of show life in the small towns. The rest please city audiences, and the routine is better than the last they had. Still in the line of improvement will Mr. Barry please cut out the cheap and silly street car encore? Edustus with his balancing shows steady improvement, but is unfortunate that he has not been abroad for a couple of years. As an imported act he could command a far better program place with the same work. Trovillo's new act has a real novelty in its dancing figure. The dummy is cleverly worked and the effect is one of reality. Old jokes and stale songs hurt an ambitious offering. There were also motion pictures.

"Special announcement." Robert Grau has not had a company out for more than a week. He must be contemplating an extra large company next time.

TONY PASTOR'S.

Plenty of good acts are to be found at Pastor's this week, the top line attraction being De Witt Burns and Torrance in a pretty little act suggestive of "Babes in Toyland," but scarcely to be called a steal. It pleased much and deserved success. The extra attraction, Nan Engleton, will be found recorded in the New Act department. Jeannette Dupree, who has cut loose from burlesque companies, offers a singing specialty. Her choice of songs could be improved upon, for she takes water at the last and after having sung the praises of beer, lauds the more plebeian fluid—principally for cooking purposes. In between she sings "Jusqu'a la" from ancient days. It gives her a good song; much better than the others she sings, but with better songs and a trifle more refinement of method Miss Dupree could make a hit of size and length. A sketch of the sort Marie Stuart plays might prove effective if she can forget the Australian Burlesquers and similar offenses. Kine and Gotthold sadly need a new sketch. This one they have has been pretty well worked out. It still seems to please, but a Pastor audience is famous for its loyalty to favorites. Reidy and Currier are in good voice and have a splendid selection of songs. The act is a good one and they profit by not trying to make a sketch out of a singing act. Newell and Niblo do good work on the xylophones and better playing on saxaphones, specializing these two instruments. Incidentally they do not play an overture on the xylophones, preferring to make up a medley of various bits. In truth they are friends of humanity. Harry B. Lester fared well with some imitations and winds up the first section of the programme. The lesser acts are less successful. Nibbe and Bordeau show a skit which is a hash of dialect. Mr. Nibbe would do better to stick to one character instead of showing how many types he could play if he had time. It suggests a one man opera without a change of costume. The Paragon Trio offer some dancing of a sort and some talk that might as well be forgotten. Le Clair and West are an accident rather than an act. Frank Elmo narrowly escapes having a good act. He is a trifle too fond of mechanical magic, and there is a lack of cohesion. No matter how much the young woman who assists him desires to sing, she should not be permitted to. Even were she a better singer, a solo is out of place in a magical specialty. Kitty Hart is notable rather for her enunciation than her singing. You can actually tell what she is singing about. There are pictures at both ends of the bill. Mike Bernard should be given a solo. He is really one of the permanent attractions.

It is related of B. F. Keith that, at one time, objecting to the booking of an act, he gave as the reason "that I heard him call me names once in back." "Well, Mr. Keith," remarked the person seeking the booking, "if you decline to book everyone for that reason, you will have to close your houses."

DEWEY.

Changes have come on the burlesque stage in the past few years. A couple of years ago a show played without obscenity and with very little vulgarity would be the talk of the season. Now the shows are pretty fairly decent, and the Tiger Lillies at the Dewey this week offer a crude brand of farce and split skirts instead of full tights and slapstick comedy. The first part, "The Disputed Check," is a condensation of a farce called "Two Jolly Rovers" (though Dan Gracey says he wrote it) and the after-piece recalls "The Strategists," "A Hot Old Time" and numerous other offerings. The humor of the latter—such as it is—lies in the pranks of a young male person who in turn makes up as his own father and the parent of his fiancée. It is a somewhat crude effort but pleases. The chorus is not smart working, though both the stage manager and the musical director appear to have been hard at work upon the troupe. The costuming is very poorly done. In the olio the three La Maze Brothers calmly steal the billing of Rice and Prevost and come as close to "Bumpy Bumps" as the limited ability of the comedian will permit. They should cut it out. They could make appeal with their double table work and a more honest hit would be to their credit. There is some small proportion of acrobatic work that is good. Ada Burnett was well liked in songs. She has a compelling style and as a single act is better than when she and Dan Gracey did a sketch. Gracey confines himself to playing comedy leads in the farces, and he, too, profits by the change. The Musical Bells fall just short of being a big act. If they will work on their act they will be able to get important money. The ragtime playing shows skill and some appreciation of phrasing. They should work along this line to the exclusion of the hand bells which they use for an opener. This set of bells is in poor tune. Their concertina work was the worst thing they did. The Clarence Sisters waste valuable time with a song. There is some skipping rope and step dances which serve better, but if they were really imported from Australia, as the programme would lead us to believe, it was a waste of steamer tickets. We have equally poor artists here. Zara and Stetson do some very good baton juggling, but have evidently had to cut down their act. It is as well, for a little of this sort of thing is a whole act and a lot of the same sort is a nuisance. Howell and Emerson do such good dancing that it is a pity that they have to spoil it with a lot of talking. It works out a pretty fair olio. The farces might be improved and there is plenty of room for better showing in the costumes of the chorus. There is not one single dress that will pass as good. There was a large attendance, and it is evident that with a better class of shows the Dewey is doing a much better business.

Geo. M. Cohan is supposed to have written Tod Sloan's monologue. If he did, he isn't bragging about it.

CORKS REDIVIVUS.

He was a trifle threadbare and as he stood in the doorway peering into the cafe, one might have supposed him to be some beggar debating the expediency of trying to "work" the room. Then his eye lit up and he advanced to a table with the air of one assured of a welcome. It was not the same old table, and Fritz, the fat, but human, waiter had gone to his earthly reward in the shape of an uptown all-night restaurant, but there was still some of the gang left and there were selds, beaded with beery perspiration, on the table.

"Yes," explained the Human Corkscrew, "it's me over the home plate at last. I never did have no luck—until now," he added as the new waiter hove into the offing with a froth-topped cylinder of crystal. "It was me to the land where they fly the red, white and green flag, and it was me for the green."

"Say, down there where they manufacture 'greasers' and call them Mexicans, they make you deliver the goods. If you have a three sheet with an earthquake and don't deliver a real earthquake, it's you for the jail for life or until they get tired of paying your board and take you out and shoot you. I had a three sheet of my garden of Eden act where I do a contortion act to a real Eve. Just because Eve wore a picture suit they pinched me. If she'd been the real thing they'd have pinched me any way. It was me in a 'dobe jail for two years. I just got back. When I saw the town—it was like a seidl in Sahara."

"It was me for the real papers and the first thing to hit the eye is the color line. After that sojourn with the pulque gulpers I never want to see a brunette again—never again, even if it does mean a lost week. It's not a color line for me—just a horrible memory of a land where the military uniform is a pair of pants and a sword. They all of 'em have the sword; even the low privates."

"All the same it must gall to see some chap who might be a waiter if it wasn't for the variety stage coping the money that ought to go to us if it wasn't for the coons and the dramatic headliners. It must kinder hurt to see the black type goin' to the black man and the white man getting the yellow or mulatto end, but they seem to hit the bank roll for about all they need for crap money, while the chap with the white skin and the old act can go yell all he wants to."

"Williams and Walker pulled down \$1,750 from Willie Hammerstein and \$2,000 from Proctor. That's the answer. What's the question?" and Corks buried his face in the seidl of beer.

A peculiar happening of the opening night at the Hippodrome was the vicious rush from the wings of a bulldog at one of Miss Marquis' ponies during her performance. The pony struck the dog with his hoof, and then trotted around the ring with the dog after it, snapping and snarling. The attendants appeared completely confused, and it broke up the act for a few seconds until the pony and dog, still fighting, were led from the stage.

Shows of the Week

HOW IT HAPPENED.

The atmosphere had a moody oppression as I slowly walked up the street. There were doubts as to my reception. The Head of the House opened the door, and in a questioning voice said:

"Do we eat?"

"Sure," says I, "I'm working now."

"Really," says she, "when did the fit come on?"

"Don't get smart," I says, sore as the devil, for I had tried hard enough.

"I'm too hungry," says she. "What are you working at, the Subway?"

"Nope," says I, trying to smile, knowing I would start something: "Vaudeville."

"Vaudeville!" she shrieked; "vaudeville! have I got to go up against that again?"

"Not necessarily," says I, "you look good at home."

"When do you commence this agony?" she says, with the edge a little taken off.

"Right away," says I, "so get your bonnet."

"Me put a hat on," says she, "to see eight acts and some animals?"

"Why the animals?" says I. Aren't the acts enough?"

"Well, anyway," says she, "the animals don't know any better."

"True enough, wishing we were all dumb," says I.

"Want to hear a secret?" says she suddenly.

"Any news?" says I, never failing.

"It will be to you," she says.

"All right," says I, "hand it over."

"You are going to quit that job," she says.

"Who passed that out?" says I.

"Just made up my mind to it," says she.

"Then you don't eat," says I.

"Rather than vaudeville," she says.

"Very well," says I, "come on down to the office and I'll get discharged. Did you get that?" I says.

"I did," says she. "Who's the fireman, and how'll you manage it?" says I.

"Money?" says she. "Have you money?"

"Have I money?" I says. "Why, we can eat our heads off."

"How about a dress now and then?" says she.

"Right," says I, "you can go the limit if I hold down this job."

"It's about time," says she. "There's been long waits between square meals since I met you."

"That's the talk," says I. "You should be in charge of a suicide factory."

"Come on," she says, "you will quit that job now."

"Perfectly willing and hope you starve to death," I says, getting my hat and starting downtown.

Just before reaching Times Square

HYDE & BEHMAN'S.

"Old Timers" were the feature of the bill. While this is a figure of speech only in so far as it relates to Maggie Cline, still Maggie was there. As she remarked to the drummer, pointing to a diamond breastpin she wore, "Do you know why I'm working this week? To save that."

"The Evergreen" will never grow old in the hearts of the "regulars" or in the singing of Irish songs. No woman can approach her in that line, and she retains that personality which "gets" the house from her entrance.

Lew Bloom and Jane Cooper in "A Picture From Life" are going very well indeed. Bloom has brightened up his talk and sketch, and it is now a laugh producer throughout.

Lew Hawkins as a monologist depends upon your state of mind. His parodies and songs are much preferred to anything else.

Richard (Dick) Golden presents "Old Jed Prouty in Boston." "Jed" anywhere would get lost without Golden. His character work as the "Down Easter" is the maintenance of the playlet, which has no action. Ninnett Barret, of the company, made the most favorable impression as the French maid, speaking the foreign language familiarly. Katherine Kittelman enacted the role of a wife to Whiteman Mott's husband. Miss Kittelman did not look the part at all, her husband being very young, and it militated against their scenes together, hurting the effect.

Adamini and Taylor were changed from next to last to number two on the bill. The act is a singing one, called "The Wandering Minstrels," carrying a special drop, which requires the calcium. The setting should be changed, as Miss Taylor is unable to show to advantage under soft colored lights.

The Majestic Trio is composed of the regulation colored people, two men and a woman, singing not any too new songs nor overworking in the dancing department. The funny one of the bunch has helped himself to other persons' "stuff" in plenty.

The three De Koes show good head balancing, but use pads. It is customary nowadays to wear these head pads for this style of acrobatics, but the same work, if not better, was done over forty years ago without their assistance.

Coin's dogs in a pantomime made a favorable impression. The animals do not bark during the performance and the reason ascribed therefor is that the "kiyoodles" are told before each performance that they are going to give a pantomime.

Fred Hallen and Molly Fuller in a new sketch are reviewed in New Acts.

she says: "If I let you work will you promise?"

"What?" says I.

"No more waking me up to tell me about a funny finish for a sketch."

"Easy," says I, "it isn't funny any more."

"Well, then," says she, "let's go to Hammerstein's."

THE HIPPODROME.

Thompson & Dundy excelled themselves on Wednesday night, when an entire new production was given without a single feature imported from their own Luna Park at "the Island."

"The Society Circus" sounds much better than the circus itself, but the spectacular ending overbalances everything else. The wonderful stage management of these immense productions here cannot but excite intense admiration, and is really more to be accounted for in the success of the Hippodrome than the performance itself.

No place of amusement has a more expensive operation on its hands in contemplating something new than the Hippodrome. It was closed for several performances prior to the first night, which meant a large financial loss, in itself, to the management, but the means were justified in the result.

Sidney Rosenfeld wrote the book of "A Society Circus," which is intelligible. Manuel Klein wrote the music, having one particularly pretty number, and the scenery was painted by Arthur Voegtlin, but Edward P. Temple managed the stage—this was the real factor of success.

The variety part of the entertainment is found in a stranded circus being helped on to prosperity by the "tainted" money of a doubtful Duchess, who engages the performers to amuse her friends at a house party.

There are nine acts and although the programme makes bold to state that they "may be seen nowhere else," five of the numbers have played about town before—the Augoust Family, Marguerite and Hanley, Calcedo, Albert Crandall and the O'Meers Sisters.

Miss Marquis and her ponies have been showing here some time. The Powell sisters in posings on horses while slowly moving is not sensational in any degree, and a poor act of its kind. The Heras Family, ground acrobats, is no more new than their acrobatic work, while the four Marnos, another ground acrobatic quartet, depend upon a saw board to make the throws. This was first done over here by the Joscarrys incidentally, but the Marnos depend altogether upon it. Claire Heliot and her lions have the stage to themselves. The act resembles Agie's, with a few more animals. Whereas Agie must punch the brutes to have them growl, Miss Heliot must punch very hard to induce the opening of their eyes so the meat dangling in front will be seen.

A very funny burlesque of this is given in the jungle scene, together with a good-looking lot of monkeys, led by the four Rianos, who are lost among the crowd.

Marceline and Frank Silvers Oakley, the clowns, have little opportunity and do not take advantage of that little. Silvers makes an entrance in a boat, and the idea is so obviously taken from "Fantana" that it declines to be humorous.

Those having the "Hippritis" fever will go many times, no doubt, but to the others who consider once sufficient, that will do.

HURTIG & SEAMON'S.

Bessie Clayton headed the bill which had strong opposition at the Alhambra, and in Geo. M. Cohan ("Little Johnny Jones") at the Harlem Opera House.

Miss Clayton consumed six minutes, dancing actually about three and one-half. Barring no one, she is the most marvellous American toe dancer. She opens with a song, which is excused through maximum time required. Miss Clayton gives indication of pain while on her toes, relaxing into a smile only with an effort. The audience could not get enough.

Mark Sullivan should be called an imitator rather than a monologist. He does Lew Dockstader, Willis P. Sweatnam, James Thorton, James T. Powers and James McIntyre. Mr. Sullivan has a flexibility and control of voice which allows of a faithful reproduction of the tones of all, excepting Thornton. The others are all equally good. Upon his diverging into stories and recitations, he drops somewhat. "Anthony's Speech" should be cut. It is too evidently burlesque, and the imitations should be used to finish with.

John and Bertha Gleason, with Fred Houlihan at the piano, have an act that would go better if the Gleasons could discover how to go through it without singing. Neither has a voice. Each must know it. Houlihan is not a star performer on the piano. He happily fills in, however, and if the applause of the audience is appreciated each time given, Mr. Houlihan should acknowledge by rising, not retaining his seat on the stool as though it were his due.

Ray Cox is a young lady of considerable height, with an erroneous idea that the time wasted in giving imitations of soubrettes singing coon songs is well spent. It is a mistake. Miss Cox is far too clever in her delineations of the darkey to allow this to prevail, and should devote all her time to the main subject. Although badly placed on the bill, she scored largely.

The three Rio Brothers appeared in ring acrobatics, but whether the "originals" or no is undecided. There have been so many "original Rios."

Charles and Edna Harris were the first to appear. Harris is of the old team and it is judged that Edna, his present partner, must be the daughter. She is a very young girl who sings one song. Even that one is to be regretted. Miss Harris is absolutely without a suspicion of a voice. Her father, if he is that, should try some other make-up and change, just for novelty if nothing else, and also be prevented from parading the fact that the girl is not his wife. His remark that "I am no robber of cradles" is entirely uncalled for.

The orchestra at this house, led by Joe Ali, is repeatedly drowning out the music or singing of acts on the stage lately. Known as one of the best vaudeville orchestras in the city, more care should be exercised before that reputation is lost.

Wilfred Clarke in "No More Trouble" and Metcalf, Paddock and Al. Edwards in a musical act will be found reviewed in the Department of New Acts.

By Sime

KEITH'S UNION SQUARE.

Wednesday afternoon the stereopticon did not open the show. Always go Wednesday afternoon. But To-To did, which is almost as cruel. How the act ever reached vaudeville is a larger mystery than the one advertised regarding the "gold brick."

Josephine Cohan was the headliner in her latest sketch, "Friday, the 13th," which four well known persons of varied talents assisted in making up. All fell down together.

Fred Niblo had a monologue which the audience liked. Niblo's method is to be commended, for you get over the old ones quickly through his rapid delivery.

Paul Barnes is another monologist. With a good voice and rather pleasant manner, it is to be devoutly wished that he never takes a partner again. All his stuff is good—so good that he should cut the songs.

Cook and Sylvia in a singing and dancing turp show fairly. The girl works, while Cook parts his hair in the middle. Mullen and Corelli have some acrobatic work which is not equal to the comedy of the act.

Edward Mollenhauer is 80 years old and founded the first conservatory of music in this country, according to the programme. There is a conservatory bearing that name in Harlem. Perhaps that's it. And perhaps the management here had the idea that by engaging him all the acquaintances he has formed in the past eighty years would pack the house ten hours a day to hear Mr. Mollenhauer play his own compositions on the violin. Perhaps they have. But if so they did not get in early.

Harry Pilcer is a young man who sings and dances without much apparent experience. He has a good enough voice to take a girl partner, and clean up in the singing department for his style of act. His imitation of Geo. Nelson giving an imitation of Geo. Cohan is an awful reflection upon Mr. Nelson.

The three Madcaps and the Imperial Japanese troupe were among the many, while McKissick and Shadney, a colored team, made a hit to those in front by the woman wearing a wig. She also wore forty-three different colors in her dress. A change displayed a costume costing possibly \$4.50.

Will Rogers placed the large end of a lasso wherever he liked and Parros Brothers did some hand balancing.

Mayme Remington and her pickaninies were there. Whenever you go to the opening of a new vaudeville theatre you always find Mayme. The managers believe her a mascot, and she is always trying. May fail now and then, but continually getting out something new—excepting the "picks."

It is reported that Joe Hart, Carrie De Mar, Fred Hallen and Molly Fuller will soon join hands in a specially prepared sketch. Whether the name will again be Hallen and Hart, Hart and Hallen or something to be decided upon is not known.

COLONIAL.

Wherever Clayton White and Marie Stuart are located there you will find laughs, and in "Paris" this week there is no exception. Mr. White played the dual role in his best vein on Monday afternoon. Exclamations of "he's good" were frequent.

Miss Stuart gave her usual excellent performance, and Nellie D'Arcy as the wife interpreted the part in an intelligent manner.

Fanny Rice, her cabinet and a drop, monogrammed "F. R.," were among the fortunate ones. The miniature figures pleased. An imitation of Albert Chevalier has been added, but the "baby" hit still remains the best. Miss Rice should nurse her voice. It sounds strained.

Geo. W. Day as a monologist does not seem to realize the difference between Oshkosh, Wis., and New York city. He is still talking about Rockefeller and "tainted money." His "family" talk does not send the audience into convulsions either. If Mr. Day will attempt to convey the idea he believes there is some humor, at least, in the patter, those in front may be induced to share it.

Watson, Hutchings and Edwards in "The Vaudeville Exchange" manage to save their names printed on the program twice. "And Company" is added to the title, but as the "Co." seems to be only a monkey, that invites invidious comparison. A new act or sketch is due, and it can't be accepted that Harry Watson is a real funny man until that has been accomplished. Ed. Edwards plays a critic in an almost human manner.

Chas. Guyer and Nellie O'Neill are doing their "rough-house" dancing to the unmistakable delight of the public. The violent exercise is having a peculiar result on the couple. While Miss O'Neill is growing somewhat stouter, Guyer is losing. But Nellie's added avoirdupois does not appear at the extremes.

Louise Gunning is back again singing Scotch songs in a similar dress. Miss Gunning presents a very pretty picture on the stage.

The Onlaw Trio are on the bill, while Lawson and Namon in trick bicycle riding and bag punching opened it.

A review of the Military Octette will be found in the Department of New Acts.

Nella Bergen, having been thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of vaudeville, is enjoying it immensely, she says. The first week, she played in the continuous she was at a complete loss to understand just why the usual agent's commission should be deducted from her weekly stipend—inasmuch as Manager H. B. Harris signed all her contracts for the first few weeks Miss Bergen was completely innocent of the aforesaid clause, and refused to accept the money until Manager Harris came to her rescue. The singer is full-fledged now in all the intricate details of vaudeville contracts.

PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD ST.

The bill is well put together, and ran through easily. The most noticeable thing in connection with it was one song, which was first parodied, then sung straight, and finally blown at you through the end of a horn in three different acts. One was ready to believe before leaving that this music publisher, whoever he is, has secured a corner.

Hayman and Franklin opened the show in what undoubtedly is presumed to be a sketch, as it is called "A Matrimonial Agency." As a matter of fact it is nothing more or less than a conversation, and more particularly "nothing."

The man attempts a Hebrew character, forgetting the dialect in the talk, and recalling it in the parodies, where it is lost. If there is any ability here, it will never be discovered in the present offering. The woman overdresses, and what is needed is revision, even if some money must be paid to secure it.

Chassino, in shadowgraphs, did many intricate figures with both hands and feet. It would be a pleasant act to sit through were it not that "Mr." Chassino needs to be cleanly shaven.

Emma Carus was number three on the programme, which speaks better for it than anything else could. Miss Carus sang five songs. She is growing careless of her voice, but does not strike the deep contralto as often as formerly. Two of her selections were good; the others indifferent. She is developing coon singing to a high degree.

"Colonel" Gaston Bordevery shot away numberless cartridges and impressed the house as a remarkable shooter. Technically any sharpshooter can do as well. The undressing, which is the sensation of the act, is accomplished through aiming at bull-eyes placed on the woman's dress where it is to be released. The woman herself, Miss Leonie DeLausanne, is a very slim target, wearing a bow in the back of her dress to indicate where standing.

The three Keatons do a burlesque on the "Colonel." The "kid" (Buster) seems to be impromptu in several different ways, and if this be so he will grow to be a headliner alone, provided the boy remains in this division.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew gave "The Yellow Dragon," which is somewhat familiar, but was very peaceful in a desert of acts and comedy.

The sketch is good, both give a finished performance and are carrying a capable company.

Avery and Hart, two real coons of different hues, are following the footsteps of Williams and Walker, if they haven't passed them. Too much time is consumed arriving at the point, but otherwise they kill time agreeably.

Paul Sandor, a ventriloquist dog trainer, has an excellent act, introducing the dogs dressed to represent a menagerie. He is a good ventriloquist, and the act, as it now stands, is a delight for children.

THE OFFICE BOY AND THE AGENTS.

Having occasion to drop in an agent's office one day this week I was informed by the Office Boy he had "just stepped out." The Boy further informed me he would be back shortly, and politely asked me to be seated.

We were alone and after a few minutes the Boy attempting sociability said: "Looking for a date?"

"No," I replied. "Just wanted to see the agent personally."

"Ain't you in the biz?" he inquired.

Receiving a negative reply, the Boy looked me over and said: "Well say, then, you've got a hand-shake coming to yourself, all right. This business has got everything skinned a mile I ever seen. And an agent. Nothing to it. It's soft. Know this feller well? No? You ought to. He's peaches. What gets me anyway is how the performers stand for some of these fellers."

"This one's got more people conned than anybody I was ever up against before. Why, I used to work in an office downtown and when anybody come in we were making money out of or expected to, if we didn't get busy and be polite it was the fire for us."

"But some of these agents. Fine. Wish I could do it. Treat their customers just like hogs. The only live ones to them are the managers."

"Gee, say, you won't believe this, but it goes. When I first started working for this feller he didn't have a chair in his outside office. Let all the people stand up while waiting, until someone tipped him off he was going to get a roast for it."

"But that's not a marker. Why one day he told me to tell two headliners he couldn't see them as he was busy with a manager, and they should come again after they made a special trip down to see him. And who do you suppose he had in the inside room? A shine \$40 a week sister act. Neither one of the girls had a license to work outside a laundry either at that. If I ever tell this lobster what I think of him, he'll either fire me or raise my salary. I don't care which."

"It's got me going. I'm commencing to think I'm the only human person on earth. They get away with it, too, that's where I'm stopped. But this business will get right some day, and these four-flushers will have to go back to work again. They'll be mighty glad then to get an act to notice them. You can stick a pin in that."

"Are you going? He'll be right in. Say, don't tell I was knocking."

Jeanette Lowrie has blossomed out as a finished monologist, and is hot on the trail of the male contingent in this line of work. She has a smart new idea to present in the vaudeville houses and will make her debut without Mr. Seabrooke in the act Xmas week at Hurtig & Seamon's. She will also add a song and dance to her "turn."

To-morrow night at the New York will mark the debut here of Amy Ricard, in vaudeville.

AT THE AMPHION.

Anna Laughlin, comedienne, late of "The Wizard of Oz," must have spent most of her time at the Amphion over in Brooklyn this week in wrinkling her cherubic countenance into angry frowns and murmuring through clenched teeth, "Curses on 't."

And not without cause. For, although she was featured in the biggest and blackest type of the printer's case, she was made to follow Leila McIntyre. The latter is almost unhonored and unsung in the billing, but she easily carried off the lion's share of popularity.

Miss McIntyre is the heavy end of the team of Hyams and McIntyre. They did a sketch called "Two Hundred Wives." The name doesn't matter. No more does Hyams. But Miss McIntyre has an opportunity for quiet and effective comedy and a couple of "baby songs," 'Twas these same "baby songs" that did the damage to Miss Laughlin's reception.

Miss McIntyre's child impersonation was as delightful and polished as was the literary creation of "Emmy Lou." One song called "Shame" got encore after encore.

Miss Laughlin's baby songs, coming after this, and separated only by an acrobatic turn and the intermission, made something of an anti-climax. Miss Laughlin appeared first in her "Wizard of Oz" bib and tucker, then blossomed out in long skirts. Her "baby song" did not catch the audience as well as it might have, for the reason already explained, but the graceful dance with which she closed her turn won her an enthusiastic recall.

With these two exceptions, and perhaps Snyder and Buckley, the musical comedy team, who are Brooklyn boys and local favorites, the bill ran very much to mediocrity. John Birch, who attempted to play half a dozen characters at once by the simple process of changing his hat, fell considerably below that classification.

Matthews and Harris had their farcical sketch, "Adam the Second." The act has material that could be made to go if it were in better hands. The woman of the team might be able to give a good burlesque of an amateur ingenue's first appearance. She could make it true to life without half trying.

Cartmel and Harris did an artistic dancing and singing specialty. Both members were dressed in excellent taste and their dancing was good enough to win a hearty encore. They led the bill, too, from the early end.

Caron and Farnum, the comedy acrobatic pair, did some fairly interesting tumbling and worked the slapstick pretty steadily, but much may be forgiven them in consideration of their courage in keeping to their own act and not grabbing off the stunts of Rice and Prevost, which of late has become widely popular with comedy acrobatic teams. Mosher, Houghton and Mosher, with their comedy cycling specialty completed the bill.

Reggie Vanderbilt was observed around the Colonial last Monday afternoon. A Vanderbilt going into vaudeville. There must have been something very attractive about the bill there.

KEENEY'S.

Sadie Martinot heads the procession at Keeney's Theatre, Brooklyn, this week. She is party of the first part in a pale and wobbly twenty-minute farce called "Wedded by Wire," which insistently reminds one of the sort of dramatic entertainment usually written by young high school students and produced at benefits for the basketball team. The trouble is that all the action of the sketch has happened before the audience is introduced to the principals. The result is that Miss Martinot and George D. Parker, in the persons of the reunited lovers, are engaged most of the time in telling each other who they are, what led to the present situation and other items of extraneous interest. This is designed as a delicate and artistic method of letting the audience know what the proceedings are all about. This end is accomplished, but only at the expense of a great deal of crude and tiresome dialogue. Charles F. Gotthold and George D. Parker are jointly responsible for the sketch.

Miss Martinot deserves better things. As the young widow in her present vehicle she makes a decidedly attractive figure, and were not the handicap so hopelessly heavy she might pull the act through.

Frank Bush was among those present with a batch of stories, most of them new, but a few, alas, lamentably old. In the latter class that hapless tale about the restaurant stew in which the oyster ate the crackers was heartlessly paraded. The funny thing about this last mentioned gag is that the audience laughed uproariously at it.

The Dixie Serenaders were an even half dozen negro singers whose voices blended well.

The novelty act of Rawson and June, consisting of boomerang throwing and archery stunts, caught the house. Miss June aforetime was something of an acrobatic and contortionist, but now her figure approaches the voluptuous, and spear throwing at a mark is about the only exercise it permits. She wore tights, however, very acceptably. The Rawson end of the combination did some remarkable manipulation of the Australian weapon, making it skim about the balcony railings and return to the stage.

Smirl and Kessner presented "The Bell Boy and the Maid," as the programme had it. The act is a combination of dancing and gymnastics, and was acceptably done.

Singer's Monkeys and Dogs had some new tricks, the novelties being a Chinese laundry scene by two monkeys and a bicycle stunt by a third. Tascott, billed as "The Champion Coon Shouter," and Wood and Ray completed the bill.

BESSIE MCCOY COMING IN.

Bessie McCoy, formerly of the McCoy sisters, and more latterly prominent at the Hippodrome, is having an elaborate act composed of herself and six girls put together. About \$2,500 spent on costumes is expected to create the best dressed group in the business. Six weeks will be booked through M. S. Bentham, who worked out the idea, and then Bessie will return to the cast of the Hippodrome show, when it opens in Chicago some time during February.

American Variety Theatres.

NEW YORK CITY.

Hippodrome—Thompson & Dundy.
Proctor's 23d—Chas. E. Graham.
Proctor's 53d—M. E. Robinson.
Alhambra—Dave Robinson.
Colonial—Wm. Massaud.
Hammerstein's—Wm. Hammerstein.
Tony Pastor's—H. S. Sarderson.
Keith's—E. F. Rogers.
Atlantic Garden—W. Kramer's Sons.
Palace—Freeman Bernstein.
Family—Al. Onken.
Dewey—Geo. Kraus.
Gotham—
London—J. H. Curtin.
Miner's 8th—E. D. Miner.
Miner's Bowery—E. D. Miner.
Circle—Lew Parker.
Huber's—J. H. Anderson.
Hurtig & Seamon—Ben Hurtig.

BROOKLYN.

Imperial—W. T. Grover.
Amphion—W. T. Grover.
Orpheum—P. G. Williams.
Gotham, Ed. Girard.
Hyde & Behman—Nick Norton.
Star—Archie Ellis.
Gaiety—Jas. Clarke.
Unique—F. B. Carr.
Alcazar—F. L. Pixley.
Nassau—F. F. Fleck.
Keeney's—Frank A. Keeney.
Garden—Ed. F. Keeley.

ARKANSAS.

Hot Springs—Majestic, T. R. MacMechen.
CALIFORNIA.
San Francisco—Orpheum, M. Meyerfield, Jr., John Morrissey; Chutes; Fischer's, C. Fischer.
Los Angeles—Orpheum; Unique, Hentz & Zallee; Casino, A. J. Morganstein; Cineograph, J. A. Browne; Empire, Billy Banks.
Oakland—Bell, Ed. Homan; Novelty, Tony Lubelski; Empire, E. N. Carlson.
Sacramento—Acme, Chas. Goddard.
San Diego—Pickwick, Palmer & Fulkerson.
San Jose—Victory, Sam Harris.
COLORADO.
Denver—Orpheum, Crystal, G. Ira Adams; Novelty, H. Lubelski.
Colorado Springs—Empire, Chas. Alphin.
Pueblo—Earl, Geo. W. Morris; Rookery, Jack Martin.

CONNECTICUT.

New Haven—Poll's, S. Z. Poll, P. Alonzo.
Hartford—Poll's, Louis C. Kilby.
Waterbury—Jacque's, Jean Jacque.
DELAWARE.
Wilmington—Garrick, Wm. L. Dockstader.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington—Cruise's, Miss H. Winnifred DeWitt; Lyceum, Eugene Kernan.
GEORGIA.
Atlanta—Star, J. B. Thompson.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago—Olympic, Abe Jacobs; Haymarket, W. W. Freeman; Folly, John A. Fennessy; Trocadero, Harry H. Hedges, Euson, Sid. J. Euson; Howard, M. Magnus.
Springfield—Gaiety, Smith & Burton.
Peoria—Main St., J. C. Cutler; Weast's, Chas. Bartson.
Galesburg—Bijou, F. E. Payden.
Decatur—Bijou, A. Sigfried.

Joliet—Grand, Louis Goldberg.
Quincy—Bijou, Patrick & McConnell.
INDIANA.

Indianapolis—Grand Opera House, Shafer Ziegler; Empire, Chas. Zimmermann.
Terre Haute—Lyric, Barydt & Hoefler.
Frankfort—Crystal, Chas. Welsh.
Kokomo—Crystal, W. E. Finley.
Fort Wayne—Masonic Temple, F. E. Stonder.
Evansville—Bijou, Geo. Sellinger.
Richmond—New Phillips, O. G. Murray.
Logansport—Crystal, W. T. Randall.
Muncie—Star, R. H. Osgoodby.

IOWA.

Des Moines—Bijou, Fred Buchanan; Mirror, W. A. Gourley.
Keokuk—La Salle, D. E. Reeves.
Burlington—Garrick, Vic. Hugo.
Cedar Rapids—People's, Vic. Hugo.
Davenport—Elite, H. A. Sodini.
Dubuque—Bijou, Jake Rosenthal.
Waterloo—Electric, E. H. Johnson.
Council Bluffs—Gem, Winchester & Smith.

KANSAS.

Leavenworth—People, J. H. Dempsey.
Wichita—Crystal, Olsen Bros.
Topeka—Novelty, A. H. Haglan; Star.
KENTUCKY.
Louisville—Buckingham, Whallen Bros.; Hopkins, Wm. Reichman.
LOUISIANA.
New Orleans—Orpheum; Greenwald, Henry Greenwald.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore—Maryland, Jos. L. Kernan; Monumental, Jos. L. Kernan.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston—Keith's, B. F. Keith; Howard, Carl D. Lohrap; Palace, Chas. H. Waldron; Columbia, Harry N. Farren; Lyceum, G. H. Batcheller; Austin & Stone's Museum, A. B. White.
Springfield—Poll's, J. C. Criddle.
Lowell—People's, H. A. Woodward; Lowell Opera House, Fay Bros. & Hoeford; Boston.
Worcester—Park, A. T. Wilton; Poll's, Chas. W. Fonda; Palace.
Holyoke—Empire, T. F. Murray.
Fall River—Bijou, C. E. Cook; Casto, Al. Haynes; Nickelodeon.
Lynn—Auditorium, Harry Katzes; Gem, C. W. Sheafe.
New Bedford—Hathaway's, T. B. Bayles.
Lawrence—Colonial, Al. Haynes; Casino, W. L. Gallagher.
North Adams—Richmond, Wm. P. Meade.

MICHIGAN.

Detroit—Temple, James H. Moore; Avenue, Drew & Campbell; Crystal, J. J. Nash.
Jackson—Bijou, W. S. Butterfield.
Grand Rapids—Grand Opera House, Churchill & Davis.
Saginaw—Jeffers, Sam Marks.
Bay City—Bijou, J. D. Pilmore.
Lansing—Bijou, D. J. Robson.
Battle Creek—Bijou, W. S. Butterfield.
Escanaba—Ben's, B. Salinsky.
Muskegon—Crystal, T. D. Brott.

MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis—Orpheum; Lyceum, I. C. Spliers; Dewey, W. A. Singer; Unique, John Elliott.
St. Paul—Orpheum, Chas. Ferck; Star, J. C. Van Roo; Empire, A. Weinholtz.
Duluth—Bijou, Joe Maitland, Metropolitan, Wm. Longstreet.

MISSOURI.

Kansas City—National, F. L. Flanders;

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TO ARTISTS.

And by artists it is not necessarily intended that only vaudeville players be included.

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As an incentive to all, the story, article or item we consider the best received each week, judged on all points, will be printed with the full name of writer, who will receive from us FIVE DOLLARS for the PRIZE STORY.

LEW DOCKSTADER ATTACHED.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 15.—The box receipts and scenery of Lew Dockstader's Minstrel Company, which is playing at the Grand Opera House this week, were attached on Wednesday evening on a writ brought by Florian Pincus to satisfy a claim of \$980 on an alleged breach of contract. A compromise was made, the terms of which were not made public, and the performance was given. In explaining the case a representative of the company stated that Pincus was acting manager for a Boys' Band which was engaged for the minstrel company, but upon inspection it was found that the band was incompetent and six weeks' notice was given prior to the opening of the season. Pincus claimed a breach of contract, although no contract was signed. It is claimed that Dockstader will institute a counter claim against Pincus for obtaining money under false pretenses.

NEW ACTS.

Variety will have each week a department called "New Acts," covering, as the title implies, acts presented for the first time.

Every such act presented for the first time in New York will be reviewed in this column by "Chicot" or "Sime," and sufficient space allowed for a thorough digest.

Out of town correspondents will report specifically on any new act presented for the first time anywhere in their territory.

An act will be reviewed once only in this department. If produced out of town, and noticed at that time by our correspondent, it will appear in the department "Reviews of the Week" when in New York.

Variety will endeavor to give managers, agents and others interested a fair and safe line on all new acts.

TOD SLOAN. MONOLOGUE. HAMMERSTEIN'S.

It is as well that the racing has left this part of the country, else even the horses would have demanded admittance to Hammerstein's on Monday, where Tod Sloan made his initial bow as a monologist. As it was, the racing crowd left about the Metropole came out in force and laughed at his stories and the audience laughed at two or three. It was significant that the reception accorded the former jockey when he made his entrance was much more enthusiastic than his recall.

He offers a monologue (written by Geo. M. Cohan) of race track stuff and personal experiences much after the fashion of the pugilistic matter offered by James J. Corbett, with the difference that Corbett can command a fair salary as a monologue man without the ring attachment, while Sloan's offering is entirely dependent for such success as it makes upon the fact that it is recited by a famous jockey whom most vaudeville patrons have never seen.

His delivery is weak and uncertain and while, barring a first night nervousness, he carries himself with ease, he does not make a good impression. He wears evening clothes and for no reason at all tops his abbreviated person with a silk hat which he wears throughout the act, save when he takes his curtain bow. It is a very shiny hat, but he does not need it, especially in an interior set.

None of his stories carried much weight, and it is probable that after a single swinging over the New York circuit he will drop out unless he improves mightily the while. As his act stands he is valuable only because of the money he draws.

SOCIETY NOTE: Mr. James J. Corbett was among those present Monday afternoon.

CHICOT.

FRED HALLEN AND MOLLY FULLER. "A MORNING PLUNGE." BY HERBERT HALL WINSLOW. HYDE & BEHMAN'S.

The scene of this sketch, which had a "try-out" in Wilmington, is supposed to be the beach at Atlantic City, although from the drop, you imagine Coney Island, Long Branch or any favored seaside resort.

Mr. Winslow in the dialogue has not made it very distinct just what the plot is, but Rose Tracey (Molly Fuller) is evidently stopping at Young's Hotel, in the famous watering place, without a chaperone.

Feeling the necessity or the desire for a bath, she invents an invalid father in the figure of a rubber "dummy" placed in a chair to be wheeled to the beach for protection against one Reddy Merriker (Fred Hallen) who "made eyes" at her the evening before in the hotel parlors.

Reddy, who is an immensely popular author traveling under an incognito, follows to the beach, and converses with the dummy, which he readily discovers to be such while Rose does a lightning change into a bathing suit. Molly Fuller in tights! It is a sight, and a pleasant one.

Rose learns during the absence of her admirer that he is the author she has raved over, and orders the figure of her father returned to the hotel. Reddy replaces the "dummy" in the chair and returns to the beach, where Rose confesses to the supposed figure that she loves the author, who discloses himself. In the midst of a fast descending curtain the couple are seen entwined after a thirty minutes' acquaintance.

The audience did not enthuse over the playlet. It is too long without sufficient action. Two songs are sung by Mr. Hallen, but the lyric writer has caused "Roses" to rhyme with "Tresses."

When it becomes necessary in a Winslow sketch to require Mr. Hallen to slap Miss Fuller twice upon her bare back to obtain laughs, need more be said.

SIME.

MILITARY OCTETTE. LASKY & ROLFE. COLONIAL.

This is one of the most pretentious musical acts ever presented in vaudeville. Although the disguise is evident through the setting, the veneer is not so thin as that generally used.

The attention to details is worthy of comment, and while this is not the first week this act has been presented, it is important enough by reason of the novelty to receive attention in this column.

The scenes respectively show camps of Russian Hussars, English Fusiliers and Union soldiers, laid in Siberia, India and the United States, and appropriately uniformed.

A feature of the act is called "The girl with the baton," who is Rose Stevens. She walks spectacularly down the front aisle, costumed as an English "Tommy," followed by the spot-light in a darkened house, taking her seat in the orchestra leader's chair.

The other members of the company, of which there are nine men and two girls (and the best "prop" elephants ever gotten up) play musical selections on cornets and trombones. There is the inevitable quartet, and "England's Foremost Cornetist," John S. Leick, but the programme is a notorious press agent.

The Misses Simmons and Vale play prominent parts and have an exaggerated idea of their own importance. When "marking time" it resembles a contortion turn, and they should also be coached how to walk properly.

The act is a great big hit, and sufficiently strong by itself without forcing the applause at the close by the playing of the national anthem, which leads some persons to stand up.

SIME.

**WILFRED CLARKE AND COMPANY.
"NO MORE TROUBLE."
HURTIG & SEAMON'S.**

A farcical sketch, adapted from the French by Mr. Clarke, according to the programme. Rather slow at the beginning, but soon moves with a rush which is kept up to the finale. A real comedy playlet, with the farcical side always to the fore. Cleverly adapted and a substantial success. Several threads of plot are interlaced and entangled, involving too much space for a detailed description.

Clarke is the mainspring, and with his legitimate acting keeps the piece continually on the go. Theo. Carew ably assists, doing a fine piece of work as an inanimate person under the influence of a narcotic. Rather large of size, Miss Carew maintained a rigid attitude under what seemed extreme difficulty.

Archie Gillis and Miss E. McDe Mott (correct spelling) contributed their share. The farce is superior to Clarke's former offering, "In the Biograph."

SIME.

**METCALF, PADDOCK AND AL. EDWARDS.
MUSICAL ACT.
HURTIG & SEAMON'S.**

Called a "High Class Musical Novelty," but a copy act of Waterbury Brothers and Tenney. Inferior in music and comedy to the originals. Edwards in black face is a more cultivated musician than comedian, and the other members of the act appear very amateurish. Customary instruments used with the addition of a 'cello, on which is played "Sweetest Story Ever Told," the "sure thing" of all 'cellists. "The Palms" is also a feature of Edwards' cornet. The brasses are blatant and not in harmony. Fairly applauded.

SIME.

**NAN ENGLETON AND COMPANY.
HOW THE WIDOW WAS WON.
TONY PASTOR'S.**

Nan Engleton, who used to be the junior half of the team of Anderson and Engleton, made offering of a sketch by an unknown author at Pastor's this week. The author is wise only in that he conceals his identity. A young widow is pursued by a masquerader who finally sends her a note that unless she receives him within a half hour he will force his way into her apartments. She has an admirer in the person of a youthful army Colonel ("U. S. A., not Salvation"). He brings in a pair of riding boots because the widow objects to the rum blossom at the end of his nose and riding has been advised as a cure. He is also wearing a pair of red flannel plasters inside of his shoes for the same reason. The widow seeks to keep him in the house to ward off the descent of her unknown admirer, while he seeks escape from the plasters. His writhings over the plasters lead her to believe that he is intoxicated, but in an interval she leaves the stage and he removes the

plasters and hides them in the boots. These latter he hides behind the portieres, and she believing that the unknown has come to fulfill his threat, because she sees his boots, tells the Colonel of her persecutor, and after locking her in another room the valiant military man pretends to slay the intruder and so wins the widow. The sketch is utterly lacking in balance and probability, and was not particularly diverting at any time. Miss Engleton played with a sad lack of restraint, apparently imagining that the more noise she made the more successful she would be, in spite of her earlier experiences to the contrary. William L. Sheridan, her support, might have been a good actor, but the author did not permit him to exploit this fact. Miss Engleton will have to have a new act if she wishes to get ahead. This offering will never do.

ARTISTS.

Mail your personal notices or such items as you desire to see in print. If it resembles "news" in any form it will be printed. Write on one side of paper only, and try to have matter reach us not later than Thursday.

CORRESPONDENCE

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—KEITH'S.—Valerie Bergere is reviving "Carmen," a short version of Prosper Merimee's story and of episodes from the opera and play of the same name. Miss Bergere is a favorite here and while her latest effort proved interesting, it hardly deserves being called successful. Miss Bergere made good here in "Billy's Experiment" and "His Japanese Wife," which followed in vaudeville after her triumph in "Madam Butterfly," which was seen in the high-priced houses. In the new sketch Miss Bergere proved effective and gave the requisite light and shade to the stormy, passionate, winsome and forceful passages in the text, but she was better liked in her lighter characters.

Of the others, but one or two are new. Harry Le Clair presented a specialty founded on the same lines as his old one. His character of a "bag of the streets" was bad. Taylor Holmes got through with a monologue and some imitations, but failed miserably in his attempt to imitate George M. Cohan. There was an extra offering of blackface specialties, of which the Nichols Sisters carried off the honors. Clifford and Burke used a lot of Williams and Walker's stuff and mainly through the singing and dancing of Clifford, managed to do well. The Norcross Minstrel Troupe gave their idea of an old-time "first-part" act. There were several other acts on the bill, all of which have been seen here before.

CASINO.—The Trocadero Burlesquers are at the Casino, with the European weight juggler, Brinn, featured. Many of his tricks have been seen performed here, but he is claiming originality and was well received. The show is up to the average and opened to the best business of the season.

TROCADERO.—At the Trocadero Joe Oppenheimer has his "Fay Foster" company, with a big company and a number of entertaining specialties. Business has been big at this house all season

and the Foster show has been getting its share.

BIJOU.—There has been but little change at the Bijou, where the "Cherry Blossoms" are holding forth, and the bill has not been changed any since seen at the Trocadero earlier in the season.

LYCEUM.—The "Bowery Burlesquers," who are entertaining at the Lyceum, are also making their second bid for favor this season. The Three Hickmans, in their musical specialty, carried off the honors.

BON-TON.—Dick and Alice McAvoy, in their sketch, "A Wife's Christmas," are about the only ones worthy of mention on the bill in the Bon-Ton.

BOSTON, MASS.—KEITH'S (B. F. Keith, Manager).—Foremost among the funmakers on this week's bill are the clever Elinore Sisters, Kate and May, late of "Mrs. Delany of Newport" company, whose absence of about four years inspired a rousing reception, and kept the audience convulsed with laughter. That inimitable monologist, James J. Morton, who, by the way, returns to the legitimate soon, with his ridiculous talk, song and recitation, is still a sure cure for the "blues." Ed. F. Reynard, the world famous ventriloquist comedian, with his wonderful mechanical figures, and Sam Watson, with his farm yard, a decided novelty in the way of an animal act, contribute pleasing entertainments. The surrounding show includes such favorites as O'Brien and Havel, in an acrobatic comedy skit, "Ticks and Clinks," with specialties. Tom and Clara are just as funny as ever. The three musical Johnsons, expert xylophone players; M. Alphonse Sylvano, a European equilibrist; Mr. and Mrs. Cal Stewart, in a laughable conversational sketch, "Uncle Josh on the Bowery;" Les Durands, Parisian street singers; John F. Clark, monologue; Louis Guertin, skillful novelty jumper; Morton Temple and Morton, knockabout vocalists and dancers, all have fine specialties and established themselves anew as prime favorites. Topping the bill, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane present a delightful playlet, "A Yankee's Love for Dixie," which is well acted and worthy of individual mention. As usual the kinetograph shows a complete new list of comedy and interesting motion pictures, including "The Reception of Prince Louis of Battenberg in New York," which is a capital film. Crowded houses prevail.

HOWARD ATHENEUM (Carl O. Lothrop, Business Manager).—Charmion, queen of sensational aerialists, is the headline attraction on one of the best bills ever seen at this house. Of course, she throws out "personal" souvenirs as usual. Charmion is the strongest single drawing card the old Howard has ever known but she is not the only "topnotcher" the excellent programme includes; Emil Hoch, Jane Elton & Co., in "Mile. Ricca," a bright comedieta; John D. Gilbert, monologist with songs and steps that are the "limit" for laugh creators; Leona Thurber and her Four Black Birds; Marvelous Frank and Little Bob, with their wonderful dog "Tip;" Dolly Jardon, balladist; Delmore and Darrell, singers and dancers; Allaire and Lind, club jugglers; Connelly and Rowe, vocalists and pedalists; the Bal-

ancing Stevens; Anger and Hanley, dancers; Henella, magician, and the Howardscope pictures scored in accordance. The burlesque entitled "The Winning Warblers" made a fine showing. This big company of pretty girls are all winners. Immense business.

COLUMBIA (Harry N. Farren, Manager).—"Simple Simon and Simon Simple," followed by "A Hot Time at Reilly's," are the musical absurdity offerings by the Reilly & Woods' Burlesque Co., which is bigger and better than ever. Pat Reilly as "Simple Simon" is excruciatingly funny. Surrounded by a galaxy of royal entertainers, the principals are very much in evidence when it comes to laugh making. An olio of exceptional merit is headlined by Frank Orth and Harry S. Fern, by special engagement producing their famous skit, "Sign That Book." Other acts of various ability include: Ira Kessner, pictured melodies; Kennedy and Evans, Celtic humorists; Reno and Daly, comedy acrobats; the dancing Revere Sisters, and the Golden Ballet, in three scenes, introducing Ada Corbett as Mephisto. A well balanced chorus of pretty girls make a feast of fun and music. There is always something doing with the "hook" when amateur night, every Friday, comes around; this feature is a big drawing card. Good company and business.

NOTES.—Sunday concerts, 10th inst., Eagles' benefit at Grand Opera House; all star bill at the Boston; Elks' grand concert at the Tremont; benefit Kingston Dispensary at the Globe; offered the leading talent from all the visiting varieties and were well patronized. Season looks prosperous.

GEO. LESLIE HUTCHINSON.

BALTIMORE, MD.—MARYLAND (F. C. Schanberger, Manager).—Week Dec. 11-16. A splendid bill to large houses. McMahon's Minstrel Maids and Watermelon Girls is a very attractive act. Also seen are the Chamberlains, lasso throwers and rope jugglers; Tyce and Jermon, in songs and stories; Waterbury Brothers and Tenney, in a comical musical act; the Auberts, European whirlwind dancers; McMahon and Chappelle, in "Twenty Minutes Before the Train Leaves;" La Vine Cimaron Trio and the kinetograph, in new moving pictures. Next week: Gardner and Vincent, the Piccolo Midgets, Clifford and Burke, Taylor Holmes, Harry Howard's Ponies, O. K. Sato and Brothers Durant. Chevalier Albert L. Guille, late tenor of the Heinrich Grand Opera company and the Hollywood Mandolin Orchestra, entertain the audience before and after each performance in the Rathskeller.

MONUMENTAL (Joseph L. Kernan, Res. Manager), week Dec. 11-16.—Probably if not quite the best bill of the season is offered by Harry Martell's Brigadier Burlesquers featuring Edmond Hayes in "The Wise Guy," supported by an excellent company, to crowded houses. The olio consisted of the Three Kuhns, singers and musical artists; Frank K. McNish and Joe Whitehead, in an old-time minstrel act; Lester and Moore, as the soubrette and the tramp; the Prentice Four, comedy acrobats; Beufort Sisters, singers and dancers, and Miss Blanche Murphy, vocalist. Next week: Whallen and Martell's Kentucky Extravaganza company.

NOTES.—Manager Kernan now has a monopoly of the vaudeville business in this city, but the new Gaiety Theatre is rapidly nearing completion and Messrs. Weber & Scribner, of New York, will open on schedule time Feb. 5, 1906, playing the Columbia Amusement Company's attractions exclusively in this city. The resident manager is a prominent business man of Baltimore, whose name is to be kept secret until after the completion of the building. Mr. Eddie Edwards, formerly treasurer of Holliday Street Theatre, will be the treasurer and Mr. Tobe Jacobs the advertiser. The builders are now two weeks ahead of time, but the original date for the opening will hold good in order not to change all plans, bookings, etc. **MILTON.**

NEWARK, N. J.—Mediocrity makes lociety makes up the Proctor bill for the current week. Every division of polite vaudeville seems represented. Joseph Hart and Carrie De Mar, two favorites at this place of amusement, are the headliners, but the laughs are not all reserved for the twain. They offer "The Other Fellow," an un-bizzare sketch of near-unfelicity. Ed. Gray, the alliterative tall tale teller told twenty-two thoughtless stories successfully. Dan Hiatt was amusing as a burlesque musician, but his wife's vocal efforts relegated the act to the ordinary effort.

The Carson Brothers, billed as acrobats, did not belie their profession, and Joe Reischen's dogs were exhibited as well-trained balancing animals. Tyce and Jermon told some jests of ancient vintage and sang songs. Francis Wood rolled hoops. Why? Charles Burke and Grace La Rue, with the assistance of a few colored comedians (?), presented what once was their comic "Silver Moon" sketch, and would you believe it they introduced a few new old jokes.

M. M. Thelise's Casino Girls gave a featureless performance at Waldman's, the local wheel representative. The material handed out to the company by the arrangers of the show will never place the authors in any competition with any good burlesque composers. The aggregation in addition lacks ginger. The Columbia Theatre will not open its doors this week on account of the poor business that usually troubles managers previous to holiday times. On Xmas afternoon A. H. Wood's "A Wife's Confession" will be put on for a week. The Empire was dark last week. David Belasco bought out the house in order to avoid playing a week of vaudeville offered by the so-called independent vaudeville combine. Fiske O'Hara, the newest Blaney star, will open in "Mr. Blarney of Ireland," at the Blaney Theatre on Xmas afternoon. Mr. O'Hara changed his name for the benefit of the Blaney clientele; it used to be William Fiske.

GORDON E. WHEELER.

LONDON, CANADA. — **BENNETT'S** (J. H. Alos, Manager.)—This cozy vaudeville theatre is now well in its second year and meeting with well-merited success. Dec. 11-16—Mme. De Serris company, in famous bas-reliefs and living statuary, are pleasing large houses with their beautiful reproductions. Fiske and McDonough are going strong with their character sketch, "Good News;" La Fleur, sensational acrobat; Dutch Walton, musical monologist; Mitchell and Love, Wilson and Moran and Antrim

and Peters round out a splendid bill. Coming Dec. 18-23—W. Woodford's educated animals; Monroe, Mack and Lawrence, James Walthour and company, Horse vs. Cyclist, Billy O'Day, Robbins and Trenman and others.

The amateur contests every Friday night are proving a great success.

FRITZ HOUSTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—**CHASE** (H. W. De Witt, Manager.)—"The Hazzardous Globe," in which Wizard and Irene Stone do some sensational and nerve racking stunts, heads the bill at this house. Edward S. Kines and company presented an abbreviated drama. This form of play has become exceedingly popular with Chase's patrons. The sketch is entitled, "Tainted Money," and deals with Frenzied Finance, winding up with logical moral. Mr. Kines is assisted by Jas. D. Walsh and Wm. Slater. They are both clever, but the sketch at the present time is in the rough and needs a great deal of polishing. The action drags in several places and the actors should pay more attention to minor details. Sidney Grant, in stories and songs, received three curtain calls, which demonstrates that he is an old favorite here. J. Warren Keane, a magician, offered good work. Arthur Borani and Annie Navarro, eccentric acrobats, were excellent. Coakley and McBride, black face song and dance artists, gave a very acceptable performance. Signor Luigi dell'Oro played on a great accordion and "armonipede" very cleverly.

MAJESTIC (T. P. Sargent, Manager.)—The Fays opened a two weeks' engagement in a mixed exhibition of alleged spiritual phenomena, telepathy, thaumaturgy and vaudeville. Mrs. Fay answers many questions pertaining to past, present and future events. The vaudeville features were presented by the Sisters Rappo, very clever dancers; Phil Staats, in a monologue, and Rostow, the Russian equilibrist.

KERNAN'S (Eugene Kernan, Manager.)—Whallen and Martell's clever burlesque company, "The Kentucky Belles," is the attraction this week. Messrs. Whallen and Martell have broken away from the old-time style of burlesque companies, and are offering the patrons a two-act musical farce entitled, "Murphy's Mistake," written by Reid and Gilbert. During the performance several excellent specialties are introduced. They are surrounded with a bevy of chorus girls that outshine the choruses of many a first-class musical production. Miss Bello took the house by storm with "The Winding of the Yarn." Hedrix and Prescott, in song and dance; Gray and Grakan, musical team; The Century Comedy Four, and the Four Melvin Bros. completed one of the best bills ever seen in this house.

LAND ON 'EM.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—**ORPHEUM** (Thomas Winston, Mgr.). — Martin Beck's premier attraction, the Orpheum Show, is holding forth at this popular playhouse for week of December 11. The bill includes Ye Colonial Septette, Merian's dogs, Jules and Ella Garrison, Sisters and Brothers Ford, Edgar Bixley, Winona Winter and Campbell and Mack. The Colonial Septette have a very neat and cleverly conceived act. Merian's dogs, by far the best canine

act in the business, were generously applauded. Jules and Ella Garrison in their burletta entitled "An Ancient Roman," were also well received. Edgar Bixley was a hit as well as were Winona Winter, the Sisters and Brothers Ford and Campbell and Mack, who are still using their old bicycle act to good advantage. The "Animated Scenes" closed the bill. The Orpheum Show will pack them in this week. Julian Eltinge is the headliner for week of December 18.

GREENWALL THEATRE (Henry Greenwall, Mgr.). — Bob Manchester's "Vanity Fair" Co. opened Sunday, December 10, to S. R. O. at both performances. The company is headed by John Conley and Harry Ward as comedians and Dora Denton as soubrette. Conley and Ward are slapstick comedians, while Miss Denton has a voice that could be used to good service on a farm. Reed and Shaw were very clever in their gymnastic act and a Jap, who styles himself Tokio from Japan, was fairly good with a fan juggling and slack wire act. The girls seem to have been selected with a view as to their weight, not age. Week of December 17, Phil Sheridan's City Sports.

E. M. SAMUEL.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—**GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (C. H. Plummer, Mgr.).—This city is one of the best show towns in the State, and is vaudeville wise through intermittent doses. The patronage at the Grand since the change of policy to variety has not been steady through the irregularity of the quality of the weekly bills. Syracuse demands good acts all the time, and will support them upon receipt.

This week: Hal Davis and Inez Macauley in "The Unexpected." Well liked, but why was not their latest offering "Fais" given instead? It is a much better and stronger sketch. A house in its vaudeville infancy should have the best, whether the worst has been seen before in town or not. Lee Harrison told some stories which Syracusians thought funny, and made a hit with his songs. Delmore and Lee, best aerial act ever here. Macart's animals well liked. Dixon, Bowers and Dixon fair. Delmar Sisters neatly dressed and good dancers. Anderson and Giles (colored), too much horse-play. Barr and Evans made no impression. Next week: Girard and Gardner, Keeler's wonderful Jap Troupe, Basque Quartette, Gratian and White, Reiff Bros.

NOTE.—Jule Delmar, the Keith representative at the Grand is becoming very popular. **SAM FREEMAN.**

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—**HOPKINS'** (Wm. Reichmann, Res. Mgr.). Hart's Boston Novelty Co., with Valerie Bergerie & Co. as the headliner, was the offering. Fair show and attendance. This week's bill headed by eight Bedouin Arabs and comprising Ryan & Richfield, Kelly & Violette, Four Emperors of Music, Dan Quinlan and Keller Mack, The Be-Anos, Redford and Winchester, and the Kirodrome forms a diversified and well balanced bill drawing crowded houses.

Special mention must be made of Kelly and Violette, who are the distinct hit of this attractive bill.

Next: Hopkins' Trans-Oceanic Star Specialty Co., with Kitamura's Japs, Callahan and Mack, Watson and Mor-

risey, Alf Grant, Harry and Kate Jackson and others.

BUCKINGHAM (Whallen Bros., Mgrs.). May Howard and her Extravaganza Co., with "The Girl in Blue" as an extra attraction, is turning people away from this popular playhouse this week. The show is up to the standard in every respect and should prove a record breaker. Edward Morris is principal comedian and the olio names the following well known people: Russell and Locke, Musical Craigs, La Velle and Grant in addition to a series of art pictures and the aforementioned "Girl in Blue." Last week Sam Devere's Own Show played to poor houses. County fair. Next: Star Show Girls.

Notes. Roma's Aerial Wrestlers, who were brought over to this country from England under direction of Marinelli, will close a special six weeks' engagement over the Empire Circuit at Cincinnati on December 16 and will shortly be seen in New York city.

The Three Graces have been engaged as a vaudeville feature with Anna Eva Fay. **ARTHUR STUART.**

WATERBURY, Conn.—**JACQUES** (J. W. Fitzpatrick, Res. Mgr.). The bill the current week is an unusually strong one for this house. Headed by the Musical Colbys, every act on the bill pleased and in most instances jumped into instant favor. Ned Nye was a close second to the headliners, with his Seven American Girls, a new act now on its second week. The act is bound to make good. Smith and Campbell presented a rapid fire talking act, which went well. Hayes and Carew also scored with their act, "The Lady and the Slavey." Their after bit, called "Jockey Johnnie O'Neil," scored instantly. The others on the bill were Spilk, Roman ring expert; Rae and Brosche, Smith and McGloin and the Electrophon.

NOTES.—There is considerable speculation as to the outcome of the estate of the late Jean Jacques. It is persistently rumored Poli will transfer his vaudeville interests to the Poli house and the Jacques will be turned into a burlesque house. But it is thought Mrs. Jacques will retain her husband's interests in the Poli house and engage Harry Parsons as her representative. Several out-of-town managers are watching the building of a new theatre here, ing the settlement of the Jacques estate very carefully, wishing to gain the late manager's interest in the Poli house if possible.

ARTHUR H. M'KECHNIE.

LYNN, Mass.—**AUDITORIUM.** (Harry Katzes, Mgr.)—Week of December 11, Sherman and De Forrest in "The Battle of San Dago," headed the bill and proved themselves to be one of the best teams yet seen in the new house. Vera King, singing and talking comedienne, was one of the hits of the show. Andy McLeod took fairly well. Brown, Harris and Brown, in "The Spirit of '76," was an act deserving the warm reception they received. Koppe and Koppe, the juggling comedians, are certainly good jugglers; as comedians they did not take so well. The Larsen Sisters, European novelty athletes, did some wonderful feats that were well received. Spencer Lynn and Fay, comedienues, were clever as singers and dancers. Good business.

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The Mannings. Business good.

P. DAVID CHASE.

PITTSBURG, Pa. — GAIETY.—Fred Irwin again does himself proud in his "Big Show" at the Gaiety. The burlesques are up to the Irwin standard of liveliness. The Only Pebble on the Beach and "Wives of the Sultan" are both gorgeously equipped in the way of scenic settings and costumes, and both provided with some catchy songs and effective ensembles. Willard Terre, Frank Carlton, Will H. Cohan, Charles F. Buckley, Harry Devine, W. S. Harvey and Joe Sharp locked after the leading comedy roles, while Madge Anderson, Belle Williams and Marie D'Oyle did well in the leading female parts. In the first skit, Miss Anderson and several of the chorus, including Louise Lesser and the three De Faye sisters, had songs that caught the fancy of the audience, while the second sketch included several clever bits, most of them by the chorus. In the olio feature, however, lies the greatest attraction. The Red Raven Cadets—twelve handsome young women, headed by Madame Hilda Carle, do a dazzling series of marches and tableaux, nearly raising the roof with volleys of rifle fire and conclude by scaling a high wall in true army style. W. S. Harvey, who juggles everything in a bedroom and winds up by balancing a big double oak bed on his chin, made a big hit. Devine and Williams did good work in songs, dances and character impersonations, and the pretty De Faye sisters had one of the daintiest musical acts seen here in a good while. Among other vaudeville features are Miss Elsie Bohm, the phenomenal baritone; the Six Katzenbender Girls in "Austrian Military Tactics," and the singing comedians, ton and Terre, all the acts being above the average.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Merry-makers' Extravaganza company (Whitlen Bros. and Martell) at the Academy, is a new organization in the Empire circuit, and it certainly makes good. The opening burlesque, "Running for Mayor," is one of the brightest attractions I have seen at the Academy for months. M. J. Kelly showed himself a comedian of the first water, and was ably assisted by Tom Robinson, Dick Browne, the three Alexander Brothers, James Brady, as the Bowery boy; Jeanette Young, Grace Patton and Alma Kelly. N. and R. Alexander and Horace Strouse carry off the

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honors in the second piece in their portrayal of rustic characters. The chorus was pretty, handsomely-gowned and did clever work in the songs and dances. The olio was good. Brown and Robinson, in "Off and On," an odd comedy turn in Irish and Dutch, made a hit. The Exposition Four, the Three Alexanders and James Brady presented a unique musical act; Strouse and Young sang their own compositions well and Sherman and Fuller, comedy acrobats, amused the audience in "Bumps and Bangs." Grace Patton, a dainty sou-brette, was pleasing, and Mlle. Bartoletti, the ballet dancer of local Christmas pantomime fame, executed her great premiere dance during the initial farce.

MADAME PITT.

Mabel McKinley, who attempted fate in a legitimate production for a short

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while this season, has concluded that her destiny in the professional world lies in the field of vaudeville, to which she will shortly return with the astute guidance of her always ever manager, B. A. Myers.

Charles E. Taylor, manager of the Alcazar Beauties Company, married Gladys Sears, of the same company, in Chicago, November 23. He will star her next season in "A Female Reporter," in which she plays a part similar to that in which she has made a success this season.

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I am so lonely, darling, oh! come up please, do try.
Now, don't you disappoint me (pause).

HELLO! - ALL RIGHT, - GOOD-BYE.

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Family, Portland, Me.; 29, Howard, Boston; Feb. 5, Park, Wooster, Mass.; 12, Keith's,
Providence; 19, Keith's, Phila.; 26, Grand Opera House, Pittsburgh; March 5, Keith's,
Cleveland; 12, Arcade, Toledo; 19, Syracuse; 26, Shea's, Buffalo; April 2, Shea's,
Toronto; 9, Temple, Detroit; 16, Cook's, Rochester; 23, Pastor's, N. Y.; 30, Castro's,
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Don't You Feel Ashamed? Good-Bye,
Little Girl, Good-Bye. All I Want Is
My Black Baby Back. I Couldn't Stand
to See My Baby Lose. I Can't Tell
Why I Love You, But I Do. (Ala-
bama) Way Down Yonder In the Corn-
field. I Love Only One Girl In This
Wide, Wide World. I'll Be With You
When the Roses Bloom Again. Could
You Be True to Eyes Of Blue If You
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CHICOT'S AND SIME'S REVIEWS OF THE WEEK

A REAL MUSIC HALL FOR
NEW YORK
THE EX-HEADLINER
"PALS" AND "HUMANITY"
THE OFFICE BOY ON DRAMATIC
CRITICS
NEW ACTS
SKIGIE
"CORKS"



SIME

CHICOT

A REAL MUSIC HALL FOR NEW YORK.

Ted D. Marks, who is an integral part of Upper Broadway, and understands the wants of the public thoroughly, has decided the time is now ripe for a Music Hall in the neighborhood of Forty-second street to be conducted on similar lines to the old Koster & Bial house.

Mr. Marks has the requisite financial backing, and is seeking a site around Times Square, preferring one on the "theatre block" in Forty-second street if one there is obtainable.

It is the consensus of opinion that such a venture at the present time will prove a decided success. There has been no approach to it since the days of Hammerstein's Olympia. The only fault in that enterprise was that Mr. Hammerstein was years ahead of the times.

Today in the cosmopolitan city of New York there is no place of amusement which a man can make his evening headquarters. The Victoria is the nearest approach, but that is not popular in the music hall sense, as it caters to a family patronage, and is strictly vaudeville in tone.

The policy of Koster & Bial's was to have lots of girls on the stage and give free entree to those known as "good spenders." As a result, the boxes were always full with jolly parties, which brought sufficient income into the coffers without regard to the prices of admission.

Mr. Marks is very sanguine, and has been encouraged by all to whom he has broached the subject.

THE CIRCLE'S FUTURE.

Percy G. Williams' Circle Theatre, now devoted to burlesque, is likely to again change its policy, according to current report.

After having been successful as a vaudeville house, it was abandoned as such upon Mr. Williams acquiring the Colonial. At the commencement of this season it opened for the first time as a burlesque house.

Business was bad from the start, and an "amateur" night each week had to be installed to boost it. Now the house is paying expenses, but Mr. Williams is not altogether satisfied.

He has under consideration the feasibility of installing next season a musical and comedy stock company there at popular prices, something after the La Salle in Chicago and the Tivoli in San Francisco.

"BOB" GRAU'S LATEST.

Robert is himself again for the framing up of schemes, and the "only Bob's" last one is stupendous. He is going to assist the artists to establish an agency of their own, thus "doing away with the managerial agencies," as he terms it.

Ninety-nine headliners have already been entered in his mind, and only one more is needed to open operations. When all is in readiness Robert will deign to steer the new enterprise to success, and may possibly—just possibly, though—allow a few agents to help him out.

After the full swing has been started, the remainder of the artists will be

taken in. Perhaps a few more agents, too—but just "perhaps." "Bob" holds the destinies of the vaudeville world in the hollow of his little finger, to do with as he likes.

Meanwhile, during all this engineering, Robert will run off a few Christmas "bills."

EDWARD PREVOST ILL.

"Eddie" Prevost, of Prevost and Prevost, returned to this country this week. He was met at the steamer by his brother, Howard Prevost, of Rice and Prevost, and taken to his home. He is suffering from enlargement of the heart, brought on by his hard work on the stage, and will not be able to work again.

He was one of the first, if not the first, to develop the double somersault without the springboard and was one of the best acrobats in American vaudeville. His loss to the stage will be felt.

GILLETTE A PUP PROMOTER.

Not content with handling his own act, Edward Gillette will shortly come before the variety world as a manager. It is his intention to put out several animal acts of different sorts under his management, employing others to work the troupes and training the animals himself.

Mr. Gillette has been remarkably successful with his own offering and feels that there is room for more good acts of a somewhat similar sort.

He has permanent quarters near Boston, where he can care for a large fam-

ily of animals and will use this as his training school.

HAD STAGE FRIGHT.

There was trouble at Dockstader's Garrick Theatre in Wilmington on Monday, where Rhoda Royal was to have exhibited her white stallion 'Chesterfield.' At the matinee performance the horse, which was on a stage for the first time, became frightened at the footlights, and in spite of the endeavors of his rider, walked into the piano which serves as an orchestra.

There was some disturbance in the gallery and Manager Dockstader came on the stage and reproved the crowd for the demonstration. The horse was a feature of the Ringling show last Summer and will be schooled to the footlights before opening in Trenton next week.

MORRIS WILL HUSTLE.

No one will be appointed to the place in the Morris office left vacant by the resignation of Edward S. Keller. Instead William Morris will give more of his personal attention to the business and will handle most of the places formerly booked by Keller.

NOTHING LIKE IT.

The rumor that Robert Grau has arranged with Charles Frohman to give Sunday concerts at the Empire Theatre is absolutely without foundation.

George M. Young, of the Philadelphia Ledger, was in New York Friday looking over the Casino Girls at the Gotham.

THE EX-HEADLINER

I dropped into Hammerstein's Sunday night to see Ray Bailey, of Generao and Bailey. Whenever I feel the need of money from home, I go to see Ray Bailey. She has just about the same effect. Heaven knows what tonic she bottles up in that smile of hers, but it's always on tap. (You may see it on the front page, small circle.)

And if ever there is a time when I need the Bailey brand of tonic it is just before Christmas, when my list of friends looks like a three hundred dollar note and my bank account like thirty cents. But let's get back to Ray Bailey. She has been laying off all week (they open at the Howard, in Boston, on Monday) and hasn't she made some of the New York shopkeepers glad? Well, rather! It wasn't all Christmas presents she bought, either, but a brand new set of stage frocks to dazzle us when she plays New York again. The new dancing dress is to be all black, with bodice of spangles, black lingerie, hosiery, shoes, hat and gloves. The gown for her first entrance is to be violet—and I don't blame her. It isn't every woman who can wear violet without causing unfavorable comment, and the woman who can ought to indulge. By the way, Ray is dressing her hair a la Lillian Russell, and since she has taken to thousand dollar gowns she is showing the ex-musical comedy queen a hot foot.

Speaking of violet, why does Violet Allen wear a blue silk petticoat under her lingerie skirts with her new violet colored street dress? I saw their act, "The New Reporter," at the Colonial, Tuesday night, and I forgot everything about it, except that peculiar combination—a vivid silk petticoat under a collection of lace and lawn tucks that made you think of a Mahler window, and then atop that a vivid violet broadcloth gown. Since when has it been the thing to mix silk and lawn lingerie?

I had a letter from Eva Williams Tucker the other day. You know she has a wonderful recipe for making plum pudding, English style, and I had reached the point where canned plum pudding would not go. You usually do feel that way along about Christmas week. Well, she sent the recipe, which has been handed down through heaven knows how many generations, and the finish of her letter was characteristic:

"Don't forget the sprig of holly and the burning brandy at serving time. Yes, we'll be eating one of these puddings at home on Christmas day, and as there is lots of snow on the ground, green things in the woods, open fireplaces in the house and wood in the cellar, we ought to make a Merrie Christmas."

Now, isn't it a shame that folks like

Jack Tucker and Eva Williams have to "troupe"? Some misguided multi-millionaire ought to turn his attention from chorus girls to setting this couple up in the financial estate consistent with their artistic tastes. Their home at Arlington Heights, Mass., is one of the prettiest in the business, and Mr. Tucker is forever building quaint furnishings for it.

By the way, Gertrude Mansfield is adding some stunning pieces of mission furniture to her cozy little flat near Morningside Park, and they are all made by her husband, Caryl Wilbur. He draws all his own designs, fashions the pieces, and then stains them, and in the end they make you think of the "arts and crafts" department of a fashionable shop. Their new buffet is simply great. The Wilburs will spend Christmas week in town, and take to the road again the second week in January.

The Christmas guest of honor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Corbett, at Bayside, L. I., will be Master Allen Davis, the jolly four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Hal Davis (Inez Macauley). The Davises will be playing in Greater New York for the next month and Master Allen is lording it over the Corbett household while his mother and father are doing two a day.

What do you expect to find in your stocking Monday morning? That's the worst of being grown up. Hateful but

well meaning friends ask you outright whether you'd rather have a gold mesh purse or an ermine set. I wish after it is all over and your stocking is empty once more, and you have recovered from your ill-humor over having to play on Christmas, you'd write and tell me what the afore-mentioned stocking contained. Next to the pleasure of receiving gifts is the joy of telling others what you got. We may try to be very blase, but honestly, it breaks our hearts if the other women don't come into our dressing rooms to see what Santa Claus brought us. For goodness sake, don't hide your sunburst or sealskin coat under a bushel measure. Write to me about it—and in next week's Variety we'll compare notes.

This is to be our very own corner—for the girls in vaudeville, and no man gets a line in this department, except as a husband or a hero. Masculine personalities are barred. But you girls can help me to make this corner go. If you change your act, write and tell me. If you have a funny experience, let me hear about it. Just direct your letter to the Ex-Headliner, care of Variety. When the editor turned this department over to me, he said it was just as well if you did not know me too well. He wanted it to make good. You girls needn't think that he hands you all the left-handed compliments.

So here's a Merrie Christmas, whether you are working or laying off, and a New Year rich in desirable bookings.

THE EX-HEADLINER.

VARIETY

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Well, how did you like the first issue of Variety?

Something of a novelty to get thirteen pages of solid reading matter for five cents, isn't it?

Something of a relief to pick up a paper not cumbered with a lot of routes and dates, which do not particularly interest you unless you happen to be an agent. Something new to get a paper that will speak right out in meeting and that will print an item without looking all through the advertisements to see whom it is going to hurt.

Judging from the sales, there is room for a paper of just this sort. We purpose giving it to you every Saturday morning, fifty-two weeks in every year. The best way to make sure that you get it is to send in your subscription and your route. The paper will be addressed weekly to your route, and you won't find that the stand is sold out and that you will have to wait until you can send on for a copy. Better attend to this to-day.

Send us in your news. We are always glad to get items. We want to get all the news and it will do us good, as well as you, to print the items you send in. This week we are starting a department for the feminine vaudevillers, conducted by a well-known woman writer whose name you would probably recognize were we to give it. If you have any stories that would fit in there send them along, too. We want to make this the vaudeville paper and we are going to, so get in quick and be friends from the start.

Willy Zimmerman in the first issue of Variety made a plea for an American society on the lines of the German lodge. Keenly mindful of the White Rat strike, it will be difficult to make performers realize that such an organization will ever be a success in America, and yet such a combination of artists was never more greatly needed than at present. The conditions prevailing at the time the White Rats were moved to activity were far better than the present state of affairs. The White Rats, with an hysterical head and no definite aim or stability, won a great victory—which they immediately afterward lost. A new organization, if formed, should be framed up on enduring lines and officered by some cool headed man rather than a glowing enthusiast.

Previous developments prove that there is no chance of ever gaining a vic-

tory through a strike. It was shown at the time of the White Rat strike that victory could be gained without resort to extreme measures. What is needed now is an organization of the solidly conservative members of the variety profession who can act as a board of arbitration and settle disputes between managers and performers without recourse to the courts except as a last resort. A few favorable decisions gained in the higher courts to serve as precedents would make future disputes easy of settlement, and while such litigation would be expensive the resultant good would be worth the cost.

When an artist seeks the law court he is compelled to waste valuable time in attending the trial, and only after vexatious delays does the matter ever come to issue. If a case could be assigned to a representative of the society, the deposition of the artist could be taken and trial had in New York while the artist was playing in San Francisco. After it was shown that any case not susceptible of amicable settlement would be brought to trial and pushed to a conclusion, managers would feel less secure in trusting to the inability of the artist to be present at the trial and would be more cautious in canceling an act at the eleventh hour. The two weeks' cancellation clause would have a new and more honest meaning, and several trick clauses would be abolished after they were shown to be illegal.

A new contract, in itself, would be necessary and the elaborate system of rules and regulations would be done away with in favor of some simpler form, easily understandable and fair alike to the artist and the employer. At present the artist is compelled to sign whatever contract it pleases the manager to put forward, and while the average contract has absolutely no status in law, it is of no avail for the artist to know that, since the law is not for a nomad who spends but one or two weeks in a place, the manager, with the benefit of residence and establishment, can bluff out a contract and enforce its provisions. Until the contract is shown to be illegal the artist has no recourse but snit.

Such a society would have to be officered by persons whose own motives would be above suspicion and whose business capacity would lead them aright. The hot-headed enthusiast, all oratory and socialistic ideas, arouses only momentary enthusiasm. What would be needed would be men whose deeds spoke louder than words, whose positions were guarantee of their honesty and whose administration would inspire confidence. Rightly started, a society of this sort could work a revolution in vaudeville affairs and give to the business a permanency that does not, at present, exist.

Luigi Del 'Oro, whose concertina playing is a revelation at Hyde and Behman's this week, possesses a marvelous memory for music. Monday he asked William E. Slafer, the leader at the house, to give him one of his own compositions. Just before he went on Slafer gave him a piece of music he had written. Del 'Oro thanked him, glanced it over and

put it in his pocket. Slafer supposed that he would play it later in the week, but to his surprise Del 'Oro came out and played it through without a break, though he had memorized it after glancing it over only a couple of times.

More than one old timer echoes Acton Davies' plaint that there are no more oldtime variety shows, the dramatic headliner pervading the program, and yet there is one style of performance that still bears a resemblance to the kind of shows they used to have. With the cleaning up of the burlesque houses, many of the companies offer clean and smart performances which attract to these houses persons who five years ago fought shy of the London or the Miner theatres. Most of the managers of the road combinations are shrewd enough to realize that the filthy and disgusting exhibitions of ten years ago would not draw now, and they have cleaned up their shows and an added profit at the same time. After Mr. Davies gets through with his nightly dose of the divine Sarah, he should take a night off and go to the Circle for a change. There'll be no dramatic headliners there.

It is fashionable to throw things at the motion picture machine if you write about the variety theatres for the papers. "Shep" Friedman started a regular crusade, but gave it up in disgust before he turned from criticisms to advertising affairs. As a matter of fact the picture machine is one of the most valuable things about a variety house. There is a certain proportion in any audience that will cut the last act no matter what it may be. If the picture machine is the last, they stay in for the specialty immediately preceding it, and instead of losing the value of some three hundred dollar headliner the manager gets credit for that and it is the fifty or seventy-five dollar pictures that the next to the last act patron cuts. In the present day when a special train is hired and a branch railroad tied up for a set of train robbing or wrecking pictures, the offerings are really excellent and those who remain and watch them get sometimes what is really the best thing on a bill. The picture machine is here to stay as long as a change of film may be had each week.

There is a company making a business of painting drop curtains of street scenes on the fences of which signs may be posted. They give the curtain to the manager and make a certain payment to him weekly for exhibiting the drop through a specified number of turns. It yields a manager a certain small revenue besides saving the cost of a drop, and audiences have become hardened to the atrocities by now. If the manager draws a revenue from this advertising, why should he not charge Joseph Hart five dollars a week for the privilege of booming a very poor brand of champagne, or take ten dollars from Searle and Violet for touting for a whisky and a medicinal water. If he is entitled to a revenue from the painted signs, why should he not secure some profit from the spoken advertisements? One man at Hurtig & Seamon's this week drags a joke in by the hair of the head

in order that the poor, decrepit humorism may enable him to make use of the name of a proprietary remedy three times within two minutes. Surely he does not take out the ad in trade. He must get something for it, and yet Hurtig & Seamon are paying him to entertain their audiences; not to persuade them to use a catarrh remedy. It is about time that a halt was called on this growing evil. It is out of place in the theatre.

DEPARTMENT STORE SHOWS

The attention of the Police Department is called to the fact that unlicensed performances are being given at several of the department stores as a bid for the Christmas trade.

Throughout the year the piano-playing devices are kept going as an added inducement to patronage and in the sheet music department one may hear the newest songs by simply standing around and listening, but the shows now referred to are stage performances in which several players of the museum grade are employed to keep things going.

Some years ago one Sixth avenue firm had shows going for several weeks before a complaint from a variety manager caused an investigation and the abrupt termination of the unlicensed show, but from time to time since then the scheme has been renewed. This year half a dozen of the big shops throw in a free vaudeville with purchases of pickles or patterns.

It is not fair to the managers who are compelled to make heavy payments to the city for the privilege of conducting places of amusement that these stores should be permitted to give free performances untrammelled by the exactions of the Police and Building departments, especially when the Christmas shopping makes business bad at the regular houses.

Many persons who go shopping might drop into Proctor's or Keith's on the way home did they not find free entertainment at the places where they spend the rest of their money.

NEW ILLUSION COMING.

The Mascot Moth is to be brought to this country by the Marinelli Agency, opening at the Colonial on January 15.

The illusion is one of the latest creations of Maskelyne and Cook and comes straight from Egyptian Hall, London. It is said to be far ahead of anything of the sort ever shown here, and from the account given of the work that claim would appear to be correct.

The Moth is a girl who stands on a carpet on a clear stage close to the footlights. In place of the old cumbersome red or black backings, the stage is set with ordinary scenery unprovided with traps, and yet at the word of command the girl vanishes from view instantly.

All previous disappearing acts have required that a cloth be held before the performer for an instant, but in this act nothing of that sort is done.

The method by which the trick is accomplished is said to be so puzzling that even the magic sharps are unable to penetrate the mystery, and the principle being absolutely new there is no chance of discovering just how the trick is worked by comparing it to other acts.

IN THE OLDEN DAYS

Reminiscences of the Early Days of Variety by the Veteran Manager and Performer, Nick Norton.

NOTE.—There is probably no one now engaged in the vaudeville with the exception of Tony Pastor, who possesses as wide a knowledge of the variety business as Nick Norton, who gave up professional work to associate himself with the managerial end and who for several years has been a valued member of the Hyde & Behman forces. Mr. Norton has kindly consented to give some of his recollections for the benefit of Variety. The series will be continued in subsequent issues.

NUMBER TWO.

"After my experience with the Indians, when they got drunk and broke up the show and the opera house in Pontiac at the same time (I'm still looking for that \$15 per, by the way), I played my next engagement at Saginaw, where we put in a few weeks at the Strasburg Hall there. The opera house was on the outskirts of the town, and as the Winter was a severe one, it frequently happened that, in spite of our small company, there were more persons on the stage than had paid admission to the auditorium.

"In Saginaw I met John Morrissey, now with the Orpheum, in San Francisco. He was one of those who made his start in Detroit, and was stranded in the town waiting for a remittance to enable him to get on his way. He is not strapped for stage fares nowadays.

"In those days a variety show invariably opened with a minstrel first part, in which the entire company took part. After this came the specialties, and then there was a small farce or condensed play in which all hands were called upon. This talk of two shows and three shows that is one of the vexed questions in the continuous performance, was not known then. Everybody worked from eight until twelve, and none ever said 'no' when a manager said 'yes,' unless he wanted to save himself the trouble of resigning. Whether it was Dutch farce, black face afterpieces, or a tragedy, we all played parts, and no matter how good a performer might be in his specialty, if he was not a useful man in parts he was not wanted.

"We did the best we could, in Saginaw, but there seemed small chance of getting out of a bad hole, and I had my first experience at trying to skip a hotel bill. I had my trunk on the sled when the proprietor came along, and it was taken indoors again. Eventually I got away in a more dignified fashion, and my next engagement was in Grand Rapids.

"This was worse than Saginaw, and after a week the show gave up. John Fielding, Albert Davis and myself fell in with a man who was making profitable living out of bounty jumping. He had a lot of money and when he said 'Come on to Chicago,' and added the information that he would stand the expense, we jumped at the chance.

"There was no railroad connecting the two places in those days, and it was

a cold drive by stage, but at last we arrived in the promised land and Stutty, our bounty jumping friend, put us all up at the City Hotel.

"Performers used to steal from each other even in those days, and we three went out one evening shortly after our arrival, to see if we could get a song Tony Pastor was singing at Chadwick's Varieties. I remember the chorus ran:

"Her name was Isabella,
She carried an umbrella,
Her father kept a barber shop
In Mil-wau-kee."

"The Milwaukee was a 'local gag' being changed to some town adjacent to where the song was sung.

"Mr. Pastor was at that time the largest salaried performer in America, and a tremendous favorite everywhere. He was doing two turns a night and never sang less than five songs at each appearance.

"It was a late show and it was after twelve when we turned up at the hotel. The clerk was not cordial, nor did he make any move toward our keys. Instead he began to talk about the requirements of hotels respecting persons without baggage.

"'Stutty is paying,' we chorused, looking expectantly toward the key rack.

"'He has paid,' was the unsympathetic retort. 'He said you fellows would pay for yourself.'

"We went out into the street and at last found a new lodging house where a trade had not yet been established. After some argument and a conclusive demonstration on our part that we did not have the fifty cents required for two rooms, we were permitted to sleep three in a bed, and we trooped upstairs to turn in.

"The room was bitterly cold, and as the carpet had been laid on the floor to stretch before it was tacked down, we pulled the carpet over the bed and slept comfortably.

"In the morning eight cents worth of crackers and five cents worth of bologna constituted our breakfast, and we eat it on the Clark Street Bridge. The thermometer was 15 below zero.

"After breakfast we separated to go to look for work and by good luck I obtained work for \$12 a week in Beller's Concert Hall at Kenzie and Clark streets. I stayed there for some time and for weeks the entire salary went to support the trio, the others not having found work. Pat Vickers, father of Mattie Vickers and an old performer himself, cut his rates a dollar a head to help us along.

"In Chicago I met and doubled up with Gus Lee, a blackface performer, who afterward became one of Barnum's famous clowns.

"After a time we made a deal to go to Toledo. They ran a show at the Opera House there employing about a dozen specialists, and as the minstrel first part and the after piece was changed weekly and even twice a week, a performer could get an engagement for from three to six months in the same place.

"Circus people, when their show had gone into winter quarters, would go to some town and remain there until the show went out again in the spring. All actors took lodgings and settled down to housekeeping, sending their children to the schools and enjoying much more of a family life than they do to-day.

"One of the saloons much patronized by the actors was run by a man by the name of Haverly, and when it was announced that Jack Haverly had purchased a half interest in the Opera House there was the usual talk of a man fooling with a line of business with which he was unfamiliar.

"He was a quiet, unassuming sort of chap and no one in those days dreamed that in a few years he would have a string of theatres extending clear across the continent, nor that forty years later the trade-mark of Haverly's Minstrels would still be an asset.

"I was at the Opera House for five months, and then left to go out with the first show ever put on the road by a man who later on had difficulty in remembering all of his enterprises. It was a small traveling show, and it opened in Adrian, twenty miles away. The next morning the manager piled us aboard cars and took us back to Toledo. The first Haverly show was a thing of the past, and I was out of a job again.

"The business was not as easy then as it is now. Most of those who gained the boards were apprenticed to actors, and they had to know how to act before they could get in. The acts are better to-day and I fancy I should still be getting \$15 a week did I do the same specialty I did then.

"The only points in which the old actors excelled were riding and dancing. An apprentice to a rider had to learn how to be graceful as well as to stick on a horse's back, and the result was far better. Then an apprentice had grace virtually thrashed into him. Now things are very different.

"A dance in those days was a display of grace as well as a skillful training of the feet and the buck of to-day is but a poor substitute for the sand jig—which was the original form of the dance. To-day a dancer seeks intricate steps and rests content with that.

"Apart from these two features I think the business vastly improved by specializing, but in the old days when a man had to act in farce and tragedy, take part in a minstrel first part and do anything else the manager desired they turned out all round actors.

"The bill in a variety house consisted of a minstrel opening, some specialties and a farce or condensed play, and everybody worked from eight o'clock until twelve. There was no question as to two shows or three then. Everybody worked, father included, and the system built up actors whose development has made the variety stage what it is to-day.

"I recall that Fred Hallen was an apprentice to Ad. Weaver, a famous blackface performer, and John Ray got his training from Bill Ray, who was as famous in his day."

(To be continued.)

Cheridah Simpson will return to vaudeville within a few weeks, having resigned from the principal boy part of Robin Hood in "Babes in the Wood."

The Cravers, the champion lariat throwers and rope twirlers, are negotiating to have their act booked in the English music halls. This team issued a challenge a short time ago to Will Rogers for a roping contest, which the latter has accepted, and it is expected the two will come together the first week of January.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN ON THE FUTURE OF VAUDEVILLE.

Note: The picture of Mr. Hammerstein on the cover page is from a photograph by Marceau.

Last Monday afternoon, as I walked into the lobby of the Victoria during intermission, two young women were talking to Oscar Hammerstein. Mr. Hammerstein beckoned me to come over, and as I walked up, he was saying "See my son, Willie." The girls, mistaking me for the son, commenced to shower questions.

Explaining the error, they still insisted upon speaking, saying, "We want to put on a sister act, and we were referred to Mr. Hammerstein. Now he won't listen to us. Don't you think that's mean? Why don't he tell us how to put it on? He could just as well as not."

The idea of the only Oscar putting on a "sister act" was too ludicrous. The young ladies were informed that the likelihood of Mr. Hammerstein assisting them was quite slim, and they departed on a search for Willie.

Mr. Hammerstein dismissed the incident with a shrug as one of the minor tribulations of a famous impresario, and upon being asked as to the future of vaudeville, said: "It's a puzzler. You can't give the people what they want. The clamor is for novelty; all novelty. The agent can't supply the demand; you must invent and furnish it yourself.

"I really don't know what the end will be. Here in the Victoria I can put on a \$4,000 or \$4,500 bill and it doesn't cause a ripple. It is a mistake to class this house as a vaudeville theatre. It is altogether outside the pale of variety. Why can't you think up a new name for it?"

Mr. Hammerstein suggested that his son be seen for an extended comment as it is a settled fact that William Hammerstein (familiarily called "Willie") is one of the two or three best informed men on technical vaudeville this side of the pond, but Oscar was told that his personal opinion at this time was desired.

"It's the hardest kind of work to get up a bill," he continued. "You must understand that this is the Victoria with a clientele of the finer grade. You can put on a whistler or any old kind of an act at Keith's and they shout themselves hoarse over it, but here they know what is what. Big acts are a blessing in disguise in one way, but how are you going to keep it up?"

"When I opened the Victoria for vaudeville I had headaches thinking out how to get 'em in; now they are in, it is causing me the same kind of pain thinking of how to continually please. It's a puzzler; I can't answer it yet."

SIME J. SILVERMAN.

It is expected that the new Majestic Theatre in Chicago will be ready to open Christmas Day. Two floors in the new building will be given over to the Western Vaudeville Managers' Association, and they will move in on that day, making it a double event. The new offices will be without exception the finest in the country.

A paper announces that Maude White "has engaged Stephen Grattan as her support in 'Locked Out at 3 A. M.' Why not? He's her husband."

"Skigle," the Youngest Critic in the World, Sees the Show at Proctor's. Doesn't Like Aurie Dagwell Because She Sang "My Old Kentucky Home."

("Skigle" is a boy, seven years old. Having been a constant attendant at vaudeville theatres since the age of three, he has a decided opinion. "Skigle's" views are not printed to be taken seriously, but rather to enable the artist to determine the impression he or his work leaves on the infantile mind. What "Skigle" says is taken down verbatim, without the change of a word or syllable.)



I liked the first act (The Zarbes; Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street; Sunday afternoon, Dec. 17,) because they went around on those you know things (rings) and I liked that little actor (Charles Rossow) imitating Sousa, and the other one which came after (The Rossow Brothers) when they were boxing, and the little fat fellow got the worst of it, and I liked the pictures, but I didn't know what they were about (The Rolling Mill).

That colored girl (Artie Hall) is all right, but I knew she was blackened up because she wore gloves. That's all I liked. There were a whole a lot of things, but I didn't like the others. I forget how many acts there were. It was a short show and I couldn't get any ice cream soda after, and I'm sore.

I didn't like that girl that came out and sang (Aurie Dagwell). I hate that Old Kentucky River (Home) song, and it makes me sick and that's why I don't like her.

I liked the last act (Lavine and Leonard), the one they juggled in while the machine (auto) blew up, and it was a real machine too. I liked it better than the other one (Harry Tate "Motoring"), but that little fellow that says "Yes, Paw-Paw" made me laugh.

I bet I know where they (Lavine and Leonard) got that machine thing from. The Hippodrome where it used to blow up as Marceline left the stage and then Marceline would fall off.

That fellow that doubles all over (Toledo and Price) was all right, and then they had a sketch (Tom Nawn, "Pat and the Genii") which was long, but it was funny, and after it is all over the fellow they call Pat sits there as though he didn't know what to do and then he says, "Gee, I guess I've been asleep," and he hadn't been asleep at all.

A big fat man (Gus Williams) came out and told something and then he takes a wig off his head and put it in his coat pocket.

And I bet you five cents I get that ice cream soda the next time.

West and Van Sichen are playing a four weeks' engagement at the Eden Musee. They have other time in and about New York and will stay in the East for the remainder of this and next season.

"Pals" and "Humanity."

Again reduced to a one act playlet, "Pals," with Hal Davis and Inez Macaulay, is one of the features at the Colonial this week. The sketch is a curious commentary on the difference between the American and English ideas of what a music hall sketch should be.

The central idea of "Pals" is taken from an English act known as "Humanity," presented by John Lawson, a propagandist. Himself a Hebrew, Lawson seeks in his sketches to uphold his race against the Gentile and his performances always show a Christian villain and a Hebrew hero. He has half a dozen sketches with mechanical features, but he has never found a substitute for "Humanity," which is always a feature on the lesser bills.

In "Humanity" Lawson plays the part of a banker who has befriended a Christian in hard luck. This latter has taken advantage of his position in the household to seek to undermine the affections of his benefactor's wife.

The latter loves her husband, but is piqued at the attention he pays to his business, and in the sketch the psychological moment has arrived when, through hurt pride, she is at last willing to leave her home with the tempter.

At the last moment the villain finds that she has not brought with her the handsome jewels which her husband has showered upon her, and he demands that she take them to her. She refuses on the plea that she will not add robbery to her other offense, and while they are still arguing the question the husband comes in and perceives the situation.

In silence he conducts his wife to her room and comes down the stairway. The villain throws a jardiniere at him, smashing the newel light, and this starts a fight, which wrecks the apartment and ends with the fall of the hero and villain from the broken stairway to the glass-strewn floor.

It is a grim, tense combat between mortal foes, and every move adds to the suspense as now one and then the other appears to be getting the best of it. A huge pier glass is shattered, gas globes fall in fragments from the chandelier, a dining table is overturned and bric-a-brac is smashed at every development, yet these are merely incidentals to the fight.

In the American version (written by Edmund Day, who has written some capital sketches and some remarkably bad ones) the comedy predominates, with the result that when the fight comes the audiences are as apt to laugh as to thrill.

To them it is on a plane with the plate smashing comedy of Bedini and Arthur and the smashing is more important than the fight. The breakaway stair is so palpably faked that it ceases to become impressive, and the men after smashing the stairway hold to the steps instead of falling with the bannisters. They are too careful for desperate men; too anxious that a due share of the setting shall be destroyed.

The trouble is that in his anxiety to develop the comedy end required in America, Mr. Day has not given his audience an interest in the story. They know that George Redmond is the husband's friend and that he loves the wife, but the sudden development of the situation

just prior to the climax does not permit them to change from the stale comedy of the stolen dinner to the tragedy of the new development. Before they have ceased laughing the fight is on, and so poorly have the lines been laid out, they keep on laughing because they have not had their deeper interest aroused.

In the English sketch every line is framed for the purpose of developing the incidents leading to the final struggle. In "Pals" the early part of the sketch might be made a farce in itself without reference to the more serious work. This is the difference in idea and development: One is a serious, well-developed dramatic idea; the other is a hybrid affair, a comedy with an extraneous rough-house at its close.

A little benefit might be had through more careful rehearsal, but the fault lies in the sketch and the catering to what it is supposed is the American idea. Mr. Davis should have a sketch written with a less abrupt transition to tragedy and he would have one of the most valuable sketch offerings on the market. As it is the sketch is talky and valueless as a dramatic offering; though useful as a novelty.



If you don't like something and want to tell about it, send it here if you think it will interest others. Variety does not assume paternity for any opinions expressed in this column. Items will be printed (if not libelous) whether we agree with the statements or not. It is desired to make this the artists' forum.

New York, Dec. 2).

Editor of Variety.

Sir—It is understood that one alleged weak voiced prima donna who has been touring the local vaudeville houses as a headliner in gorgeous gowns (where her talent ends) will find things a little more difficult in the future, so far as securing future time is concerned; for outside of one date later in the winter the managers have decided to hold on to their four figure bills hereafter, and vaudeville is at a distinct end, so far as they are concerned, with the lady who delights to sing four notes off the key twice daily. If a few more of these gilt affairs were thrust from their lofty position it would be a source of unalloyed joy to the public and a heap of money in the manager's pocket, everyone will concede.

CINQUEVALLI OPENS MONDAY.

Cinquevalli, who styles himself "The Prince of Jugglers," will make his first bow before an American audience, after an absence of four years, at Proctor's Twenty-third Street, on next Monday afternoon.

Since leaving here, "Chink" has traveled pretty well around the world, and his press agent will have half a dozen big scrap books to work from. He is capital copy, a good talker, and a man who does things.

Louis Werba was offered the winning team in the recent six-day cycle race. "Why?" was his astonished query. "We've got 'em coming anyway."

THE MOST STUNNING LOOKING WOMAN IN VAUDEVILLE.

The vaudeville goer who has been fortunate enough to have seen "Billy" Gould and Valeska Suratt on the stage has involuntarily allowed an exclamation of surprise to escape as Miss Suratt appeared. She is tall, of exquisite figure and on the stage is immediately termed "the handsomest woman in vaudeville."

During the week Miss Suratt was interviewed by a representative of Variety. Miss Suratt was asked point blank what she thought of being "the most stunning looking woman in vaudeville." Almost blushing, she modestly replied, "I don't know. There's Adele Ritchie and Lillian Russell. I have had that said to me before, though."

Miss Suratt was requested to give the correct spelling of her surname, the programs and cards generally being at variance over it. "Spell it S-u-r-a-t-t and V-a-l-e-s-k-a, Valeska," she replied. Upon being asked if she had ever been on the stage or in America before, she answered "No, that is before Mr. Gould put me in the business in London. Then we went to South Africa, and afterward came here. I owe everything to Mr. Gould, and I can never forget or repay him. Have you seen our sketch? Mr. Gould wrote every bit of it, even the words and music of the songs, excepting that coster one. And he has written a coster song himself, something about 'Bob,' that I think is much better.

"He's very clever, really. And he taught me everything I know, too. What do you think my ambition is? Well, to be a real actress. I should like to play in farce comedy. Perhaps, I will some day. Do you think I could make good? I may go back to England soon. I like it over here very much though."

Asked her opinion of the women in the different countries she had visited, Miss Suratt, without hesitation, replied "The Americans, by all means. Excepting the French, maybe. They have so much chic and charm in France. And the French seem to do everything so much better.

"Oh, my, I almost forgot. Here's a lovely 'notice' of me. Don't you want to take it with you. You might copy out of it. I like that part that says I'm good."

STEINER GETS SOME MONEY.

While playing Worcester, Mass., recently, the Agoust family were served with an attachment by Alexander Steiner for commission on bookings made by him for them and which they declined to fill. The attachment was raised upon the payment of \$630.

Steiner made a contract with them to appear in the Empire Show for four years, commencing with the opening of the season 1903-4. Two weeks prior to the opening date they wired that they would not come.

As a European contract was used Steiner was entitled to payment for his services rendered and has taken the first opportunity offering to collect the debt.

The Grand Opera House in Syracuse, which is booked on the Keith circuit, has lately played Sunday night concerts. This is believed to be an experiment, and if successful will be extended to all the Keith houses, finally reaching the Union Square in this city.

Shows of the Week

MANAGERS FROM MISSOURI.

In spite of the growing demand for new material both from known performers and those who are for the first time making their vaudeville appearance, the managers and agents appear to give little or no encouragement to the new comer. They are from Missouri and must be shown.

It is but natural that the manager should not care to make a contract with an artist with whose work he is not familiar, but on the other hand, some effort should be made to encourage those who would offer new wares at least to the extent of being willing to look at it, when, after weeks of effort, the sketch is placed at a Sunday concert or elsewhere. As the matter now stands, the only manager who is actually willing to extend a helping hand to an act new to the business is Tony Pastor.

He has given more new players their start than any dozen other men in the business, yet, even when, through Mr. Pastor's courtesy, a new act is given opportunity to make a showing, agents and other managers do not make an effort to see the act, or at the best send some office underling whose judgment would not be accepted on any style of offering.

Occasionally a man from some out-of-town theatre gets in to see some new turns at Pastor's because he cannot find them at the agents, and in this way new acts eventually gain a footing, but the agents, who of all persons should be posted on new material, are the last to be informed of the value of a novelty.

At one time there was a chance to get a hearing at Proctor's through the medium of the Sunday concerts, but this has been abolished now, and at best it was valuable only when some one in authority happened to be around. In the same way the trial shows in the mornings at Keith's defeat their purpose because the manager is frequently called to his office on some important business, and it is useless to seek an opening through the medium of an outside Sunday concert.

Will Cressy, in the Morning Telegraph, makes the suggestion that a theatre be established where all managers might see new acts and determine their value. The idea is purely Utopian. Managers will not go out looking for such things. They wait in their offices loudly bewailing the scarcity of new faces, but they are unwilling to take the trouble to get around.

Percy G. Williams maintains a reporter who keeps him informed of other bills, and if managers and agents would follow this example the idea would work out the salvation of the business. The trouble is that other houses and the agencies usually send out mere boys who would not be able to tell the difference between a bad act and a good one if they saw both. What we need are managers who are not only from Missouri, but who are willing to be shown.

The Keith circuit is to have a new house between Toledo and Pittsburg to break the jump. Probably means another week with a 20 per cent. cut.

COLONIAL.

At a time when most managers are trimming their shows a little in the knowledge that just before Christmas there is more money in a dry goods store than a theatre, Percy Williams is offering a Christmas bill. The Walkowsky troupe of Russian dancers show to poor advantage; not because they lack merit, but because they do real Russian dances instead of following the dictates of showmanship. If the male dancers could have the stage to themselves during their solos they would stand the audience on their heads. As it is the stage is filled with people (there are nine in the troupe) and concentration is lost. It is one of the best dancing organizations ever seen here. Searle and Violet Allen have a sketch advertising a brand of whisky and a cathartic water. They also revive all the old burlesque bunco tricks which have served so many years. In spite of the advertising and the lack of novelty, they are funny because the five persons work so hard. It is a pity that so much effort should be expended in so unworthy a cause. They should have a sketch worked out that would give them a better field. They work entirely in one; which is a novelty in itself. "Pals" is reviewed elsewhere. Lee Harrison tells half a dozen sophisticated tales and sings "Mr. Sherlock Holmes is No One Else But Me," a good offering because it suits his style exactly. He was given a good reception, though he was far down on the bill for a talker. Potter and Hartwell have a short but meaty equilibristic act. Their improvement on the arch trick has the merit of a new conception rather than an outworking of an older idea. Col. Gaston Bordeverry has a lot of sharpshooting that pleased and astonished. Some of the explanations would astonish still more, for much of the work is not above suspicion. The trick piano and the disrobing are the features of the act and the turn is put together throughout in business-like fashion. Trovillo had a pair of new ideas to show in his ventriloquial specialty. He goes in for the mechanical part more strongly than for humor or straight ventriloquial work, and he is developing the best mechanical ideas since Segommer. It is some nine or ten years since the latter was here. Leo Nino was better than the average trick violinist, and in his program place (number two) did more than was to have been expected of him. Carlisle's dogs and ponies get a good hand for the opening. Carlisle is developing his talking pony, but retains enough general work to make the act a diversified offering and he works the animals well. The Vitagraph showed a lengthy film of the night before Christmas, which was appropriate and well done. Next week Arthur Prince and Ida Renee from foreign lands and a lot of favorites besides.

The Zancigs leave the Eden Musee and go to Hyde and Behman's next week. The show at the Eden Musee was Mr. Lee's personal venture. He had his fun out of it, anyway.

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S.

Neil Burgess gets blacker type than others on the Hyde and Behman bill this week; but to Wilfred Clarke and Company go the sketch honors. "No More Trouble" is funnier than "In the Biograph," and moves with the same rush to a quicker end. There is action to out-action vaudeville, yet he preserves the legitimate comedy and does not suggest at any time the slapstick. If there were more such as Clarke in vaudeville there would be fewer complaints against the dramatic sketch. As the jealous husband who suspects that a friend is playing a trick on him by posing as his stepmother, and who commits assault and battery upon the real stepmother under the impression that she is the masquerader, Clarke works with tremendous energy and receives able support from Theo Carew, Miss E. De Mott and Archie Gillies, all of whom are fully competent. Neil Burgess will be found in the New Act department. Of the others, the most interesting is the almost new sketch of Fiske and McDonough. Mr. Fiske suffers from incipient socialism, and his sketches are too bitter to be really funny. He should air his views in private and give freer rein to his comedy on the stage. He could make up a real hit did he confine himself to comedy instead of problems of the reformer. His flings at the rich who would be practically charitable are funny in a fashion, but too grim. He will never gain real headline honors until he abandons his preachments. He was good as the tough, but Miss McDonough was horribly affected as the society woman, her work being entirely off the key. The Meeker-Baker trio have some smart acrobatic work and Mark Sullivan does impersonations. It is to be regretted that he cannot find a stronger piece de resistance than the mutilation of Marc Antony's address over Caesar. Much of his work is distinctly good, all of it is entertaining, but he could provide a better finish to his act, did he try. The six Peri sisters are better looking than most sister acts. They do some Chinese dances that please, but finish with some Hungarian work entirely devoid of the fire and abandon, which are the chiefest charms of this style of dance. Since they are too placid for the goulash style, they would do better to buy new costumes and try some other sort of dance. Lizzie B. Raymond has five songs and sings them all. She saves her life after the third song by going to a jingly English music hall song. She is a memory now, but a pleasant one to the old timers. Luigi Dell'Oro plays the concertina with a pedal organ accompaniment. He is a man of musicianly parts, giving to his instrument real expression. His selection of numbers is excellent. Victoria Parker works Harry Parker's dogs to good effect, and there are some moving pictures.

Wilfred Clarke and his company will offer a new sketch at the Amphion Theatre week after next. It is said to be funnier than either of his present offerings.

PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD ST.

"Just back from England" is the announcement of the Casino Comedy Four at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre this week. They would have done better had they stayed abroad, for, in spite of their capital singing, they did not score a strong success. The trouble is largely that their comedy is about what they took over with them some seasons ago, and their songs are moldy for American audiences. They will have to get new songs and work out some comedy to get far ahead here. Nick Long and Idalene Cotton are doing their "Managerial Troubles." They have the same title and the same opening as that used in the sketch originally produced under this name, but the offering is kept fresh through changes in the imitations. A new finish would help the act some, for the present work is poor, but Miss Cotton is clever in other imitations, and you really ought to see the dress she wears in the French song. Tom Nawn and his family "company" still play "Pat and the Genii," and in spite of its venerable age the idea still pleases. It will not be easy for Nawn to get a new sketch as good, but he will need one shortly. The girl in the red mask is still masked and still dances with a rush that suggests that her feet instead of her neck are of rubber. She is made the headliner here, and, of course, the Shettles are with her, doing their own work on the early bill. The young woman who imagines that she can do things like Elffie Fay does should quiet down. She disturbs the rest and her work is so badly done that she leaves most of the audience wondering what she had been trying to do. Artie Hall with her time-honored joke about not being as black as she is painted, showed the white skin beneath her gloves to prove her color, though no one appeared to care about the matter save herself. One of her songs was old; the others were better. Hines and Remington are always good for a laugh and more. They had a good place on the bill, and the audience was glad to see them Monday afternoon. The Five Mowatts were in one of their bad hours and dropped things all over the stage. The rapidity with which they work is one of the most pleasing features of their performance, but they should not work so fast that they cannot catch things. Sylvano is an equilibrist who dressed his stage to make his act important. He uses a pedestal and the usual tower of chairs, but his chairs are wired for lamps and these show to good advantage as he works. Things such as this do not improve his work at all, but they do contribute materially to the regard in which an audience holds a new act. Others could profit by this lesson and gain standing. There were pictures as usual and a large audience for a before Christmas matinee.

An entertainment was given at the Kings County Almshouse and Insane Asylum last Wednesday by the people playing at Hyde and Behman's this week. The entire company and orchestra were chaperoned to the institutions by Nick Norton.

By Chicot

HURTIG AND SEAMON'S.

This has been opera week at Hurtig and Seamon's, for from the rising of the curtain to the going down thereof there is nothing but opera. Even Mark Murphy takes a fall—and a funny one—out of the operatic end. His sketch is one of the best things on the bill; not that it is a well considered offering or that it possesses novelty, but because it is one of those old fashioned things audiences like to laugh at, and because it is briskly and carefully played. Edgar Allen, Emile La Croix and Lillian May Muller are seen to advantage in a one act playlet spoiled by exaggeration. Mr. La Croix could be as funny and play his part straight. As it stands the two men offer frank burlesque where comedy would be better appreciated. Some clever fencing is the reason for the sketch, but they require a deal of time to work up to this climax, and a good part of the time is wasted in a raw appeal to patriotism. Waving the American flag for kind applause purposes is all very well in its way, but something more than this is required and these actors can give it. The Otto Brothers should seek a stage manager of skill. They have some good talk and some funny ideas, but the jokes partly fail through lack of proper accentuation and the construction is loose. One of the men has a splendid falsetto which has all the greater effect upon the audiences because he does not spoil it by nauseating effeminacy. This fact alone is deserving the highest praise, but there are other points in their favor. World and Kingston finish better than they start. At the opening they are tiresome and stale, but their operatic finish is good both as to singing and idea. Mr. World should give greater care to his make up and should get a new comic song at once. At best his single offering was not good. Now it is worse because so old. Sabel Johnson made a hit with some good singing and then won another encore with the hackneyed medley of Southern and patriotic airs. It is funny to see persons who probably were never further South than Newark frantically applauding "Dixie." The Martin Brothers use xylophones with resonator attachments. They have a poor selection of music, but do not play badly. J. Aldrich Libbey and Katherine Trayer have Libbey's idea of an act. Mr. Libbey should have his idea repaired. They sing only one verse of each song so that they may sing four instead of two, and so please a greater number of publishers, and they wind up with an operatic number that is excruciatingly funny through Mr. Libbey's ponderous and explosive phrasing. He takes himself very seriously, but he is really a musical joke. The pictures show how fatal it is to flirt with a traveling artist. The heroine is driven from home three times and in between is evicted and has her sewing machine taken by the instalment collector. She is a much persecuted lady.

Genaro and Bailey are shortly to produce a new act. It will be more ambitious than their present offering.

TONY PASTOR'S.

Harris and Harris top the Pastor bill this week, but there are lots of others whose names are enough to offset the dreaded "week before." Harris and Harris used to be Harris and Walters before Nellie Walters grew tired of acting and Harris put his niece in. They are still doing the Lamppost Inspector act, though it appears under an alias, and they are still getting away with it. Adamini and Taylor mix Venice and West Twenty-eighth street in a singing specialty. Mr. Adamini should seek to correct those vocal faults which suggest that he has a hare lip, though he hasn't. The singers scored a hit, but if they want to pay for carrying scenery around they should get a good cloth. Venice under a green sky more nearly suggests Ireland. The Pantzer Trio are about the last of the old line contortionists to hold a place on the better class bills. They succeed because the act is always neatly dressed and the grotesque posturings fall to the lot of the man. It is a capital act and pleased accordingly. George B. Alexander working alone fares as well as when he had a partner, but the act has lost in appeal. He is singing a number of English comic songs which are appreciated, though they possess no particular merit. Mills and Morris are pretty much the same and have not yet learned to keep together when they are singing. Dan J. Harrington is not keeping up with the other ventriloquists. His dummies are positively shabby and his jokes are as worn. The Amphion Four were made the second feature, though there were plenty who were better. They have a mixture which starts out as a skit and winds up as a dancing act. It will be a long time before they have it right. It lacks finish, idea and novelty at present. Gus Leonard has ideas in plenty. He does burlesque magic while pretending to take himself seriously, and it is only occasionally that he spoils the effect by smiling. A little clearer dialect, the avoidance of repetition in his jokes and a trifle better grade of work would land him in the higher ranks in a short time. It will be worth his while to work on the idea steadily. His best thing is a trombone which gradually falls apart as he plays. The Arberg Sisters are a couple of youngsters who do some dancing and acrobatic work and do not sing, Heaven bless 'em! They just keep working until they are through and then they go home. Their first dresses are crude, but their sailor suits for the acrobatic work are worth copying. Kimball and Donovan play the banjo pleasantly, though not brilliantly, and the De Macos have a ring act that is good because it is neat and attractive. It is not a big act. Allen and Dalton offer a musical specialty with borrowed jokes. They are not worth borrowing at that. Their selections are not well played, but they get through because they are able to make friends with the house. Pictures, of course, at both ends.

Imro Fox has been engaged for a Christmas pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

MINER'S BOWERY.

Frankly profane is the show at Miner's Bowery this week, the same being called the Fay Foster Company. Louie Dacre, George McFarland and Bert Herbert are the principal offenders, and when they find that "damn" fails to gain laughs they throw in a couple of "hells" to liven up the jaded tastes of their applauders. It is not a pleasant thing to hear a woman swear under any circumstances. Miss Dacre seems to find it necessary. When she and the comedians are not swearing, the two men are making improper suggestions to her through very plain innuendo. This week they swear only in the afterpiece—because the first part has been cut out to make room for the fight pictures. That seems to be the only reason. The dressing of the chorus in this burlesque is better than the average, though the stage is so poorly lighted with a single calcium during the big numbers that they can hardly be seen. It is foolish to try and light a stage with one small spot light. It would be better to have the lights full on. The dialogue is not at all good; there is little real humor, and the people loaf through their work with the exception of Tom Welch, who plays a tough part in better form than one usually finds in these companies. He patterns largely after Junie McCree. Alma Vivian did well with a soubrette rôle, but the opportunity was small. The rest were profane and unfunny. Miss Vivian has some baritone solos at the start of the sadness. She is so busy keeping her voice down in the cellar that she pays little attention to her enunciation, and speaks of "Hosannah in the hi-yest" in painful fashion. Cushman and St. Clair waste some time with some talk and song, and just as you fancy that they are going to get to work, they go off and the curtain falls. Perhaps it is as well, but it is something of a shock. Herbert and Willing do a blackface act that pleases, though it is stale in its talk, and Keno, Welsh and Melrose have an acrobatic work with some splendid tumbling. There is some comedy that is not good, but that is to be expected. The fight pictures of the Nelson-Britt contest hold the audience. They show both the rounds and the waits, and take it right through to the knockour. It filled the house the other afternoon better than most attractions could, and while there is a lack of action in the early rounds, the boys warm up after a while and commence to slug, to the delight of the gallery. If the show could be cleaned up it would be a good one. The girls are far more attractive than the average.

CORRECTION.

Through an error, the performance at the Dewey Theatre in last week's Variety was credited to the Tiger Lillies. The Jersey Lillies were at the Dewey, the Tiger Lillies being out West.

Alexandra Dagmar is at the Empire, Hackney, just at present. It has been a long time since she was here last, but she is as popular as ever abroad.

"CORKS" ON GIRL ACTS.

"Two for me," pleaded the Human Corkscrew as he took his place at the table and reached for the nearest full seidl. "I've been seeing girl acts."

"Is that worse than seeing snakes?" asked one of the "push."

"Huh," retorted Corks, "I guess a fellow what does a contortion act in a snake dress in a Garden of Eden scene with a real Eve what sings 'Under the Old Apple Tree' in a soprano voice and a picture suit ain't likely to be scared of the sort of snakes you mean. Girl acts are a lot worse and there's more of 'em."

"Every time the spear carrier on the Telegraph gets stuck for something to write about for Sunday and tells 'em all over again how new acts are needed, some chap gets a half dozen girls and tells 'em all he remembers of what Ned Weyburn remembers of the early days. Then he has their pictures taken and it's an act."

"The trouble with most of 'em is that it's the same old act over again. You can't tell whether you've seen it before or not because you have even though you haven't."

"I don't know where Ned got his ideas in the first place, but they are all about the same, and the rest follow along until you get the idea that some one hired a whole orphan asylum and taught all the girls at once. There's the same stamping, the same hand-clapping and all that, and except for the name and the costumes, one act is the same as the other whether Weyburn or Gertie Hoffman or some one else put 'em on. They can't pay the girls a fair salary and make a profit out of 'em, because a manager won't pay enough, and so they do the best they can, and the best they can is rotten."

"After two years in a Mexican jail because my real Eve wore a picture suit and the posters didn't say so, most any girl would look lovely to me, but I've seen the Minstrel Misses and the Shetties and lots of the rest, and I'm still waiting to see a good looking girl in any of the bunches."

"They've got one girl in the Minstrels that's so thin you can't see her legs when she walks. She may be a good hard worker, but there was a time that they tried to get good lookers for 'big' acts. Now any old thing will do if you've got nerve and a pull with Billy Morris or the Association."

"I'd rather see a good looking sister team than eight homely hens, but sister teams ain't fashionable now—they're too suggestive of the Dewey—so they have to get this sort of thing. Most of the time I think we get it in the neck. Another seidl, please," and Corks devoted himself to the cup which beers.

Abie Mitchell, who was with Hogan on Hammerstein's roof last season, appears to have made a hit at the Palace, London, with the same act as was shown here.

Crimmins and Gore are making a hit in Australia with their old "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" specialty.

Shows of the Week

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

As I walked into the parlor after finishing dinner, there stood the Head of the House, with her hat on and something around her resembling a lap robe.

"Going out, dear?" says I, making the "dear" strong.

"As I haven't anything new on," says she, "that's it."

"Hope you enjoy yourself," says I, trying at the same time to think what date I could run in for the spare evening.

"Have no hopes of doing so," she says. "I'm going with you."

"Well, well," says I. "It's a vaudeville show, you know."

"I know," says she. "I can't get away from it. It's vaudeville all the time. At breakfast this morning you said 'Bring on that first act,' meaning fruit. You're bug, all right."

"Just clip those knocks," says I, "or you'll get your picture in, too."

"If they'll stand for yours," she says, "don't worry about mine."

"That picture's not so bad," says I, thinking I could get some hot air from her.

"It's all right, maybe," she says, "to any one who's never seen you."

"Like to see you get a check cashed on it," she says again.

"Wouldn't it identify me?" says I, feeling foolish.

"It would," says she, "after they hung it up in the Rogues' Gallery."

"Come on," says I. "We'll go out."

"Where to?" says she. "Hubers'."

"Oh, no," says I. "A better place. A ten-cent show."

"I wish I had your job," she says.

"Why?" says I, suspiciously.

"Never mind," says she. "I'll stay home."

"Too bad," I says, thankfully.

"It's all right," says she. "I'm happy enough. Guess I'll take a little carbohic before going to bed."

"Be sure you take enough," says I.

"Never fear," says she. "If I don't you will before I'm through."

"You're up in the air," says I, kind of sorry.

"Please get out," she says, "before I commence to tell what I really think of you."

"All right," says I. "Good-bye. Don't forget the carbohic."

ONE GOOD EXAMPLE.

Tony Pastor collects the Actors' Fund tax on the few passes issued by him. A stamp guarantees that the fund receives the money, removing the only objection to the old scheme where there was no assurance that the treasurer was not profiting instead of the fund.

If every vaudeville manager would follow Mr. Pastor's excellent example the reproach that the variety houses do almost nothing for the Fund would be removed. The Actor's Fund is one of the real charities and deserves the support of all branches of the profession.

The new stamp scheme does not occasion a delay of five seconds nor does it entail an elaborate system of book-keeping.

HAMMERSTEIN'S.

The bill this week seems mild in comparison with those embazoned lately at this house. Joe Hart and Carrie De Mar are the feature number in a miscellaneous medley which may have been improvised by Hart himself in an idle moment.

The dialogue is not bright nor is the "business" original. One topical song is fair, while another is an arrangement of the titles of different plays, mostly modern. Miss De Mar should straighten out the kinks in her voice and keep away from "feah" and all affectation. Mr. Hart takes occasion to act as a wine agent for "Ruinart" for which, even though two cases are delivered, a better wine should have been selected. There is nothing adequate to be said for the encore "Follow the leader" used by artists of their reputations. It's simply awful.

Harry Tate's Motoring plays a return engagement. It is humorous, with humor of more than the ordinary brand, and well acted throughout by the company of five. A choice of the company would fall on the chaffeur. Like most foreign acts, something is lacking. In this instance it is a real automobile instead of the "prop."

O'Brien and Havel are here for the first time this season, but Clara Havel is replaced by Effie Lawrence. Miss Lawrence resembles Clara somewhat, sings better, but does not dance as well. The sketch "Ticks and Clicks" is almost past maturity.

The Tobin Sisters have a musical act of which the music, with the exception of the bamboo chimes, does very well. The women dress very decolette, and on the darkened stage in the opening, they appear to have on night gowns.

The Rossow Midgets (with Charles Rossow also doing a single turn) have improved the work on their boxing match until it is very realistic and exciting. The Camille Trio on the horizontal bars are overweighted with comedy, so much so that no real acrobatics are displayed.

A. O. Duncan, the ventriloquist, keeps abreast of current events as usual with his dummies, and is the only ventriloquist readily called to mind who can hold his audience in the present times without an elaborate stage setting. The Patty Brothers, or one of them, at least, walked upon his head figuratively and artistically. The moving pictures closed the show.

Vesta Victoria, the English music hall artist, whose coming to this country has already been announced, will appear on February 19 at the Colonial for the first appearance of her American engagement.

The four Milons, late of the Hippodrome, were suddenly canceled for a Springfield date, being compelled to "lay off" this week in consequence.

Kelly and Kent, who were booked to play the Grand Opera House on Sunday (to-morrow) night have been obliged to cancel owing to Miss Kent's illness.

KEITH'S.

Not a sketch graced the bill here this week, and the program was short by two of the customary number of attractions listed. This may have been one of the causes for the poor attendance:

There is no choice among the variety acts. Except Kate Elinore, no one threw any enthusiasm into the work. She has an irresistible manner of reaching out and taking the laughs from the audience. Regardless of what she says, the right or left hand is always ready to follow the remark up and catch the laugh. The more often the hand reaches out, the more funny the audience believes it to be, and if Kate Elinore ever reaches out with both hands at one time in a theatre a panic will follow. May Elinore sings a song or two, appears in tights and a long dress, but the jewels worn are the most noticeable part of her apparel. A most careful computation of the value while the "sisters" were on the stage had reached one hundred and forty-two thousand, three hundred and four dollars, when the act ended, with still a yard or two of the blazers to be figured on.

Sidney Grant either stripped down his stories and imitations through sheer laziness, or was obliged to. What he considered best in the lot was given, but so many are doing Williams, of Williams and Walker, that it would be as well to drop that also. "Archie" was not heard of either, directly.

"The Sunny South" means quite a crowd of colored people, who sing and dance. The dancing is the part that is liked, the finish bringing forth great applause. One of the boys has a dance step indescribable, which is carried out half way across the stage. If possible it should be prolonged for the full width, as it grows steadily in effect and is pretty to look at.

The four Londons in their casting act did some work which, while showing nothing new, having been done by the Lukens for some time, was well worked, excepting that the young "flyer" was uncertain.

As a mechanical ventriloquist Ed. F. Reynard is rapidly forging to the front. He has greatly improved ventriloquially and his manipulation of the figures, with the ensemble finale, gives a climax which takes the house a few minutes to get over. Reynard displays thought in his act, and it is one of those which can stand repetition.

Arthur Borani and Annie Navarro almost had a sketch and was liked, as were Jen and Frank Latona "introducing some wonderful piano playing." Why can't a program have some regard for the truth? Milt Wood did some wooden shoe dancing, and, it is believed, sang a song. Morton, Temple and Morton, "acrobatic singing" (whatever that is), Pierce and Opp, as German accent butchers, the Ahearns on bicycles and Edwina Mercier with songs were also there.

D. F. Hennessy, of the Keith Booking Office, has been under the weather lately, according to his own report, but not sufficiently so to neglect his duties.

ALHAMBRA.

It is almost a beauty contest this week, and the blue ribbon must be handed to May Meers, of the three Meers, with Belle D'Arcy in "Paris" well up. There are fifteen girls in Wayburn's Minstrel Misses who don't even enter. The Misses, as an act, is rapidly rounding into shape, although few of the original girls are now in it. Bertie Herron is so much "it" in the performance that one wonders if the others are really required. Bertie is in front all the time, Bertie is featured in the billing, Bertie has the best lines, Bertie wears the only pair of silk stockings in the bunch, and it could be remarked that the only thing lacking about Bertie is a gilt star on her chest so no error could possibly be made. The opposite end girl to Bertie seems capable with opportunity, while the last girl on the first line, to the extreme left in the closing number, is the best dancer. No change has been made in the "business," and the girls are poorly blackened up, lacking proper stage direction.

Clayton White and Marie Stuart are repeating "Paris" here. It has been discovered where the Piccolo Midgets' music came from. The same is used in Miss Stuart's dance. Who used it first? Please answer, so this worriment may cease. Miss Stuart's speciality is spoiled by the hare lip imitation. The sketch was received as well as ever.

The Italian trio, about 500 pounds of men, graded in size according to weight, made sufficient noise to win applause, but haven't been long enough over here to know that black bows are not proper form for full evening dress.

The Three Meers were well liked in their wire act and comedy. The double step and the finish on the "endless wire" are effective. Miss Meers, above referred to, with her graceful carriage and refined appearance, is a valuable adjunct, which the one in authority should realize.

Chris Smith and a couple of Johnsons are colored. Hardly a bill nowadays is met without a team like this upon it, and in all, with one or two exceptions, the girl just tries to look pleasant owing to inability to do anything else. These acts as a rule give singing and dancing, and are so similar in character that comment on one covers all.

Mathews and Ashley have a drop of their own, and one makes a change. Were it not for the parody at the finish, they would die. Without that they are not near as good as they were some two years ago. The act up to the parody should be rewritten, when there will be a chance, with the drop taken into the consideration, of building the offering into a strong one.

Binns and Binns with music and comedy inject all the nonsense they have ever heard of or seen, even going so far as to pull a curtain over the picture of a draped picture when "church music" is mentioned. Alcide Capitaine had nothing new on the trapeze.

James B. Donovan and Rena Arnold are reviewed under New Acts.

By Sime

THE AMPHION.

For Christmas week this house made a big showing on Monday night, and it looks as though the Amphion has the "South Side" solid. A good laughing show, well balanced, made up the bill.

A feature of it, which seemed to appeal to the audience especially, although second on the program, was "Mlle. Ricci," which Emil Hoch, Jane Elton and Co. gave. The theme is not new by any means, but it is well played, with a few innovations in the threadbare business of secreting a woman behind a screen to escape discovery.

Mr. Hoch is a capital light comedian. He says he wrote the greater part of the sketch himself. If so, he should have some one else write another which would afford greater scope. Miss Elton as a French girl was oppressed by the handicap of having to use a French accent, although she got through with it very well. Ella Grover as the wife lacked conviction and confidence.

William Gould and Valeska Suratt, "the fashion plates of vaudeville," as the program had it (which is the usual term used by a song and dance team with new clothes), were well liked. The trade-mark of Gould is the walk-dance-step, which Miss Suratt has acquired beautifully. Some time ago Ashton Stevens, of the San Francisco Examiner, scored this act roundly for vulgarity. If it existed then, it has been eliminated, for it is clean and wholesome, with a lot of real fun now.

Al. Lawrence, a mimic because he says so himself, depends a great deal upon facial contortions. Some stories are good, some new around here, while the majority are not, and in the customary mimical way he draws a glass of soda. It is all reminiscent upon Mr. Lawrence closing with a humorous recitation entitled "A Message from the Dead."

Wolfgang's Stallions are handled by a girl trainer who seems to have the animals in fear of her, particularly a dog, and the young lady makes too free use of the whip while on the stage. The horses are muzzled, and the house believes because they would bite her for cruelty otherwise. The Chamberlains have their interesting exhibition of tricks with the lasso and whip, but hamper the act by too many explanatory remarks. Mattie Lockett as a child impersonator leaves the idea after the first song while retaining the dress which is much out of place among the other suggestive songs she sings.

Max Waldron is another impersonator of the female, which he does well, having several changes on a miniature stage set up on the stage proper. The act is too long, and the one where he wears a long dress with blond curls should be dropped.

The La Vine Cimaron Trio made a hit with comedy, contortions and dancing. The comedian is the best of the three, and brought out the fact that an act playing the Amphion nowadays, without receiving applause, must be distinctly wrong somewhere.

PROCTOR'S FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET.

Your East Side boy will take a chance on eternity for one hundred dollars. The report has spread that it is offered here this week twice a day by Cliff Berzac (reviewed under New Acts) and the gallery is packed in consequence, with all the youngsters in Yorkville looking forward to when they can see a show and get a Christmas present at the same time.

The "mysterious" De Biere, more or less of an "illusionist," had a new trunk trick. It is really unfair to judge an act of this kind. If you are at all the least bit "wise" you are apt to make an error in the calculation of the audience's opinion; the uninitiated viewing the performance very differently. De Biere attempts too much complication and mystification in his illusions, obliging those in front to look for the trick and losing the applause. Another mistake is to antagonize the gallery. His palming, with the exception of the egg trick, has always been poor.

Toledo and Price in a contortion turn show to what an extreme a contortionist must go to gain a hearing. Toledo does one turn never seen before, and if he keeps it up twice a day it is most probable that we won't see him doing it much longer. Foster and Foster were well liked, being applauded uproariously, which is one of the many strange occurrences in a vaudeville theatre. Singing two songs to one melody is so very old, but it must be the new generation just putting on their variety clothes.

The Nichols Sisters have fallen off, both in songs and talk. Unless careful, the "female McIntyre and Heath" will disappear. Hill and Sylvani ride the bicycles still in their daredevil style. The ambulance bell hasn't been rung on them so far.

Reno-Richard Co. in their comedy acrobatics are now obliged to worry along without the assistance of the "excess," George Darling, who was thought to be the strength if not the physical support of the team. One of the members unequivocally said that George became "soused" some weeks ago and almost spoiled the act one night. Hence his departure. The miniature policeman, formerly of Luna Park and dental offices, now has his bald pate decorated instead.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew gave "The Yellow Dragon," a second viewing of which almost tempts one to say that it is too good for vaudeville, for the superior acting of the Drews is not properly appreciated. Geo. R. Deane who wrote it should write another and continue if he can keep up to that standard. Murphy and Frances are singers and dancers, colored, with the girl highly painted and a pair of slippers to give her feet a shapely form. Why will a colored girl, very dark, always try to emulate a mulatto in looks on the stage, and a mulatto try for the white effect?

The Los Angeles Orpheum now gives matinees daily except Monday. No more side trips to Pasadena or the beach.

THE CIRCLE.

A burlesque show without a blond among the principals or chorus is almost a novelty in itself. This condition exists in the Al. Reeves Big Beauty Show appearing here this week. There are two or three narrow escapes, though, from the light colored variety of cranium adornment.

The show itself, although missing the presence of Mlle. Mureal, "the star," gets along quite well, having a good opening, with the girls well dressed in costumes that have a new appearance. The change to the finale in the first part could be improved by having a designer blend the colors more appropriately, the present combination making some girls look grotesque.

The girls are much better looking at long range than close at hand, and all seem quite youthful from the front. Margie Hilton is the busy young lady of the troupe, and fairly pretty. Dora Ronco handles a violin carelessly and poses as a living picture in the final burlesque, which is called "Whirl-I-Fun," and written by Harry Williams. Reeves takes charge of the stage in person during this, it following immediately his appearance in the olio with a banjo. He uses no picks and makes good with the parodies.

The rest of the olio is fairly well taken care of by the Destelle Sisters in acrobatic dances, the "New York" Newsboys' Quartet, with one wretched voice, and the Nelson-Farnum company of acrobats. One, a girl, turns eleven consecutive handsprings on a table. Thirty years ago there were turned on a circular table sixty of these in as many seconds without stop.

"The Chadwick Trial," which is the title of the opening number, is the most legitimate sketch for the introduction of songs that has yet been noticed in a show of this character. There is a lot of unnecessary horse-play with the bladders, and the "policeman" played by Joe Farnum is made so "sissified" that it nauseates. It should be cut out.

J. Theodore Murphy, as the funmaker in the opening, is much better in the part of a judge who orders all the girls to do whatever they did at the "dinner," which smacks somewhat of the Seeley affair, is much better than as a Hebrew tramp at the other end of the bill. James Rowland played "District Attorney Jerome," and did it so seriously that it was really good.

It is the absence of the nonsensical efforts to obtain laughs that are so evident on their face in most burlesque troupes that helps the Reeves Company more than is suspected. The girls are not neglectful in the "business," neither are they continually "kidding" each other while on the stage.

With the exception of the instance cited, the show is clean throughout.

Clifford C. Fischer, of the Marinelli Agency in this city, leaves next Wednesday for the foreign office, returning in a month or so. During his absence E. Wolfheim will be the chief-in-charge here.

THE OFFICE BOY AND THE CRITICS.

"Oh, hello," said the Office Boy as I walked in the agent's office, "I'm pretty soft for you. Stealing my stuff and getting me under suspicion. You can bet I won't talk any more."

Upon being assured anything he said would be treated in the strictest confidence, the Boy replied, "Well, I don't know. I'll think it over."

"But gee, say," he continued, "you've got a bunch of critics on that paper. I expected to read a criticism on the East River before I finished it. Do you know any critics? The 'real' ones, I mean. The dramatic fellers that when they hear a new show is coming lay awake all night thinking 'Shall I or Shall I not?' and settle the finish of the play in their minds before they see it."

"I do. Some, by sight. I was an usher once. There a freaky lot. The only good looking one I know is 'Leander Richardson. Hillary Bell was good looking, too, but he died. Guess he couldn't stand being both. Charles Darnton looks natural and Acton Davies isn't so bad. He reminds me of a large picture of Puck."

"Say, did you ever see John Corbin look the house over before taking his seat. Don't miss that. Alan Dale likes children. That's a good sign in any man."

"Vaudeville critics? Ah, hold up your head, you're sinking. What are they? Why, say I'll bet all I got that I can train this typewriting machine to turn out a vaudeville criticism inside of a week. All you got to do is to see the show and then ask the questions. An automatic pen will do the rest."

"Say, when I was a usher, me and another feller saw a vaudeville critic come in one night, and we threw up a cent to see what we would be, ushers or critics. It came down 'ushers.' Wasn't we lucky?"

"That's right—Make a holler. Youse fellers like to throw the hooks into others, but can't even stand for a kid yourselves."

"You're so modest up there, too. With your nerve I would have been a president of a bank by this time. Don't be in a hurry. Come in again. We'd stay open all night to see you."

TOYS TO BURN.

Santa Claus, like most everybody else, appears to have gone into vaudeville. For several weeks the Proctor variety houses have been giving toys at the Saturday matinees and now the Amphion in Brooklyn has swung into line and they are playing to crowded matinees in consequence.

Out of town there are half a hundred houses where they throw in a doll or a jumping jack with a seat coupon, and the craze seems to be spreading.

As each toy costs nine or ten cents the distribution is not altogether profitable, though the managers claim that the gifts make friends for the house. It must be so, for year after year some houses renew the practice which has in their cases become a custom.

KEENEY'S.

Keeney's bill for this week struck a fair average of entertainment, an entertainment, however, from which Maddox and Melvin in the sketch "At the Station" stood out like the Scotland light on a dark night. Their act was the fourth on the bill and furnished the first bright spot of the evening. The audience woke up to their clever funniments and the performers who followed kept them awake to the end.

The Maddox and Melvin skit has all the elements of a successful farce. It has plenty of good dialogue and the action of the principals is laughable. Miss Melvin is not as good in her comedy work as is her partner, and her attempt at a dignified vocal solo is an example of misdirected ambition. Her voice is fairly sweet, but very thin. The number would be greatly improved by a sprightly incidental dance.

Jeanette Dupree, with the same collection of songs she used at Pastor's last week, was cordially received. The number "I'm Jealous of You" gave opportunity for effective play with a hired man in the lower box.

George Monroe with his "My Aunt Bridget" act won applause out of all proportion to the merit of his work. The monologue has little to recommend it. It is loud, horsey and at times almost vulgar and devoid of humor.

Will M. Cressy's sketch, "The Sailor and the Horse," was the vehicle for The Harry La Rose Company. The sketch is not quite up to the standard Cressy has set for himself, but contains a well worked up climax of the whoop-hurrah variety, in which Charles H. Crosby describes the progress of a horse race off-stage and by the weight of his own noisy enthusiasm works up a really effective scene. Jennie Colson, the woman of the organization, gives the impression that she received her stage training through a correspondence school of acting.

Al Lawson and Frances Namon in a bag punching and cycling specialty were clever enough to be entertaining without having to resort to noise and horse-play. Miss Namon's bag punching will never arouse any degree of professional jealousy among the pugilists, but she is a strikingly handsome Amazon, wears her clothes gracefully and is altogether a welcome adjunct to the act.

The best thing about Berry and Motestek was the brevity of their turn. They played a duet or two on wind instruments and indulged in a quantity of dialect talk of the most inferior quality.

The Boldens were described on the program as "colored entertainers." This was true to the adjective, but the term "entertainers" was a deliberate misstatement.

During the absence of Nicholas E. Kaufman in Europe, the meetings of the Artisten Loge in this city will be governed by a chairman elected upon assembling, no executive having been appointed during Kaufman's absence.

Cliffe Berzac, who made a big hit at Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street this week, has been booked for ninety-eight weeks ahead solid, playing Hammerstein's roof during its coming season.

GOTHAM.

If the men of the Casino Girls Company were half as good as the women members of the organization at the Gotham this week, the combination would be invincible.

Unfortunately there is not a real comedian in the bunch. Consequently the burden of the entertainment falls upon the chorus and half a dozen women principals. "An Unwilling King" is a series of remarkably well done ballets and choruses, separated by blank spaces in which the "comedians" devote themselves to noise making and horse play without humor or sense.

But the pain of these boring moments was promptly forgiven in the clever work of the girls which was arranged immediately to follow each such spasm. There is not a piano mover in the company, and the audience may search in vain for a girl who can't dance a great deal and sing—a little. Another item in which the show furnishes a refreshing variety from the orthodox burlesque organization was the conspicuous absence of anything like a broad gag.

In the burlesque Grace Foster probably carried off the major share of approval. She is a decidedly pretty and vivacious young person, and whatever her voice may lack in quality is made up in the cleverness of her incidental business. A song by her and a splendidly handled chorus was one of the hits. She was ably assisted by the spot-light man.

Tim Healey was the leading comedian. The funniest thing he did was an old-fashioned Irish act. It was well executed, and as a survival from the middle ages of vaudeville, was novel enough to be interesting.

There were four numbers in the olio, beginning with Allen Coogan, billed as "The Dancing Marvel." He did some clever work with clogs, but was badly dressed. The trousers of his conventional evening clothes were tight with a tightness that recalled the ungraceful mode of '99, but he introduced several new and effective steps.

The Bates Musical Trio have several instrumental and mechanical novelties, but need rehearsing. One of their features is a set of electrical chimes.

The Fern Comedy Four needs a good bass and some comedy business. Sid Fern, Lew Hearn, Richard Morse and James Mullen make up the act.

Belle Gordon, looking as young as ever, put in ten minutes or so swatting the punching bags. The act seems to be popular with burlesque audiences, and Miss Gordon is a graceful figure in short skirts.

CURTIN'S COPYRIGHT.

James H. Curtin, of the London Theatre, has sent to the Librarian of Congress, for copyright, a device invented by himself for scheduling the burlesque companies. Through a clever arrangement, a sliding date slip carries with it a list of theatres so ordered that by bringing up any Monday date the whereabouts of every show on the wheel during that week is shown at a glance. Copies will be issued after the copyright has been granted.

The Three Diamonds opened at Keith's, Boston, this week. They play both the Keith and Morris time.

ADELE RITCHIE "THREW 'EM."

If you mention Adele Ritchie's name around the Proctor's executive offices, you will hear deep rumblings of disappointment, culminating in an outburst of fury over the exploding of a great bit of press work, instigated by Phil Mindil, the general press representative of the circuit, which Adele spoiled at the psychological moment.

Miss Ritchie played the Fifty-eighth street house last week, and Mindil got an idea. While working it out a boy had to lead him around, he was so dazed. It was to insert a "personal" asking "gentleman desiring to meet high salaried prima donna" to address "Mlle. Fif," at an office box number.

About 150 answers were received, to all of which replies were mailed on scented note paper, asking that they be at the theatre at a certain hour on Thursday of that week, when "Mlle. Fif" would identify herself from the stage by wearing a flower. They were told to wear boutonnières.

Mindil stationed himself in the box office at the appointed time, and distributed the flowery bedecked crowd of "mashers" throughout the orchestra, which resembled a conservatory. One middle aged man, anxious not to be overlooked, held his rose high in the air. The press was fully represented, expecting a good "story."

Miss Ritchie was primed for the event, but before going on took a peek at the house. That settled it for her. She balked, tore the flower off her bodice, leaving a lot of nice old men wondering, and the Proctor forces in a rage for "killing" anything so easy.

FAMILY.

Shungopavi amused the audience. He showed cleverness in doing his tricks, and his jokes were well received.

Jennings and Webb were very poor. Their singing was rank and their jokes was stale.

Ed. Boyd sang two songs. His voice could be very much improved. The vitagraph man seemed to have some trouble with his machine.

Singer's dogs and monkeys were very good. One monkey showed almost hu-

man intelligence. Their act was long but very good compared to the others.

Ford and Dot West were the features and scored a hit. Their fast talking was excellent, but his up-state accent handicapped him. His dancing was clever.

May Ward's singing amused the audience to the discontent of a few people in front who had the spot light on them throughout the act. She was well received.

Cyclone was on about thirty seconds. But his so-called sensational act did not take.

And then the Vitagraph.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR
(Office Boy):

THE ALHAMBRA BALLET.

"L'Entente Cordiale" has shared the fate of all the Alhambra ballets, and now goes on in abbreviated form as a curtain raiser, while the new ballet "Parisiana" takes its place at the important end of the bill.

The new ballet is the invention of Charles Wilson, who made so many friends while he was stage manager of Koster and Bial's in this city. Mr. Wilson has been almost continuously at the London house since leaving these shores, and to his splendid management of the vast forces of the Alhambra stage department is due the success of many of the big ballets.

The first scene shows the market place in Paris about 1790, the period permitting some gorgeous dressing. There is a fete scene ending with the inception of the Revolution and the mob exchanges the fleur de lys for the revolutionary rosette. A diversion in a laundry of a somewhat later period is followed by a succession of scenes of the modern day, including a dressmaking shop, the exterior of the Bourse and the fete at Neuilly.

La Sylphe, who is responsible for a number of contortion pictures, is one of the dancers, and Senorita Maria La Bella is credited with a marked success. She is a distinct addition to the Alhambra forces.

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VARIETY

IN SLEEPYVILLE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20.—The vaudeville situation here is more piquant and interesting than ever before in the city's theatrical history. There are, in all, six houses devoted to the form of entertainment—Keith's, palace-like and now in fashionable vogue, with its "continuous" policy; the Bon-Ton, house of many vicissitudes, whose bills are of the weekly change, two-a-day "house-show" order, and are given mainly by performers who are trying to break into the "continuous," and the Casino, Trocadero, Bijou and Lyceum, all playing the traveling companies of the Eastern and Western burlesque "wheels."

Keith's, alone in its field and without prospect of early opposition of any formidable kind, may be dismissed from further consideration, after it is said that it is, all things considered, the best-paying venture in which B. F. Keith has yet engaged.

The Bon-Ton, in all likelihood, will soon be eliminated from the list. George F. Fish has been making trips here from Cincinnati with a view of putting his Pike Theatre stock company in there. The house is only a few doors from his old Eighth Street stand, Forepaugh's, where the weekly change "stock" is the oldest in the United States, having been the pioneer in its field. It is now more than twenty years since Forepaugh's took up the idea of a weekly change of play by a resident company. Fish was manager there for years, in time became part proprietor, sold out to W. W. Miller, and now wants to get back into the neighborhood with a company of the old Forepaugh favorites, in order to give the house a battle. There is no doubt that he will get the Bon-Ton if he wants to pay Frank V. Dunn's idea of rent.

The house has had a varied career. It was opened as a rival to the Bijou, a few doors away, when that house was the Keith stronghold here. It began with his policy of vaudeville mixed with capsule versions of the old-time comic operas. Raymond Hitchcock, now a star in Broadway, began there as the chief funmaker in these condensed operas. The late Sam T. Jack made a fizzle of it with burlesque. Then the house was turned into a nondescript resort, with a merry-go-round as the chief attraction and a choice Tenderloin clientele for support. Vaudeville was resumed on a go-as-you-please plan; then Carrie Radcliffe put a stock company in to give Forepaugh's a fight; then there was "house" burlesque, followed by a season in the big "wheel." This did not pay, and its place in the "wheel" was restored to the Trocadero. Then Stair & Havlin booked the house with popular melodramas for a season. Last year John Jermon ran it as a side issue to his Lyceum, with straight vaudeville of a fair kind, and made a little money. One of F. F. Proctor's lieutenants took hold of it at the beginning of the present season, called it the Majestic, and tried to make it a go for straight vaudeville, but failed. It was understood that his experiment was with a view of making the house, if successful, a Philadelphia link in the Proctor chain.

The trouble with the house seems to be with the neighborhood. The stretch of Eighth Street in which it lies was until a few years ago the popular shopping thoroughfare of the city. It is in

the block with Forepaugh's and the Bijou, both of which made a mint, and just around the corner from the Lyceum, another money-maker ever since burlesque was placed on a business basis. But all the big stores, one by one, closed up and took away the very class of trade to which these popular-price theatres appealed. Even Keith was unable to draw paying business to the Bijou with either a good stock company or first-class vaudeville after he opened his new house in Chestnut Street. Forepaugh's business, also, is not what it was a few years back.

That the fault is with the neighborhood would seem to be proved by the experience of the Bijou this season, as a member of the Empire Circuit. It is a pretty house—indeed it is doubtful if any other burlesque theatre in the country boasts the the Bijou's comforts and beauties—and, geographically, in the heart of the Tenderloin, not two minutes' walk from the Lyceum nor five from the Trocadero; yet, it has been doing an indifferent night business, while the matinees, at panic prices, have been given to empty benches. It is well managed, too, by the experienced Colonel Sam Dawson.

The Casino's fate has not been dissimilar. It has been playing the Columbian shows on a sharing basis. Like the Bijou, it is a beautiful house. It had been successful for two years as a Stair & Havlin family theatre, with popular price musical shows and melodramas, and last season under its change of name from the Auditorium, as a producing house for extravaganza, with George W. Lederer as the director. It was the general expectation that as a burlesque house it would be a whole success from the start. Yet it has been hard pulling, with an occasional very big week to add to the puzzlement of the false prophets.

KINKS.

(To be Continued.)

TALL TROUBLE OVER MIDGETS.

Emil Ritter, the original manager of the Piccolo Midgets, has served his son with papers in a suit to determine his rights to the troupe.

Some five years ago the troupe was brought over by the elder Ritter, who was presently recalled to Europe by the death of his wife. The act was left with his son, George Ritter, who appears to have regarded the matter as a gift rather than a loan. There was some promise of payments when the elder returned to this country to find his son in possession of the act, but according to his statements these payments have not been made and he brings suit for an accounting.

"Lonny" Curtin, a nephew of James H. Curtin, of the London Theatre, and advance man of the Broadway Belles Burlesque Company, was injured at Duluth, Minn., a couple of weeks ago through the accidental discharge of a gun he was loading. The shot entered his right hand and inflicted serious wounds.

"The World's Greatest Soprano" is the way they talk about Sabel Johnson in the announcement on the program of next week's bill at Keith's. The man who gets up copy for the Keith program can never hope to go to heaven when he dies unless he quits his kidding.

THE NEW FIRM.

Edward S. Keller, who was popularly supposed to be glued to a seat in William Morris' office, has resigned his position and will form a partnership with B. A. Myers commencing Christmas. His resignation was sent in Wednesday evening and came as a surprise to everyone with the exception of Keller and his new partner.

Mr. Keller has been with the Morris agency ever since that prosperous business was formed from the wreckage of the agency of the late George Liman and he was also an employee of Liman before that. Since the illness of William Morris he has taken principal charge of the office and did the booking for the William's houses and more lately for F. F. Proctor.

He arranged some time ago to handle the vaudeville tour of Cissy Loftus and has been interested in the illusion of Dida since the sale of the rights to William Morris.

He has a wide acquaintance with managers and will doubtless contribute considerable strength to the new firm, possibly carrying some of the New England houses with him to the new office.

"Barney" Myers started in the agency business with Tom Maguire and was a partner of Maguire's when they ran the famous "benefit" at the terminus of the Sixth Avenue Elevated, taking in something less than three dollars on the week. He has improved since then and in a quiet way has built up a big business. The two men should work well together. Myers has already started a chain of theatres in New England and there is a whisper that important developments will follow the new year in.

STOP THIEF!

The Program, the organ of the International Artisten Loge, carries in a recent issue a full page advertisement of Price and Revost, who announce themselves as Americans in their act, "Bumpity Bumps."

The ad. is a clear steal from Rice and Prevost of name and billing and in all probability act as well. It is odd that the I. A. L. should countenance this bare faced piracy in what is practically their own paper.

NOTES FROM LAFAYETTE.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Dec. 21.—As retrospective seems to be in order, a few lines concerning the present season of the Great Lafayette show may prove interesting.

The regular season opened July 31 at Norfolk, Va., with forty-three people in the cast and two cars of scenery and effects with little or no changes up to the present.

Twelve States and fifty cities have been visited, and with the exception of a week in a small section of Illinois, all have turned out in the usual enthusiastic manner.

Mr. Lafayette enjoys the pleasure of having his four beautiful horses with him—carrying a private stable car for their accommodation—and as the weather so far has been particularly ideal for outdoor enjoyment, he has gained a vast knowledge of the territory through which we have passed, as he has indulged in daily drives, visiting every point of interest in the vicinity of the cities played, gaining material for his book of travels, that has been claiming

considerable of his attention during the past two years.

The show is now headed East, and after filling a few weeks of New York and Pennsylvania time a tour of the South will follow.

LILLIAN DIDN'T "MAKE GOOD."

Lillian Russell, the former favorite prima donna, "has went" to Europe. Lillian didn't want to go especially, but the disappointment of "falling down" in vaudeville was too much for the fair one to endure. On the other side, amid balmy lands, a little thing like that may be forgotten.

Miss Russell was engaged for ten weeks by F. F. Proctor, and played that engagement out. About ten weeks further had been arranged for, mostly in this city in the Hammerstein's and Williams' houses, but these managers after receiving reports of her reception, decided on a better investment of their moneys.

Upon hearing the returns, Lillian engaged passage.

Cora Beach Turner, late of The Sambo Girl, is going into vaudeville, making a start out West.

Ching Ling Soo, the Chinese conjurer, is to play through the holidays at the London Coliseum. Ching is an American performer named Robinson.

J. W. Winton, the ventriloquist, who will be remembered here as having featured an Australian "larrikin" in his act, is touring Australia at the head of his own company.

Mlle. Nuola, assisted by Signor P. Sotori and Signor Stephenoni, presented her one-act operetta, "Carmela," at the Murray Hill Lyceum last Tuesday afternoon, for the purpose of perfecting the copyright.

Jake Rosenthal, who is running the Bijou Theatre at Dubuque, Iowa, gave two concerts at his house last Sunday in aid of the Jewish relief fund. Rosenthal generally manages to keep things stirred up wherever he may be.

The New Theatre of the Crystal circuit at Trinidad, Col., was opened December 10 with a good bill. The new house is a ground floor theatre with a capacity of 800. W. R. Orrendorf is the manager.

"Mike" Whallen, who is making too big a hit in England to be able to waste time over here, came home for the holidays with his wife (Frances McNulty) for Christmas. He returns to England in February.

Paul Conchas will give his performance at the New York Theatre tomorrow night. This is his second attempt, and Conchas hopes that he will be successful.

When James T. Powers finished his engagement at one of the Proctor's houses in this city lately, he handed the doorkeeper one dollar upon passing out for the last time, saying "Split it up among the boys."

NEW ACTS.

NEIL BURGESS.
"THE COUNTY FAIR."
HYDE AND BEHMAN'S.

Starting with thirty-seven minutes on Monday, the sketch was cut to twenty with improvement. The incidents are taken from the second act of the play of the same title. There is no connected story, the incidents not being related to each other. The central theme is the arrival of Tim at the house and his hiding in the oven. The curtain is dropped without showing what becomes of the boy. The sketch is not good for the name or salary, but makes good so far as a fair proportion of laughs is concerned. Mr. Burgess is the same as ever, his humor being confined in large measure to his old fashioned pantalones. Amy Somers played Taggs without animation, and Frank Norcross as Tim was little better. It is not to be anticipated that Mr. Burgess will enjoy an extended season, though he is scarcely to be classed as a gold brick.

Chicot.

AMY RICKARD.
MUSICAL MONOLOGUE.
NEW YORK THEATRE.

Last Sunday evening, Amy Rickard, somewhat famed from "The College Widow," made her vaudeville debut at this place of amusement. Her offering is termed a "musical monologue" for the lack of something better, though there is nothing in the "musical" or "monologue" parts of it to commend. Had Miss Rickard given the same careful preparation to her material that was evidenced in the dressing of her hair, a better report could be given. Two songs, one of which was recited under the spot light, and imitations of Lillian Russell and Marie Cahill were her main efforts. All were badly done excepting Russell's. Anyone minus a voice can faithfully reproduce Lillian's vocal sounds. For an encore a foolish little bit in thought and execution was given, wherein Miss Rickard made an appeal for applause. It was doubtful before that if the "gallery gods" would allow her to safely escape. As it was, some "guying" was heard. Amy Rickard in vaudeville is not a "name act." To be successful she must rest on her merits. In the present act Miss Rickard can never hope for success.

Sime.

ERCOLE-ARIAZA TROUPE.
SPANISH DANCERS.
HURTIG & SEAMON'S.

"First and only appearance in vaudeville" is the top line over the billing of the Ercole-Ariaza troupe at Hurtig & Seamon's this week. The line is probably absolutely correct. If any other manager takes the act now that it has been seen, he is a very foolish person. It is not well to speak ill of the dead, it is sufficient to record that this turn is the star gold brick of the season. They were in the White Cat—which possibly accounts for the failure of that pantomime. There are eight women and three men. The women are ugly and poorly dressed. The dances are of the most commonplace sort performed with little grace or abandon. One of the men is by far the best dancer of the troupe. The act has nothing to commend it.

Chicot.

CLIFF BERZAC.
ANIMALS.
PROCTOR'S FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET.

A foreign act, presented for the first time over here, and it is a scream. Taken from the old idea used in one ring circuses of asking anyone in the audience to ride a horse for a reward if successful. In this act it is a donkey. About four "cappers" are carried, and one hundred dollars is offered from the stage to anyone who can ride it. The confederates employed do not hurt the value of the act as a laugh producer. On Tuesday afternoon the people in the house could be seen jumping up and down in their chairs shrieking with laughter over the antics and falls of those attempting to ride. A few straight tricks with ponies are also given. No mistake will be made by any house in booking this act if a great big howling laugh is wanted.

Sime.

JAS. B. DONOVAN, RENA ARNOLD AND CO.
"TWENTY MINUTES FROM BROADWAY."
ALHAMBRA.

It's the same old Jas. B., minus Fanny and plus a few new jokes. He has given up the single turn used since the separation, bought a new drop, which excuses the title, selected a partner wearing a veil on Broadway in the evening, "planted" the "Co." in the form of a boy in the orchestra to "kid" him, and that's the new act. It went very well. Harlem thinks most of his "stuff" is new. It doesn't know Jamey. Monday afternoon, Percy Williams and Dave Robinson were seated in a box when Mister Donovan commenced on the song which introduced him in the business. The two managers made a run for the private office, locking themselves in. The new drop showing places of interest on the main thoroughfare is enterprising, and the boy in the orchestra could be well worked up if Donovan would make him anchor his voice, and also sit in the chair until the finish, then exit under the stage, not leaving through the aisle. Miss Arnold is on the stage most of the time. The new act will make a nice filler in in "one" anywhere.

Sime.

The Gus Edwards Music Publishing Co. has, it is understood, formed a connection with Francis, Day and Hunter, of London, to act as their agents over there, where all the Edwards publications will be handled. "Gus" Edwards expects to leave for the British capital in the spring to perfect the arrangements which have been closed.

NOTICE.

Variety may be obtained from the following dealers throughout the country:
Worcester, Mass.—F. A. Easton Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.—Vanderbilt, Globe Hotel.
Rochester, N. Y.—Powers Hotel.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bellevue-Stratford Hotel.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bingham House.
Chicago, Ill.—Post Office News Co. 178 Dearborn street.
Trenton—K. W. Garside, 4 South Broad street.
Meriden, Conn.—The Aug. Schmelzer Co, 15 E. Main street.
Newark, N. J.—Rosner Bros., 179 Market street.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Claypool Hotel.
New Orleans, La.—C. E. Staub, 1021 Exchange Place.
St. George, S. I.—Wm. Wheeler.
Washington, D. C.—Riggs House.
St. Louis, Mo.—Southern Hotel.
CANADA.
London—Red Star News Co.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The theatre managers have had little room to complain of the business done here this week. All the houses were open with the exception of the Grand Opera House, and all report good business on the week. Considering that this is possibly the worst week in the year the houses have been remarkable well patronized and where variety and burlesque is the entertainment, all have enjoyed their share.

KEITH'S.—The bill given the Chestnut Street patrons of variety presents little that is new or novel, yet as a whole comprises entertainment enough to be called a fair program. Tim McMahon makes a double bid for favor with his familiar sketch "Twenty Minutes Before Train Time," in which he is assisted by his wife (Edith Chapell), and the "Minstrel Maids." The latter number has special local interest inasmuch as nearly all the girls he uses are Philadelphians and some of them, the Harrett Sisters for instance, have been seen on Keith's bills before. There is room for improvement in the act, particularly with the singing, which is weak, but it proved enjoyable. Keeler's Japs and the Dollar troupe did well with the acrobatic turns, the former doing some excellent foot work. Hy Greenway, a juggler, made his first appearance here, being a product of the West. Harrigan and other "comedy" jugglers have shown all the tricks Greenway does and the latter's efforts in the comedy line are worthy of a better cause. Another new act here is presented by the La Velle Trio, three women, who sing and play the violin and harp. The act needs polish and is in a creditable manner. The De Muths, John E. Clark, Hornman and Smith and Baker also appeared, with the "pictures" as the usual table d'hôte offering.

BILLY.—Edmond Hayes in "The Wise Guy," assisted by the "Brigadiers Extravaganza Company," have enjoyed good business all week and the entertainment seems to please. Specialties are introduced by Blanche Murphy, Buford Lester and Moore, the Three Kuhnns and the Prentice Troupe, with the chorus earning their salaries as a side issue in the musical numbers. The veteran Frank E. McNish is doing a specialty with Joe Whitehead. Hayes consumes much of the time allotted to the performance, but pleases his audience.

TIOCADERO.—The usual big business continues at this house, the "Merry Malena" being well liked. They are giving "The Mule and the Mule" in three acts. It is a mélange of music and comedy with just an idea of a plot. Sam Rice, the author, and Billy Spencer are the principals and there is a large supporting company, including Ames, a large support company, the Boot-black Quartette; the Vans and the Ferrell Brothers introduce specialties.

CASINO.—The Jersey Lillies Extravaganza Company, holding a first rate bill and they have entertained their share of the crowds which are dodging the holiday jumble on the streets. "The Disputed Check," the opening burlesque, might be called "The Disputed Check." The act is seeking a new title. They have certainly crowded in more "entrances" and "exits" than would be found in a bee hive. The olio is the best part of the show and includes H. H. Holmes, Z. A. Smith and Stetson, Emmet and McNeill, Ada Burnett, La Maze Brothers, and the Belis. The latter made a deserved hit with their string-chime playing. Dan Gracey is working hard and making good in both light and burlesque numbers.

LYCEUM.—The European Sensation Company is doing very well with the same bill given here earlier in the season at the Casino. The burlesque numbers "Schult's Hotel" and "A Souvenir" offer little out of the ordinary, but it pleased. Merritt and May; Snitz Moore, assisted by Harry Harvey and Heloise Horton; Bruce and Dagueau; Morrissey and Rich, and Sansone and Belia appear in the olio. The latter pair have a balancing turn which is good and can be improved by cutting the posing and "show" out. As an extra attraction Terry McGovern sparred three exhibition rounds with Johnny Burck. "Box 'N' Night"—A long list of acts, making a varied and entertaining program is given this week and business is reported good. The management is bidding to give as much as possible for a small admission.

NOTES.—The new act with the "Jersey Lillies" show that should be of interest to many of the variety act. It is composed of Kittle Emmet and Lillie McNeill. Kittle Emmet is the oldest sister of Dan McAvoy and the wife of Bob Emmet, the pair being a dancing team and being feature acts in the houses of high class variety for many years. Bob Emmet died some time ago. Lillie McNeill is a daughter of the Emmets and has shown ability that deserves commendation. The team has been working as the Clarence Sisters, doing character dancing and imitations. Miss Emmet (McNeill) gives clever impersonations of George M. Cohan and Dan McAvoy. The latter was in town this week, coming to replace Dave Lewis in "Coming Thro' the Rye" and had the pleasure of seeing the "sister act" at the Casino for the first time. "Box 'N' Night" was observed at Keith's Chestnut Street Theatre on Friday of last week, the University of Pennsylvania football team being guests of the management.—Philadelphia is to have a new theatre, located across the Schuylkill river, it is to be managed by G. A. Wegerfath, who has the Grand Opera House here and will probably play the same class of attractions, although the policy has not been made public as yet.—The deal of the sale of acts, the lease of the Lion Tote Theatre to George Fish, who, it is reported, will bring a stock company from Cincinnati here, has not been closed, but Manager Dunn stated that it would probably be closed in a few days.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE GRAND (Harry Davis, mgr.).—The anti-Christmas week has not been allowed to interfere materially with the bill. Anna and Jennie Yarns, Pittsburgh favorites, have a little unnamed sketch that was delightful. Frank D. Bryan's patriotic girls made a general hit, though one or two of the features of this act did not appeal favorably to the more thoughtful portion of the

audience. Bert Coote, ably assisted by Aca Russell and Robert Minner, had an amusing sketch, "A Lamb in Wall Street," which went well. Clarence Vance, as usual, made good with her "coon songs," and sprang a new "rube" song that was heartily applauded. The "Devil's Daughter" and Harry Buckley had a clever musical act. Boltsen had a "different sort" of a dog act—a vicious and ugly-winded white bull terrier appearing in impersonations of famous men that were out of the ordinary. George Corelli, Maresno and Mareno are three of the best equilibrista seen in a long time. Lambert and Pierce had a fairly good black face singing and comedy act; the Adams, a man and a woman, did a good acrobatic work and a "whirlwind" dance that was excellent; George Corelli's imitations were better than those of some more widely known performers; Rado and Bertram made good in acrobatic comedy and dancing, and Anderson and Goines, colored comedians, were well received in a singing and dancing specialty.

GAYETY (Jas. E. Orr, mgr.).—Sam A. Scribner's Morning Glories Company, "The Devil's Daughter," a three-act musical comedy, and a strong olio, is one of the best bills presented at the Gayety this season. Clarence Wilbur, as "Fatsy," did some good work in the farce, though he had one or two lines which might have properly been omitted. Constance Windom, in the name part, played a school girl role, in a way that kept the audience laughing. Lillian Hathaway, as the school mistress; Elsie Cooper, as a demure little Quakeress; Elsie Harvey, as the "Devil's Daughter"; May Hixon as a school girl; James Marcus as the "Inspector," and John Leichman, Gus Neser, Wolfe Gilbert, Janey Grundy and Tim Keeler, as the boys, waiter and a policeman, did clever work. Mr. Keeler's cop being one of the features. The chorus, which included a full military band, was much above the average. In the olio, Jim Thornton, as the admiral; Constance Windom, as the "Watermelon Trust," an act presented by a quintet of dusky men and women, received three curtain calls. Etta Cooper and Elsie Harvey have a clever dancing and singing specialty, which in the second and third acts, and the Devil's Daughter's Military Band went with a rush.

ACADEMY (H. W. Williams, Jr.).—Harry Williams Ideal Extravaganza Company is packing in business this week. Their two act musical farce "Everyday Life" is full of breezy comedy and catchy songs. Frank O'Brien, as "Ike," had the audience laughing all the time he was about yesterday. Clayton Frye, the circus man, was a close second in the comedy, and the other members of the company did work that pleased the audience. The chorus was comely and shapely, the scenic settings were handsome, and the action of the piece was rapid. The hit of the piece is a burlesque melodrama given by Frank O'Brien, Clayton Frye, Jack Gruet, Carrie Franklin and Katherine Clare. The last words the piece would have been given, but as presented it was a scream. "Mary Carey," a song introduced by Katherine Clare, caught the fancy of the house. A session of old time minstrelsy was also well received. Of the specialties given, the lively "Lily" was by far the best acrobatic act seen here for quite a while. Bessie Little and Cecil Stern, two chic soubrettes, have a pleasing specialty, and Gruet and Burke, black face comedians and dancers, sang to advantage. There is a grand attraction this week. Harvey Parker, lightweight champion wrestler, and Frederick Beel, the heavyweight wrestler, are meeting all comers.

Montgomery and Stone have a football satire in the "Wizard of Oz" at the Nixon this week that has made a great hit.

MME. PITT

Baltimore, Md.

MARYLAND (F. C. Schanberger, mgr.).—Week 18. Large houses at Kernan's beautiful playhouse the entire week, and a good performance delighted the patrons. Frank Gardner and Lottie Vanhook and their company are the head attraction in an entire new act called "Winning a Queen," which owes much of its success to the moving picture machine. Other features of success were the Durant Brothers, European comedy acrobats; Taylor Holmes, a comedian with monologue and imitation; O. K. Sato, the comic juggler; the Piccolo Midges in songs, dances and feats of strength, closing their act with a wrestling match; Clifford and Burke, black face comedians and dancers; Howard's ponies and dogs, the most wonderful trained ever seen here; closing with the Kinetograph with a new series of moving pictures. Next week—Harry Houdini, James J. Morton, Gallagher and Barrett, the Four Welsons, the La Velle Trio, and the Kinetograph.

MONUMENTAL (Joseph E. Kernan, res. mgr.).—Week Dec. 18. Whalen and Martell's "Kentucky Belle's Burlesques" give an excellent performance and are playing to powder houses. "Murphy's Mistake," a farce in two acts, written by Reid and Gilbert, who also play the leading characters and are very funny. It keeps the audience in good humor throughout. The olio is also good, the feature being the Brothers Melvin, sensational gymnasts; who do some remarkable work. Others in the olio were Hedrix and Prescott, singers and dancers; Gray and Graham, the "Four Comedies," Four Reid and Gilbert, little wits; Miss Lillie Crawford, singing soubrette. The play closes with a spectacular scene of "The Spirit of '76." Next week Whallen and Martell's "Merry Makers."

PURNER'S NEW MUSIC HALL (W. J. Turner, mgr.).—Week of 18: A splendid vaudeville bill to large houses seems to please our east end citizens. The following performers give an attractive olio: Miss Marie Stowman, Miss Cora Roberts, Miss Minnie Colbourne, Miss Nellie Andrews, Miss Grace Herman, the Musical Abbotts, Harry Daly and the Moving Pictures. NOTES.—John F. McCaslin is booking specialty people for the winter and summer and arranging for long engagements. He has every park and summer resort but one in Baltimore, and on the outskirts and transfers his people from one park to the other. While "Mac" is playing dances, Mr. Otto Hart has charge of the

BON TON (Thomas W. Dinkins, mgr.).—This week "The New Century Girls" opening the performance with what the bill calls a musical

melange, entitled "The Taking Mr. Raffles." Full of old ideas but fills a half hour in a more or less doleful way. Olio good in spots. The spots are Barry and Wolford and Bowen and Lina. "In South Dakota" ends the show. This skit starts well, but dies at the half mile. A course in English grammar wouldn't hurt any one connected. Next week "Mascottes."

MONTMORENCY.

Lansing, Mich.

BIJOU (D. J. Robinson, mgr.).—Week of 18. Lillian Leighton and Company and Lemont's Trained Animals are easily the features. Miss Leighton is a very charming and magnetic actress, ably assisted by Mr. John Byrne, and their sketch, "A Matrimonial Revolution," was a decided success. Kalcistratus, juggler; Gillmore and Carroll, black-face comedians; Blanche Edwards, illustrated songs, and the motion pictures complete a bill of exceptional merit. The business of this house is capacity almost nightly and is an assured success, having been opened last July. F. A. CARY.

Yonkers, N. Y.

DIORIC (Henry Myers, mgr.).—Week of 18: Mile. Karo, supported by Louis Kelso & Co., in the sketch, "Mardi Gras," a new offering and very satisfactory. Earl and Bartlett, Irish comedians, good hit. Cecelia, singing specialty, pleased. Golden Gate Quartette, strong hit. Ed Foster and dog, well received. Melrose and Elmer, strong sister specialty. Le Maire and Le Maire, Hebrew specialty, well liked. Burrows' Trapeze Co., strong sketch. Toric Scope good pictures. Business large. ELZIE.

Seranton, Pa.

STAR (A. G. Herrington, mgr.).—Rice and Barton's Big Gaiety Company, 18-23. Big business and a good show. Scribner's Gay Masqueraders next.

FAMILY (D. J. McCoy, mgr.).—One of the best bills of the season 18-23 to correspondingly good business. S. K. H.

Portland, Me.

FAMILY (Jas. E. Moore, mgr.).—Bill week of 18 was headed by James J. Morton in his capital monologue. Zutka mystified and Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane in a sketch pleased. Good cycling was shown by Mosher, Houghton and Mosher. Others were Mullin and Correll, Zena Keife and the pictures. Good business.

CLARK CELEBRATES.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 21.—William S. Clark entertained the "Gay Masqueraders" company at dinner last night at the Holland House. Bill Clark had been married twenty years. Mrs. Clark is a sister of magician Imro Fox. Mein Host Rogge displayed his usual culinary ability and the invited guests were treated to a feast. The tables were all prettily decorated with Jersey Lilies.

S. P. C. G. G.

Variety has in mind the formation of a much needed preventing society to be called the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Gallery Gods.

It's a formidable title, but the aims of the new organization are important and worthy the dignity of an extended collection of words.

At various times newsboys and stage children have come in for the sorrowing wails of the preventer, but no one has ever raised voice in plea for the poor little youngster who gleefully planks down his ten cents at the box office window, climbs seven flights of stairs and then is compelled to work his passage after he has taken his seat.

The poor shivering newsboy has been condoled with as such, but who has wept over that same youngster's sad fate when after a day with the extras he turns to the theatre for relaxation and finds only more work.

Perhaps he arrives chilled to the bone and is compelled to wait in the biting wind for an hour before he is admitted to the gallery. Scarcely has he established his right to a front seat by licking the other fellow, when a soubrette who has received a diamond ring from some song publisher for popularizing his song stalks out upon the stage, her evil designs hidden by a smile and some grease paint.

The tired gods are polite and applaud her, and she repays them by insisting upon singing the chorus over and over again, until they join in and whistle the chorus, because they well know that

there will be nothing else for them until they have met her exactions.

Twenty minutes later another singer and another song makes fresh trouble, and the small boy comes down from the gallery at the end of the show with a sore throat and that tired feeling, and the heartless soubrette gloats over her triumph.

The youth of America is entitled to protection. They should not be coerced into singing a song just because the publisher is generous to the singer. Even they have some rights. Let the S. P. C. G. G. proceed.

Marion Garson, the clever little singer who made such an enormous success at Weber's Music Hall, New York, this season, is again in vaudeville.

Angela May, dramatic contralto, and J. Louis MacEvoy, author-raconteur, write from San Francisco that their appearances in artists' concerts over the Pacific Coast, have been uniformly and legitimately successful.

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Wentworth, Amy Ricard, Cherry Simpson, Eddie Leonard, etc.

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XXX

1905-6

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Things That Count—This Means
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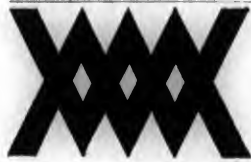
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Jan 1, Hyde & Behman's, Brooklyn; 8, Imperial, Brooklyn; 15, Keith's, Boston; 22,
Family, Portland, Me.; 29, Howard, Boston; Feb. 5, Park, Wooster, Mass.; 12, Keith's,
Providence; 19, Keith's, Phila.; 26, Grand Opera House, Pittsburg; March 5, Keith's,
Cleveland; 12, Arcade, Toledo; 19, Syracuse; 26, Shea's, Buffalo; April 2, Shea's,
Toronto; 9, Temple, Detroit; 16, Cook's, Rochester; 23, Pastor's, N. Y.; 30, Castro's,
Fall River, May 7, Colonial, Lawrence; 14, Richmond, North Adams; 21, Howard, Boston.

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MAUDE FEALY IN VAUDEVILLE

VARIETY

FIRST YEAR, NO. 3

DECEMBER 30, 1905

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

VAUDEVILLE

CIRCUS

PARKS

SIME



CHICOT'S AND SIME'S REVIEWS OF THE WEEK

A CARNEGIE
ABORN OUT
NEW ACTS OF THE WEEK
"SKIGIE" SEES ANOTHER SHOW
HODGSON TO LEAVE ORRIN
BROS.
THE EX-HEADLINER

BORLESQUE

PINSTRIPE

FAIRS

CHICOT



MAUDE FEALY IN VAUDEVILLE

MAUDE FEALEY IN VAUDEVILLE.

Maude Fealey, the former leading lady with the late Sir Henry Irving, looked upon the vaudeville cup when it shown brightly, and the inevitable result followed.

Miss Fealey may possibly present a sketch in Boston tomorrow (Sunday) night as a "trial."

On the stage at a very early age, Maude Fealey steadily worked onward and upward until the distinction of having been the main support of the lamented knight belonged to her, almost alone of all American actresses.

But the tempter appeared in the person of Robert Grau. In grand, quite elegant language, with a word picture of a flowing mint in present day vaudeville, Miss Fealey was sufficiently interested to be tempted.

Urged on by Robert, temptation led to desire, and desire to the actuality.

Over one hundred short plays were read by the lady before a decision was reached. The one selected requires the aid of two persons besides the principal, but Miss Fealey has still another in reserve which will allow full scope for her emotional abilities.

Whether Robert Grau will continue as booking agent or no is undecided at present. Miss Fealey has been quietly investigating some of Mr. Grau's remarks and finds a decided difference of opinion between managers and agents over the monetary consideration a "star" is entitled to.

A CARNEGIE.

Here's where another of the Carnegie name projects herself into the spot light circle. B. A. Myers is authority for the information that Loraine Carnegie, who is soon to make her debut as a soprano singer, is a bona fide, first water, name blown into the bottle niece of the Laird of Skibo. She is a member of the Phipps family, of Pittsburg, and is said to have secured their consent to her going on the stage. Also, if all that's heard be true, the good Ironmaster has likewise smiled his acquiescence.

Miss Carnegie's theatrical assets consist of a soprano voice, for which her sponsors make high claims, and her family connections. The latter item is by far the more valuable. By virtue of its charm Miss Carnegie is to be permitted to do a dignified turn resembling that of Mabel McKinley.

Arrangements for Miss Carnegie's stage debut were completed only a day or two ago, and the date of the event is not yet fixed.

LITIGATION OVER THE WESTERN ESTATE.

Lillie Western, one of the best musical artists ever in vaudeville, left an estate of some \$40,000 to \$50,000 at her death recently. With this as a bone of contention, there have been nasty police court troubles between her foster-mother and the people with whom she has been living the past fifteen years.

GRACE LEONARD WEDS COAL MERCHANT.

Lawrence, Mass., Dec. 28,

To the theatrical world, perhaps, the marriage of Miss Grace Leonard to Guy Carpenter, a Toledo, O., coal merchant, will be most interesting. Miss Leonard, who has appeared in male impersonations for the last eight years with a large measure of success, was a feature of the bill at the Colonial Theatre, Lawrence, Mass., of the week of December 17. Saturday, December 23, previous to the afternoon performance, she became a bride. Rev. Dr. William E. Gibbs, of the Lawrence Universalist Church, tied the knot at his home. Tom Moore, singer of coon songs, and Miss Helena Castano, whirlwind dancer, were respectively best man and bridesmaid. Following the performance a reception was tendered the newly married couple on the stage at the Colonial by Mrs. Barr, of Barr and Evans, comedy sketch artists.

With the exception of the bridegroom and the minister all those connected with the affair were theatrical folk.

Mrs. Carpenter appears at Portland, Maine, this week and at Fall River, Mass., the week of January 1, 1906, after which she will accompany her husband West to settle down in a comfortably furnished home.

James H. Jee, a foreign leaper, will open at the Colonial January 22. One agent remarked upon hearing: "Gee, I hope he is used to jumping weeks."

HODGSON TO LEAVE ORRIN BROS.

CITY OF MEXICO, Dec. 29.—It is understood here that Fred A. Hodgson will sever his connection with the Orrin Brothers' Circus as general manager on February 1, next.

KATIE BARRY'S NEW SKETCH.

Katie Barry, the funny little English-woman, who left "Fantana" for vaudeville, and has been appearing alone in it since, has a new sketch in view requiring the services of three people. They will be engaged and the new act shortly seen.

ABORN OUT OF VAUDEVILLE.

Milton Aborn, the former booking agent, announces that he has abandoned the placing of variety acts, and will devote all time and attention hereafter to the properties of Aborn Brothers—Milton and Sargent.

DEBIERE MAKES ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Horace Goldin has spread broadcast the advertisement that "a certain party" has purloined his new trunk trick, without permission or credit. De Biere, the illusionist, who is now appearing over here, admits that he is the "party" and inquires "why not?"

"It costs money to have something new thought out, and I haven't any too much. I took the trunk trick from Goldin, and he can call me what he likes. I would do the same thing again."

THE EX-HEADLINER

Did you help to make things pleasant for the actors' children Sunday night at Pastor's? If not you missed several interesting things. It is the one time in the year when these youthful mummies forget to pose, and behave like flesh and blood children.

But to those who have watched this Christmas work for stage children outgrow its swaddling clothes and become a fixture of the holiday season, the real feature of last Sunday evening was Mrs. E. L. Fernandez. To see that portly individual corral all the newspaper men and swing out her little sign "Hands Off" was diverting, to say the least. The papers next day told the tale all too eloquently. They said "Mrs. Fernandez this" and "Mrs. Fernandez that," especially dealing with her efforts to establish the work and to nurse it through its anemic infancy.

With the real founder of the good work so recently gone to her long and well-earned rest, any co-worker of finer sensibilities and feelings than Mrs. Fernandez would have paid tribute to her memory in talking with the reporters, but there is a certain class of women who in their anxiety for self-aggrandizement will not give credit to either the living or the dead. A lot of us looked at each other and smiled sadly as we listened to her vaporings. We remembered how Aunt Louisa's personal magnetism and convincing womanliness had won the first big subscriptions for the

work from men outside the profession. In memory we could walk into her Third avenue sitting room and watch willing helpers in the days when there were no funds to pay clerk hire. And above all, we could see Aunt Louisa's face at the festivals themselves and feel the grip of her friendly hand. Mrs. Fernandez oozes Christmas charity and good feeling with all the alacrity that a turnip yields up blood. Aunt Louisa was the Christmas spirit personified. And yet with the funeral flowers hardly faded the festival so dear to her heart, the work dropped only when the flesh was weak, only those of us for whom her memory will never die, thought of her that night—and we were not permitted to reach the reporters.

Talking of Christmas, I saw one of Maud Allison's gifts, which, while not the showiest present she received, will certainly make her glad 365 days in the year. Girls, do you recall the button box that you always forget to tie up when you pack your hotel trunk and how long it takes you to play "Button, Button, Where in Time is that Button?" Do you remember how often, oh how often, you have gouged your fingers on needles that had slipped out of a be-ragged housewife? And the spools that roll under the hotel bureau along with the dust of ages? Well, Maud Allison has them beaten to a stand still now. Santa Claus (that wasn't the name on the card, however) sent her a portable sewing screen that is simply great. It is in two sections, covered all over with green denim

or canvas, and when it folds together it will just fit into the tray of your trunk.

Wednesday I dropped into Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street house, with the intention of going back to see the Eight Shetlands. I wanted to know what the stage door Johnnies of Vaudeville were like. Since we have Truly Shattuck and her girls, the Shetlands, the Ponies and other sextettes or octettes of chorus girls in variety, I felt sure we must have vaudeville Johnnies. But after the Shetlands came on I told kind Mr. Mindil of the Proctor press department gently but firmly that I did not care to go back. One glance at their make-up convinced me that Johnnies around the Fifty-eighth street stage door would be scarce as hen's teeth on a farm. Your Broadway chorus girl spends hours making up, and the wardrobe mistress sees that she has every needful accessory for her costume. Shetlands, sit up and take notice! You need dickies with those coaching coats in your first entrance. Your little throats may be very pretty and plump, but they look hollow behind the big lapels of those lavender coats, topped by silk hats. You look as if you hadn't taken time to dress. Lace jabot-stocks or even plain white linen dickies would make you look as if you had come into vaudeville to make a hit. You need not think that just anything will do for vaudeville. We had girls who could give you pointers on dancing long before you organized for business. Do less "guying" and "gagging" and spend more time on your make-up.

Can it be possible that Lillian Burkhart is working her way toward New

York on rubber shoes? Every once in a while you see an announcement of her appearance in the West or Mid-West (she's in New Orleans now), but we get nothing from the fair Lillian's best press agent, her own facile pen. Considerable speculation, complimentary and otherwise, has been roused by Miss Burkhart's reappearance in vaudeville, but there is no mystery about it. When she became Mrs. Goldsmith, of Los Angeles, some three years ago, it was a part of the marriage contract that she should be permitted to make excursions into vaudeville whenever she felt its call. Perhaps the task of counting the silver showered upon her as wedding gifts, and furnishing her lovely home in Los Angeles (Lillian would rather furnish than eat) has palled, and so she is playing her old bookings once around.

The last time that Lillian came to New York it was on a sad errand, that of burying her father. Miss Burkhart never posed as an angel and was never painted thus, but she was a good daughter and her old father's faith in her was a bright and shining light in her often checkered career. One night when she was playing at Hurtig and Seamon's a young-chap-about-Harlem found himself seated next to a bowed, gray haired man who nearly split his hands open applauding Lillian. When she had recited the inevitable epilogue, had bowed her last bow and the boys were changing the cards on the stage, the old man turned shining eyes on the young blood. "She is great, yes?" The young chap nodded good humoredly and the old man leaned back, a beautiful expression on his face.

"Yes? And she is a good daughter—mine!"

THE EX-HEADLINER.

VARIETY

A Variety Paper for Variety People.
Published every Saturday by
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First Year. No. 3.

VARIETY desires to announce the
policy governing the paper.

We want you to read it. It is in-
teresting if for no other reason than
that it will be conducted on original
lines for a theatrical newspaper.

The first, foremost and extraordi-
nary feature of it is fairness. What-
ever there is to be printed of interest
to the professional world will be
printed without regard to whose
name is mentioned or the advertising
columns.

"All the news all the time" and
"absolutely fair" are the watchwords.

VARIETY is an artists' paper; a
paper to which anyone connected
with or interested in the theatrical
world may read with the thorough
knowledge and belief that what is
printed is not dictated by any motive
other than the policy above outlined.

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Writing in the fullness of spirit, a
correspondent, in another column, sug-
gests that more attention be given the
matter of scenery and properties in the
better class of vaudeville houses. There
are some places in town where the acts
are as well staged as though the setting
were to be used by some Frohman at-
traction for a run, but on the other hand
there are other places, and some holding
the very top position, wherein the dra-
matic act is forced to get along with the
scenic equipment of a one-night stand
theatre and is provided with a rather
less liberal assortment of properties.
There are half a dozen houses where the
same setting is made to do service for
three and four different acts and the
same familiar box set fences in the dan-
cing act and the dramatic sketch week
after week. Properties must be fur-
nished by the artist who wishes a re-
spectable setting, for beyond the barest
necessities of tables, chairs and a well
worn sofa there is nothing to be had.

This is not at all as it should be.
Managers should realize that scenery is
as important as the act, and when a five
hundred dollar sketch is asked to play
in some moth-eaten box scene, when the
lines clearly indicate that the scene is
laid in a home of refinement, much of
the value of that act is lost to the man-
ager. A Corot would be a Corot still in
an unpainted pine frame, but the lucky
owner of a Corot would spend a few dol-
lars to have his masterpiece properly

framed. Why should a manager hire a
high priced act and then belittle it by
providing the same thread-bare set as
was used almost immediately before by
some cheap musical comedian or a dia-
lect sketch team? Why should a man-
ager spend money in seeing that his
auditorium is kept clean and attractive
while the moment the curtain rises the
shabbiness of the stage kills the previ-
ous impression and sends the auditor
home with the feeling that he has been
witnessing a tenth-rate performance be-
cause the scenery and stage management
is of that sort?

There was a time when it was the
Keith boast that they could put on a bill
of eighteen numbers and not repeat a
single setting. They used to keep in
stock three and four handsome sets for
the better class of acts and no cloth was
allowed to get dirty, because there was a
scene painter to keep them fresh. There
was a time when the scenic equipment
of Hyde and Behman's was constantly
being changed and at the other houses
new cloths did not excite comment. Now
a new scene in almost any house is con-
sidered worthy of a special notice, and
there are few houses where the audi-
ences have not grown sick unto death
of the same old drops and flats week
after week.

There are hundreds of persons who go
to the same theatre week after week to
whom the cloths are far more familiar
than they are to the stage manager, who
generally gives one glimpse to a set and
lets it go at that. They would appreciate
the frequent change of scenery. It would
enable them to enjoy an act better. If
the manager would spend a hundred dol-
lars a week in keeping a paint frame go-
ing he could cut it out of the program,
appropriation and still have a better
looking show, since the increased smart-
ness of the stage would impart to the
familiar act an aspect of newness it does
not now possess.

Some few performers have sought to
solve the problem by carrying their own
cloths, but these are for the greater part
shabby dye drops as dingy as the house
scenery, and these do not get the price
of the excess charges out of the money
they ask, since the manager argues that
it is useless to pay for scenery. There
is not a house in town where one may
go with the knowledge that he will not
be called upon to observe the same old
olio curtain with its chewing gum ad-
vertisements, the same drops with the
patent cracker spread all over the most
conspicuous store front, and the same
old wood drop for the acrobatic acts that
do not get the palace set. In Europe
houses carry a special drop for circus
acts. Here the only drop of that sort is
to be found—at the Orpheum in Brook-
lyn. Audiences are not going to stay
away from a house because they do not
change their scenery, but people do get
tired of vaudeville because they believe
that an act is going stale when it is
merely that the act is so poorly set that
the true value does not become apparent.

In the matter of settings the condi-
tions are even worse. There is the same
set of gold chairs week after week, and
the same old sofa and the familiar table
with its near-tapestry cover, Lillian

Burkhart, when she played in the vicin-
ity of New York, brought stuff from her
home in Bensonhurst, but few perform-
ers can do this, and the management
make no effort to help the artist out. It
is a penny wise, pound foolish policy, for
if an act is worth two hundred dollars
a week or more, that same act is worth
ten dollars worth of trouble in providing
a new set of furniture. Nowadays if
there is ten dollars' worth of trouble
taken, it is because the artist has been
able to get in with the property man and
promise to pay the ten himself. Bright
scenery and clean stages are as impor-
tant as big acts and a pretty house.

A peculiarly characteristic story is
told of Nick Norton and the Hoch-Elton
sketch at Hyde and Behman's this week.
In the course of the act Mr. Hoch
breaks a plaster cast. Monday afternoon
he broke it on the carpet and it took al-
most a minute to clean up the pieces. At
the night performance the desk on which
the cast stood was so placed that the
broken bits fell in front of the drop in
one. By the time a stage hand had fin-
ished picking up the plaster the stage
was ready for the next act and a stage
wait was saved. There never is a stage
wait at Hyde and Behman's when Norton
runs the show. The program starts ex-
actly at eight and there is no let up until
the final curtain falls. Once Norton sent
a boy out to rosin the stage for a cycle
rider that a wait might be saved; the
rosin box containing merely pebbles. It
was something doing and that was all
that was needed. Norton likes to refer to
the time in Chicago when he ran three
quartets, a double and a single act all
in thirty-five minutes.

Several new illusions are announced
for the spring season, one of them be-
ing the Maskeleyne and Cook production,
while another comes with no important
name attached. Both promise new ideas
and are said to be improvements over
existing methods. This will be a chance
for the enterprising Saona, who lies in
wait for all new tricks and calmly takes
possession without saying "By your
leave," or anything else polite. To patent
an act and then protect it costs more
than the best illusion is worth under the
present patent laws. It is a pity that
some means cannot be found to head off
these brain thieves who not only copy an
act but perform it so clumsily that it no
longer is a mystery even to children.

One point that has not made itself ap-
parent in this discussion over the diffi-
culty of getting a start in vaudeville is
the fact that the agent is prone to ac-
quaint himself with, say a thousand acts,
and book all of his bills from that list.
It is a fact that there are agents in
responsible positions who could not book
eight hundred acts in a single week (pro-
vided they had a call for that number)
without having to look to others for in-
formation as to some of the acts unfa-
miliar to themselves. In the face of this
it is not to be wondered that agents can-
not see new faces. They have trouble
enough in remembering the old. One
agent last summer was approached re-
garding the George Ade sketch and as-
tonished the proposer by inquiring who
George Ade was.

Next week there will be added as a

OUR PICTURES.

The upper circles on the first page of
Variety this week show photographs of
Frederick Freeman Proctor, head of the
extensive circuit bearing his name, and
Louise Dresser, at the Twenty-third
street Theatre this week.

feature of Variety a cartoon by Hal
Merritt dealing with some phase of the
vaudeville situation. It is not intended
to offer individual caricatures, but ad-
here more to the line of the daily paper.
Mr. Merritt is a clever draughtsman and
will doubtless create comment in his new
departure. He has given up playing
dates and outside of concert work will
devote his time to newspaper illustra-
tions, a field in which he has already
gained such success as may come to one
whose work takes him constantly from
his avocation.

Charles Serra was booked to appear at
the Colonial this week, but owing to
sudden illness the date was pushed
ahead one week. The Griff brothers re-
placed him.

May Edume from the Fields' show is
going into vaudeville, but the agent was
so excited over the event that his
thoughts would not collect into an in-
telligent answer as to who May is or
what she is going to do.

Nellie Seymour and Josie Allen are
going to appear January 15 at Hurlig
& Seamon's. Miss Seymour says it's a
new act because it has never played that
house before. Everybody invited.

If Grace Von Studdiford should leave
comic opera for vaudeville, it will not be
the first time that the prima donna has
"done a turn." Some four or five years
ago Miss Grace rode over the Orpheum
Circuit, stopping off here and there to
have vocal practice.

Cinquevalli, the juggler, will play nine
weeks only on this trip, returning im-
mediately upon the expiration to con-
tinue on the Moss & Stoll tour in Eng-
land.

Joe Welch left town this week to re-
join "The Peddler," of which he is
the star. About January 15 Mr. Welch
will again resume vaudeville dates. His
starring tour has largely increased his
value as a Hebrew dialect monologist
in the continuous, and his services are
in demand at a large figure.

Eddie Leonard's engagement in Brook-
lyn this week marks the black-faced
comedian's fourth appearance over there
this season.

Julian Eltinge, who appears at Keith's
next week, is at present negotiating for
a tour of the European music halls after
the conclusion of his vaudeville time in
this country.

Emmalyn Lackaye, a cousin of Wilton
Lackaye, who has had a one-act farce by
Edith Ellis Baker, called "The Green-
Eyed Monster," will shortly be seen in a
single turn.

The head usher at one of the local theatres lost a "phony" diamond in the house—and found it. While congratulating himself, a gentleman walked up stating he had lost a \$300 stone—which he hasn't found up to date.

Last Friday night at the Alhambra two young men walked up to Dave Robinson, the manager, and said: "We're friends of Matthews and Ashley. Can't we stand up for half-price?" "It's all right," replied the courteous Dave. "Walk right in." A couple of seconds afterwards an usher comes out with a rush saying, "Mr. Robinson, did you tell those fellows to take box seats? They are sitting in one." "See that they don't get the chairs warm," replied Mr. Robinson, adding "What's the use?"

Charles Wayne, who struggled along with "The Incubator Girls," has disposed of rights in the piece to Hurtig & Seamon, who are using it in one of their burlesques. Wayne says it was impossible for him to procure suitable girls necessary to keep the act up to the catchy point. Wayne and Gertrude De Rouché will soon open as a singing and dancing team. Miss De Rouché played with the former act throughout.

Mary Manson, now with "Veronique," will soon enter vaudeville, and expects to remain in it through her dancing ability. The reverse is the exception with Miss Manson. While she heartily detests the stage, the young lady's parents have impressed her with the opinion that it is her destiny.

Edward Mayburn, who is not famous as yet, is about to produce a playlet called "The Love of a Gunner's Mate." Mr. Mayburn does not wish to risk the success of his sketch, so awaits the return of Beatrice Foster from Australia to complete the details.

The Interstate Amusement Company have their headquarters in St. Louis and have houses in Hot Springs, Ark., Dallas, Houston, Waco, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Texas. They bill eight acts and the motion pictures. Prices run from 15 to 75 cents. They have already firmly established themselves with the people in their various towns.

Virginia Earle opened her vaudeville tour with her "Johnny Boys" at the Orpheum, Reading, Pa., Christmas Day. The report that reached the interested offices was that the act had made a distinct go. Broadway will have an opportunity to do its own thinking on this point later.

MAURICE KRAUS' ANNUAL.

The annual ball of the Maurice Kraus' Dewey Theatre Social Circle takes place at Tammany Hall to-morrow evening (New Year's Eve). It is announced as being the real thing.

PLAYED AT THE GRAND DUKE'S.

Mart Williams, of Williams and Padre, is managing the Star Theatre at Chisholm, Mich. Mr. Williams, like many others, made his debut at the famous old boys' theatre, the Grand Duke, in Baxter street, near the Five Points. This was in 1879 and in the same bills with him were Tommy O'Brien, of

O'Brien and Havel, "Master Dunn," Howard and Thompson, Conroy and Daly, and many others well known now. Mr. Williams' old partner, Harry Netter, has been dead some two years. Doubtless some of Mr. Williams' old associates will be glad to relocate him.

STAGE STRUCK VETERAN.

Molly Davis, sixty-five years of age, cherishes the idea that the amateur nights at the Circle Theatre are for the express purpose of gaining her an opening on the stage. She went on two weeks ago and the audience did not throw the seats at her largely because they were screwed to the floor. Last week Mollie was in the audience, but did not go on. Seven policemen and a roundsman were in the audience to see that nothing was started and the proceedings were entirely decorous. Miss Davis' specialty is an imitation of Sara Bernhardt. She is the only one who regards it seriously.

ANNA MARBLE A FEATURE.

In the story contest in the theatres programs, Anna Marble, the press representative for Hammerstein's, has won out this week with a story entitled "Cupid and the 'Copy' Boy."

The story appears in all programs published by the Strauss Company, and tells a great deal in the short column allowed it.

MILLY THORN EXTENDS THANKS.

Miss Milly Thorp, who was very active in the preliminaries which meant so much for the success of the Children's Festival at Pastor's on Christmas, desires to extend her most sincere thanks to the policemen and firemen of New York city for their assistance.

WHO IS BOOKING ROSS AND FENTON?

Charles Ross and Mabel Fenton are to again appear together in their travesties, and are announced for next Sunday night at The New York Theatre in "Oliver Twist." M. S. Bentham attends to the bookings for this house. B. A. Myers, of Myers & Keller, the booking agents, has stated that he would attend to the vaudeville wants of Ross and Fenton. The Casino Theatre Sunday night concerts are taken care of by this firm. Mr. Ross has said in alluding to his vaudeville tour, "See my manager, Barney Myers." It is not a momentous question, but still, it is diverting under the circumstances.

KARNO'S TROUBLES.

The hearing in the action instituted by one Reed Pinaud to prevent Fred Karno presenting his one-act comedies on this side in vaudeville will come up on Jan. 4. Alf. Reeves, the manager for Karno, has engaged ex-Judge Dittenhofer as counsel, and will set up the defense that Pinaud violated the original agreement by neglecting to pay royalties. In an English suit Pinaud was declared to have forfeited his rights.

Ward and Curran have in preparation a sequel to their present act, "The Terrible Judge," entitled "The Terrible Judge Out of Court." It will be done next season and will run about twenty minutes.

REWARDS OF SONG WRITERS.

Song writing, if successful, is remunerative, much more so than any one unfamiliar with this art is aware. A big popular "hit" sells from 600,000 to 1,000,000 copies, on each copy of which the lyric writer and composer receives a royalty from one and one-half to five cents.

Among the music publishers, who consider songs so much merchandise, there are several who are known as successful composers and derive incomes apart from their mercantile pursuit.

Gus Edwards, Charles K. Harris, the two Von Tilzers, Kerry Mills and Vincent Bryan are among the publishers who have made a name for themselves in the musical world as composers. Not one of these gentlemen will admit of having less than \$20,000 yearly credited to his personal account in his own books as royalty on compositions.

Mr. Edwards is worth about \$25,000 each twelve months to himself in that way; Mr. Mills, who is the head of the house of F. A. Mills, equals that amount. The Von Tilzers and Vincent Bryan may run a trifle less. Charles K. Harris, whose specialty is ballads, is in receipt of an amount approximately as large as the largest. Theodore Morse sings his own songs in vaudeville, and has an income of \$20,000, besides an interest in the firm of F. B. Haviland & Co.

The individual writers without business connections are more numerous than successful. Will D. Cobb, the best known lyric writer in this country, annually collects about \$20,000 from music publishers, and his compositions have a cash value upon delivery. Ed. J. Madden is another writer of words whose work is in great demand, and has \$15,000 flowing into his coffers regularly. George M. Cohan, who writes the words and music of all his songs, receives five cents from F. A. Mills on each copy sold. Mr. Mills has paid George during the year just ended about \$30,000.

Cole and Johnson, the colored musical gentlemen, have discovered song writing to be an easy manner of picking up \$25,000 yearly, and James O'Dea and Nell Moret, of "Hiawatha" fame, will have no need to worry over royalties for a long time to come.

Jerome and Schwartz, Ren Shields, Paul Dresser and Williams and Van Alstyne, not forgetting George Evans, could afford a luxuriant existence on their income from "hits" alone. A host of others, averaging from \$5,000 upward could be mentioned.

To write a catchy song is worth trying for. Once an opening, and you are in demand. More manuscript has been placed in the waste basket as the result of some tyro attempting fame in one round with a song than in any other line of endeavor.

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The question that seems to be agitating the agents' souls just now is: "What is Domino Rouge getting at Proctor's?"

The act is owned in part by Mark Leuscher, who is manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and the agents are trying to puzzle out whether the masked dancer was rented out for less than the regular sum or put in at a higher price because of the connection. Why worry?

"Skigle" Goes to Hurtig and Seamon's, But Doesn't Know Whether the Show or His Vaccination Made Him Laugh. Says Sabel Johnson "Looks Like a Chunk of Strawberry Ice-Cream."



("Skigle" is a boy, seven years old. Having been a constant attendant at vaudeville theatres since the age of three, he has a decided opinion. "Skigle's" views are not printed to be taken seriously, but rather to enable the artist to determine the impression he or his work leaves on the infantile mind. What "Skigle" says is taken down verbatim, without the change of a word or syllable.)

What's the use of making me add up that show? (Hurtig & Seamon's, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 24.) I think it's rotten and the only thing I liked was that sketch where those two fellows sang about "Violets" (Otto Brothers), and one of them comes up and shoots off a pistol at the other and makes the other stop singing, and they weren't really Dutch, were they?

I liked that act with the coal-man (Mr. and Mrs. Mark Murphy) and I laughed, but I don't know whether it was the show or my vaccination that tickled me. That coal-man comes in with some coal and he says \$1.50 and the woman says a dollar and then he says \$1.60 and the woman says one dollar again and then he starts to take the coal away.

I didn't like that Buffalo Bill man and girl (Libbey and Trayer). I don't like those kinds of acts that shoot off pistols all the time, and I liked those colored men that looked like Williams and Walker (Avery and Hart). The little man brushes the big man's clothes with his gloves and then the big man gets sore and pulls the little man's hair.

That girl in the pink dress (Sabel Johnson) was a peach. She looked just like a chunk of strawberry ice-cream, and she sang songs and she sang one with the search-light (spot light) on her, and I could see the paint on her face.

That other sketch with the Frenchman (Edgar Allen, Emile La Croix and Co., "The Victor") made me tired and I didn't like it because that Frenchman was around all the time hollering and jumping and wanting to fight and the other fellow wouldn't, and that Frenchman thought he was the whole thing.

The moving pictures (The Miller's Daughter) were good. A girl and a boy runs away to get married, because I saw the minister, and then the father chases the girl away from home, and then she jumps in the river and the fellow jumps in after, and then they have a baby.

I wish I could hang that fat girl (Sabel Johnson) on my Christmas tree.

NEW ACTS OF THE WEEK

PAUL CINQUEVALLI,
JUGGLER.
PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD STREET.

After an absence of about four years, Paul Cinquevalli appeared for the first time Christmas afternoon at the above theatre. Since he left these shores, a new era has developed in vaudeville, and it does not become necessary to speak of his "past performances." New faces will greet him, and while it will be remarked by many that this or that feat by Cinquevalli has been seen before, it will be acknowledged at the same time that it has never been executed with the same dexterity, grace and precision that Cinquevalli gives to it. He is the juggler par excellence. The juggling with the billiard balls has been used around the vaudeville houses by many since Cinquevalli introduced it, while Spadoni and Conchas have utilized the cannon balls to a greater extent, but no one approaches Cinquevalli. His confidence is sublime, so much so in fact that in dropping the billiard cue over the head of the orchestra leader, catching it up with two other cues, and in allowing a cannon ball to apparently slip towards the other players, he takes a chance on over-confidence, with a possible accident resulting. The comedy is well brought out by an assistant, with a face which bespeaks humor in itself. The slips made are for the purpose of aiding the comedy only.

One of the best things Cinquevalli does is to hold up with his teeth a chair with his assistant on it, together with a table. Previously this has been done on the chin.

Those who have seen Cinquevalli will see him again; those who have not, don't miss him. *Sime.*

FRANK GARDNER AND LOTTIE VINCENT.
"WINNING A QUEEN."
KEITH'S.

Picked before it was ripe, Frank Gardner's new sketch at Keith's is still susceptible of improvement. There is a lack of smoothness in the lines and a decided need of rehearsal in the handling of the effects. At that, as it stands it is a better offering than his earlier attempt and gives a high percentage of novelty. A tramp invades a fort and goes to sleep in one of the big guns. Contrary to military usage they use it for the sunset gun and fire a projectile instead of a blank charge. The tramp is hurled through space and in the motion pictures is seen ascending to the moon. Arrived on that planet he meets the queen and she comes back to earth with him, having fallen in love with him in the good old fashioned way. They fall through a skylight, landing in the home of a wealthy man, where they have a supper in the course of which they become intoxicated. The pictures become animated and they wind up with a new version of the crazy dance from the old act. A smartening of the dialogue and greater smoothness of working will make this act one of the best in spite of the fact that Miss Vincent does not unbend. *Chicot.*

LES RENOS.
PANTOMIME.
KEITH'S.

"The Modern Burglars" is the title of a new pantomime presented by six Frenchmen calling themselves the Renos. It just escapes being one of the best things since the Hanlons. The trouble lies in the fact that the act is stretched out interminably. Greater smartness of work is what is needed. The tricks are there. Three of the men pose as burglars, the others as Gens d'Armes. The latter have a chase after the thieves that covers a two-story building on their side of the stage. There is a plank running from the second story window that affords them opportunity for good work and the tricks are, as a rule, well devised. The trouble comes in the outworking. Perhaps the act will be better when these performers have been here longer. *Chicot.*

IDA RENE.
"DISEUSE."
COLONIAL.

If, as reported at the time, Martin Beck declined to book Miss Rene while she traveled with her husband, Arthur Prince, over the Orpheum Circuit in the West on the ground that he couldn't "see her" for \$750 weekly, Mr. Beck displayed excellent judgment. Miss Rene was especially imported from the other side to bolster up "The Royal Chef" while playing an engagement at the Lyric Theatre in this city about one year ago. Since that time she has not publicly appeared and her engagement at the Colonial is her first American vaudeville appearance. Unless the weekly remuneration now received is consistent with her drawing powers through the publicity received while at the Shubert house, Miss Rene will not remain permanently, or even for a short while, in vaudeville. Her offering consists of three recitations, "Marriage a la Mode," "The Rake's Progress" and "Art." Each, as an elocutionary effort, is excellent. Barring Miss Rene's expressive powers, any school girl who has made a study of intonations could do as well. Had Ida Rene been Mary Smith on the Colonial stage, the result would have been disastrous. *Sime.*

MILLIE BUTTERFIELD AND CO.
"FRENZIED FANCIES."
TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.

A sketch by Charles Horwitz built along hackneyed lines should have a redeeming feature placed somewhere among the stereotyped dialogue and action, but nothing of the kind appears in this Horwitz playlet. Given as a "tryout" on Christmas afternoon at Pastor's, the reception it received was so well thought of by the management that it has continued during the week.

A widow and child living next door to a lunatic asylum are in dire straits. A letter arrives with the glad information someone will call that afternoon with nothing but money. The widow grasps it, but the daughter is too intent upon "Juliet's" lines to give it particular notice. The mother insists that if she is to shave her age down to twenty-nine, her child must appear as eight instead

of eighteen. Daughter agrees just to prove she is an actress.

The young man appears while the family are arranging for the reception of the "come-on." He says a lunatic tried to kiss him outside. The mother thinks it's a joke, and figures up an easy existence. Daughter plays "baby" and both induce the young man to believe he has walked into the "Annex" of the asylum. After accusing each other of being crazy, the finale arrives as the young man is carted away on a wheelbarrow.

Millie Butterfield, Leila Carton and Ned Carton essayed the different characters respectively. If any credit is deserving for the engagement for the week, it should go to each of the company. Miss Carton is to be commended for keeping the "kid" part within bounds. It will have to be worked over and worked out. Even then will never cause convulsions of laughter. *Sime.*

ZAZELL-VERNON COMPANY.
PANTOMIME, "THE ELOPEMENT."
NEW YORK THEATRE.

Last Sunday night at the New York, while this company was appearing in a new pantomime, the stage hands did all that was possible to hurt it. Fashioned after the well known specialty of the Byrne Brothers, the acrobatic work is neglected, and more attention given to the comedy than the comedy deserves. Nothing novel was offered, and applause was light. For an encore a burlesque boxing match between the men was given, which would have emptied the house had the act been further down on the bill. *Sime.*

BECK WAS THERE.

On his Western trip Martin Beck stopped over at Waco, Texas, to see the Majestic Theatre and there gave rise to the rumor that the Orpheum might bill in towns in Texas next season.

NOTHING LIKE IT.

The rumor that Robert Grau has arranged with Klaw & Erlanger to give Sunday concerts at the New Amsterdam Theatre is absolutely without foundation.

ANOTHER ILLUSION.

A new illusion styled "Lilith" will shortly be presented at a trial performance here. According to a description furnished, a woman is consumed by fire on a bare stage and immediately reappears at the rear of the stage.

ORIGINALITY!

The Avon Comedy Four, a singing quartette, with a sketch setting, has adapted for the purpose of the sketch scheme the entire idea of the act given by Holcome, Curtis and Webb, calling it "The New Teacher" and going so far as to imitate Sam Curtis' drawing voice in calling out "Oh, teacher."

THIESS TAKES COLONIAL GIRLS.

M. M. Thiess has taken over the Colonial Girls, started by James Lederer. But three of the original girls are left.

BLONDELL TO K. & E.

Edward Blondell, who played a part in "The White Cat," is now under engagement to Klaw and Erlanger for a new production and has cancelled all his vaudeville dates.

SOME HIPPODROME BOOKINGS.

The management of the Hippodrome is always seeking foreign acts, and when found, prefer to "spring" them on an anticipating public rather than to allow the press bureau to overwork itself.

Digging down deeply and from rumor and otherwise, the acts following can safely be depended upon to appear as per schedule: Jan. 22, Ralph Johnstone, the bicyclist, who has been away from his native land for a long while. Made a big hit on the other side and expected to show something new here in high jumps on a wheel. Salary, estimated, \$400 weekly.

Jan. 22, the Bonhair Gregory troupe in a risley act, claimed to be the greatest ever. Salary, estimated, \$350 weekly. ("Risley act" is the technical term for pedal acrobatics.)

Jan. 29, Mlle. Leris and a horse. Plays musical instruments while seated on a chair on a horse's back. Very thrilling. Salary, estimated, \$150 weekly.

Feb. 5, Woodward's sea lions. Well known here. Although Mr. Woodward died in Paris since leaving America, name still retained. An amusing act. Salary, estimated, \$350 weekly, including food for the animals.

REIS DOESN'T WANT VAUDEVILLE.

The report that M. Reis, who has a large circuit of theatres scattered over several States, contemplated giving four nights a week to vaudeville in cities where "ten-cent" shows were run, is entirely without foundation. Milton Aborn booked several bills for Reis' houses during the past year, but the results were not sufficiently satisfactory to warrant Reis engaging extensively in the variety end of theatricals.

The only direct opposition the Reis' Circuit encounters from the cheap show is at Scranton and Pottstown, Pa.

NEW ACTS FOR SUNDAY.

At the Sunday concert at the American Theatre to-morrow evening Ted Marks will offer a new act in "Yuma," who does a turn somewhat on the lines of "Zutka," but declared to be a decided improvement. The performer weighs 190 pounds yet manages to stow himself away in a box 14 by 22 inches and 16 inches high. While in the box he changes from the uniform of a German hussar to a Mephistopheles dress.

MARKS AND DAMROSCH.

Commencing to-morrow Ted D. Marks will give a series of orchestral concerts at the Hippodrome. The Damrosch orchestra and noted soloists will provide the entertainment. This will give Marks three houses for Sunday nights.

Mr. Marks declares that commencing about May he will give Sunday concerts at the Shaftesbury Theatre, in London, the first to be given in that town.

HARRY TATE WORRIED.

It is understood that Harry Tate, whose "Motoring" has met with a large degree of success over here, is much worried over the news reaching him that a duplicate of his act is being brought over here for use in one of Charles Frohman's coming productions. Mr. Tate has had advice in the matter, and is prepared for a fight to protect his rights and interests.

Shows of the Week

AFTER THIS—WHAT?

One of the best posted men in vaudeville was speaking of the high salary question the other evening and indulged in speculation as to what would be the outcome of the steady increase in salaries.

Already we have the ten cent house, but it is not believed that the ten cent circuit is the solution of the problem. Rather is it the transitory stage, leading no one knows whither.

There was a time when the variety business of the country was of the sort described by Nick Norton in his interesting reminiscences. There were houses of note through the country playing the leading acts and making it possible for a player to stay six months in a house through a weekly change of bill.

Then came the combinations, and in a short time the first of these followed by others until there were more than enough combinations to serve the houses.

The direct outcome of this was the museum. The combinations shut out clever players who sought some outlet for their talents and the addition of a variety bill to a museum hall became general. Persons who would not patronize the variety theatres found it proper to inspect the natural curiosities of the museum and, since a variety bill was a part of the museum they took that in, too.

At first the museum bill consisted of five or six short acts played over and over again through the day, but from this was developed the idea of the continuous performance which became almost a craze. The museum annex was dropped and a splendid bill was provided at a small cost.

With prosperity came an increase in the salaries of almost all the performers and the manager found that he would have to raise his prices of admission to meet the new condition. This was followed by the reservation of seats and now most of the variety houses with the exception of those belonging to the Keith circuit proper, are of the two-shows-a-day sort.

Higher prices demanded the best shows and forced out a class of players not considered good enough for the big bills. These now find engagements in the ten cent houses just as their fore-runners turned to the museums. As the museum idea developed the continuous performance, so will the ten cent show evolve some new idea. Just what that idea will be no man may say, but that from the despised "family" theatres will spring the next development of vaudeville. Some man will strike it just right and all others will follow in his footsteps. The question is "What will that idea be?"

One of the vaudeville jokers went to the plumber who keeps the opera artists' vocal pipes in repair, to have his singing voice improved. A fellow artist similarly afflicted, asked if the practitioner was to be commended. "They say he's a great golf player," was the dubious answer.

ALHAMBRA.

R. A. Roberts has come to Harlem after two weeks in Brooklyn and finds a warm welcome at the Alhambra, though even the holiday crowd received in silence and disgust his filthy comedy as the hag. Apart from this Mr. Roberts offers a clean cut exhibition of good acting marred a trifle by long speeches. His changes are wonderfully made and it is a pity he should hurt the effect by comedy scarcely to be tolerated at Miner's Bowery Theatre. The Military Octette is one of the best musical acts yet put out by Lasky and Rolfe, who seem to make a specialty of this sort of thing. In the American section of the show, the man who plays the officer does not show familiarity with military usage and spoils the effect somewhat, but the playing on valved trumpets is capital and the act is sufficiently diversified to appeal to all musical tastes. The selection of numbers has been made with care and discrimination. Two young women in natty uniforms add to the effect, but why, oh why, should we have inflicted upon us the female leader? She is a nuisance and replaces a leader of merit. The Onlaw trio show their old tricks to good advantage and Louise Gunning is as clever as ever. Her voice has retained its freshness wonderfully considering that she has been doing vaudeville and opera for the better part of five fadYoecxuDIL shrdlu un un un unnn years. Nothing better than Fanny Rice and her animated dolls could have been found for Christmas week. She is a clever entertainer and gives a capital rendition of one of the Chevalier songs, though it is in no sense an imitation of the man who has just forsworn vaudeville. A change of dolls would be appreciated, for she had been using the same manikins and the same songs for too long, but the act is clever and pleased. George W. Day smartened up his monologue since he went on the circuit at the Colonial, and the new stuff is of a better grade. He clinched his early Christmas dinner Monday by taking his first encore bow in his shirt sleeves, as a sign that he was all through. Day when he is good is very good, and he was in one of his good hours the other afternoon. Watson, Hutchings, Edwards and Company are still doing the Vaudeville Exchange, though they need some new work very badly. They have been playing this too long and walk through the act without giving much heed to their points, with the result that the fine points are lost and there is left only the broad appeal through Mr. Watson's make-up and the finish of the turn, which dates back to the ancient days. It is being used in one of the burlesque shows this season and they did not get it from this act, either. Gourley, Sully and Gourley have some acrobatic work and Larkins and Patterson do some colored comedy that is liked by those who have not yet tired of the negro in vaudeville. Pictures wind up the bill.

Edith La Velle, while doing her bicycle act at Houston, Tex, week before last, fell on the stage and broke her leg.

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S.

James T. Powers has the black type at Hyde and Behman's this week. Mr. Powers should save up his programs, for it will probably be a long time before he gets as black on a vaudeville bill. He is about through with his "once over the circuit" and he will have to make good if he comes in again. From his present offering it would seem a difficult matter for him to make good, since his hit now is scored through the employment of five chorus men. They earn their salaries, since they hold up a high-priced and unentertaining specialty. Mr. Powers stepped on his dog Tuesday evening and lost the small chance that bit offered. Eddie Leonard and the Sharp Brothers do plenty of dancing. The Sharp Brothers do a little more than their share. Mr. Leonard should work more himself, he is the one we want. He has good song selections, notably the opening number. His great fault is letting the act sag a little at the finish. Emil Hoch, Jane Elton and Ella Grover have a sketch which suggests that Mr. Hoch saw Clayton White and Marie Stuart when he wrote the act and the Barrows-Lancaster sketch when he devised his make up. At that it might have been acceptable had Miss Elton played her part of the soubrette with a French instead of a Teutonic touch. They need a finish. A verse of the song sung earlier would serve. At present the stage manager is in doubt as to just when to drop the curtain. Smartening of the lines and a new climax would improve the sketch materially. The Althea Twins open with some acrobatic work and McWatters and Tyson show their newest version of a familiar specialty. They have cut out the dressing room scene, though they retain the character song to the extent of two verses, Mr. McWatters working the blackface change with a stereopticon slide showing the rest of the minstrel troupe. He should scrape the slide to give him a share of the light where he hits. There is the basket trick again and two songs spoiled through an effort to get light effects with two lanterns. A bright stage is far better than these fool light effects, but performers cannot see it this way. Miss Tyson makes a real hit. She fairly sizzles personality and she has the Fay person in the background when it comes to mobility of countenance. She can make more faces in a given time than a small boy who has partaken of green apples. The Zancigs are as puzzling as ever and here they are placed to advantage. They are on the stage some twelve minutes and hold the interest every moment of that time. Their Manhattan appearances have been spoiled by their place at the end of a program. Here they more than earn their salaries. Harry Rochez spoils his dog and pony act with a too free use of the whip. It would be better to pass over a break than to administer correction in view of the audience. The pictures held the better part of the crowd to the end.

Maude Beverly, a well known performer, died the early part of this week.

HAMMERSTEIN'S.

Absolutely no novelty marked the Christmas bill at the Victoria, the management preferring the tried acts with known names. Fred Karno's troupe of pantomimists had one of the leading places with the now familiar "Night in an English Music Hall," which pleased the holiday crowd. There is little or nothing to the act so far as the comedy is concerned. The man who plays the drunken fellow in a box is a pantomimist of merit and did some good work. The others go in for the rankest kind of horse-play, and bun and apple throwing form the chief appeal. It is all too English in its ideas of humor to please an American audience, and were it not for our tipsy friend the sketch would never have gotten past. Binns and Binns were announced "first time here." The billing in all likelihood refers to this season. It is a pity that the younger member of this team cannot be led to appreciate the fact that he can be funny and clean at the same time. Filthy garments are not in themselves at all humorous, and a neater style of dressing would not interfere with the comedy, while it would improve the value of their act. They should cut out some of the oldest tricks. Jewell's manikins have a complete program, making two "stage on a stage" acts on the same bill. Slowness in the changes is a fault to be rectified, and the act runs a trifle too long. Some of the ideas are new and clever. The clown dance was really laughable because of the grotesqueness of the postures. Canfield and Carleton were hoodooed Christmas night. Half of the tricks went wrong and the act moved slowly. Mr. Canfield should work out the photograph gallery act he tried out at Pastor's some years ago. He needs a change of act and in this he has the germ of a better idea than the present offering. Wilfred Clarke and Company were ice-making machines for the two minutes following the rise of their curtain, then they caught the house and thereafter they went with a rush, winding up in two real curtain calls. The act seems certain to score anywhere because Clarke has solved the vaudeville essential of action both for himself and his players. Lee Harrison has some new stories for a change and one of these, the seaside love-makers' union, runs entirely too long for the humor that is in it. The real joke lies only in the conclusion and he should cut the price list out. Similar things have been told in vaudeville before. The Golden Gate Quintette do some good dancing, though not as much as they used to do. They need all the dancing they can crowd into the act and they need to get rid of the young woman who can neither dance nor sing, though she essays both. She is very tiresome. Foster and his dog pleased and Alcide Capitaine made more of a hit than she did in Brooklyn.

Madge Fox has a new act with five girls and a comedian, for which she says she has been offered \$500 weekly by Martin Beck, of the Orpheum Circuit.

By Chicot

PROCTOR'S FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET.

Cliffe Berzac holds over for a second week at the Fifty-eighth Street house, and is probably responsible for a part of the good attendance. Berzac would be only ordinary in a country circus because they are used to trick mules. Here in New York a trick mule is as scarce as a good show in a small town, and the unridable mule is a scream. The act is cleverly faked in the matter of volunteer riders and though one realizes that the riders are rehearsed beforehand, the effect of spontaneity is gained and there are a couple of tumbler with the lot who are good enough to have their names on the bill along with Berzac. The girl with the red mask is still in town and this week she is in the Yorkville section. The other evening two of the stage hands took part in her performance by getting too close to the tormentor and being reflected in the opposite mirror. They did not add to the effect. The dance interested this audience because it is a new act to them and the dancer's toe work is really remarkable. The Shelties (only seven the other evening) have a place earlier on the bill and the young woman who imagines that she can act like Elsie Fay tries to prove her claim with the same old lack of success. She has toned down a little, but not enough. Carroll Johnson is taking life easy now and wears a purple suit all through his act, instead of having a fresh coat every time he comes upon the stage. He is making a hit with some of the old time work, notably the tambourine playing, but he clings to that recitation about the prize fighters as though his chances of salvation depended upon his always reciting this cheerful rot. If he insists upon reciting he should get another ten-cent book and find a new offering. Ward and Curran keep changing the Terrible Judge around so that it has a suggestion of freshness, but Ward will soon have to find a new device for laugh getting in place of telling the audience not to laugh. This has been overworked and no longer possesses the same effect. The Rossow Midgets have some new tricks that are really smart and work them with the finish of performers of greater stature. Charlie Rossow has cut out his soubrette impersonation and in his single act does only his Sousa. That is well done, but the act is short. George W. Monroe has the same old talk and has to work harder than he used to get out the laughs. He would be better with newer material. Cavana has contortion work on the slack wire. It really is contortion work and he does some good things. One drawback is found in the fact that he is so padded for certain of the tricks that his costume does not set well upon him. The motion pictures are those taken for the recent policemen's entertainment. They might have been amplified with benefit, but what there was of them was of real interest.

Nella Bergen will be the head-liner at the Temple, Detroit, the forthcoming week. This will be Miss Bergen's first appearance in vaudeville outside of New York City.

KEITH'S.

Two new acts at Keith's this week will be found reviewed under "New Acts." They form quite a feature, but there are others to help out and a couple who should be helped out—of the stage door. Belle Stone does a spiral ascension inside of a globe, and amazed the audience by her ability of getting all "balled up." She works quickly and to good effect, but she takes an encore that somewhat detracts from the act because it is not well handled. Elmer Tenley scored quite a hit with his monologue, largely because he does not sing. He has a mixture of old material and new that is blended in such a fashion that the laughter at the new joke laps over on the chestnut immediately following. Some of his stuff is really good, and some is prehistoric. He deserves credit for not using a tack hammer to drive home his jokes. Ferry Corwey offers some odd musical instruments and some comedy of a French sort. Several of his ideas are new and all of them are carried through in good fashion. Hy Greenway does some juggling that is scarcely of merit and wastes speech in ridding himself of what he must imagine to be jokes. Even were he gagged he would not be a clever juggler and as the act stands he does not deserve a place on a bill of importance. His talk is amateurish in the extreme and hurts his act. The audience laughed at but few of his remarks and appeared to be ashamed of these lapses. Another act scarcely up to standard is a performer who modestly styles himself Solomon II. This is not because he competes with the ruler of Israel in the plurality of his wives, but because he is supposed to be possessed of great wisdom, which is exemplified in mental calculations of the sort which used to be done in the days of museum prosperity as a side line to candy butchering. He does one mental multiplication of two numbers by two numbers and adds up a sum in addition. The rest of the time he wastes in telling how good he is, except for a few moments devoted to telling the audience what day of the week a certain date fell upon; a trick possible to almost anyone who is possessed of the formula. Le Roy and Woodford do very nicely after Le Roy gets the boarding house jokes out of his system. He should forget that part and hold to the double act throughout. Sabel Johnson does very well on the lower half of the bill, and the Picchiani Sisters have some good acrobatic work. At the finish they discard their skirts for ruffled bloomers. They would do better did they work in this costume throughout. Smith and Baker have old songs and old talk, but they apologize with their dancing, and the La Jesses have a ring act that does very well for the opening. Ed Grey should change his stuff. He is too clever an entertainer to hold to four-year-old monologues. There are also the pictures and big business to record.

Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street house now has an intermission during the performance. Instituted about three weeks ago, and a decided hit.

LONDON.

Harry Martel's "Brigadiers" are at the London this week with a burlesque version of "A Wise Guy," with Edmund Hayes in his original creation. For this reason they dispense with an olio and other burlesque trimmings, and play it as a two-act piece with a specialty between the two halves. The poor old sketch has come to a point where it will stand any sort of treatment uncomplainingly, and it works as well in two acts as it used to do in three, when they called it "David Garrick" or something like that. Hayes is nine-tenths of the show, because he is a better actor than is usually to be found in these combinations, and the boys take to him with marked favor. Possibly in appreciation, he hands out a line of comedy rather too strongly flavored to suit delicate palates, but there are few actual vulgarisms and there is much to praise in this distinctly marked creation. Adele Palmer aids and abets him in the familiar supper scene, which forms the actual sketch, and for the rest of the time she keeps discreetly out of the way and leaves the soubrette honors to Blanche Buford—who does not deserve them. Miss Buford is not willing to work more than is necessary and her idea of the amount of work necessary barely carries her about the stage. The rest of the show is largely big acts and specialties. The chorus acts are well put on and well dressed. In these matters the management deserves praise and have supplied a chorus both fairly good looking and fairly good singers. It was not like this when in an olden day height, weight and looks constituted the qualifications. These are rather good looking and most of them are shapely. The best specialty was that offered by the Prentice family of acrobats, consisting of one woman and three men, one of whom dresses as a girl. The latter is the best ground tumbler seen in New York this season and the average of work is good. The trouble is that the two men dress in such filthy clothes and indulge in so much rough horseplay that they would not fit on a regular bill. The Kuhn Brothers have a singing specialty in which they accompany themselves upon huge instruments of the guitar family. The trouble is that they either cannot or will not sing. Frank E. McNish, assisted by Joe Whitehead, offer an old time conversation with some good dancing following, including the "essence." There is too little of the latter. Some old time act could revive it with profit, for it has become lost amid an avalanche of fake dancing and rag-time steps which cannot compare with it for grace. Lester and Moure have an act in which Blanca Moure does a lot of dancing and Lester loafs through a lot of stuff he borrowed from Cook and Sonora and others. It will not even be a good copy until he learns to act like a man interested in his job. Miss Moure drew the applause for both.

John Ringling missed the boat Wednesday, and did not accompany Fred Thompson. Mr. Ringling will leave today or next week.

"CORKS" ON MANAGERIAL MONOLOGISTS.

"I'll take as many as the waiter brings," announced the Human Corkscrew, as he settled himself in the seat commanding the best view of the entrance through which the waiter made his appearance. "I was to a private performance."

"I sneaked past Murray, up at Morris's office, and got in the room where you really get the dates, and Bill Morris was talking to some one up in the Variety office about a picture they wanted to print. He told 'em he didn't have anything except tintypes and Willie Hammerstein butted in and said it was because he'd never been cured of anything by a patent medicine. Wouldn't that make you thirsty for the suds?"

"Willie could go on and do an act himself if he ever gets stuck for a turn in one and won't take my contortion specialty as the snake in the Garden of Eden with a real Eve in a living picture suit. He makes as many funny cracks as James Richmond Glenroy, but he's like Glenroy in that he won't tell 'em on the stage. Glenroy keeps the epigrams for the audience and the impromptus for his friends."

"Percy Williams is another who could do the Jack Norworth stunt and get away with it. The best joke he's had lately is letting Roberts use a handkerchief on the stage, but he's a lot of good wheezes that come out just like he didn't think them over."

"You get him and Hammerstein out to lunch and you laugh so much that you don't eat, and whoever pays the check has a cinch."

"Martin Beck tells one good one a day—and a lot of others. Beck was down in New Orleans a couple of years ago and goes out to see the ponies scamper around the track like they was really trying to run. After three days of not seeing the race because the horse he bet on is so far behind he can't watch both ends, a paper comes out and says that Beck got in town the night before. Beck looks over the paper and says: 'Huh, if I got in last night they ought to give me back the money I lost before I got here.'"

"The Association was about the only joke the Keith managers ever got off, but it was a good long laugh and it's a chuckle still. The best laugh Tony Pastor raises is when he tells what he used to pay the headliners twenty years ago. If he will tell you what he paid Lillian Russell when she made her start and you remember that she got the three thousand bunch at her last funeral it makes Tony out a humorist, but the best laugh of all," ended "Corks," "is this," and he raised the frothy seidl.

Bobby Matthews, of Matthews and Ashley, says that while at Hammerstein's a woman who was laughing at his act dislocated her jaw and he had to pay the doctor's bill. There is a suspicion that Matthews is what Washington was not.

And Hill made a very successful debut in England at Glossop.

Shows of the Week - - -

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

The peaceful calm hovering around the Head of the House betokened a desperate resolve. The information came kerchunk that we were going to see "Man and Superman" at the Hudson Theatre. It occasioned no surprise. I immediately knew we were going to see it, and we did.

"There," said the Head of the House as we were leaving, "isn't that a relief after all this vaudeville?"

"Your brains are all in one spot," says she, "and if your head is ever opened, even that spot won't be found."

"Off again," says I. "Suppose I must understand everything I see?"

"You're a dead one anyway," says she, "when you are not around a continuous something."

"You are keeping me too busy trying to avoid a separation," says I.

"Sixty dollars a week," says she, "and never mind the legal part."

"I wish I had it," says I. "It would be cheap at a hundred."

"I suppose you think that show at the New York Sunday night was great?" she says.

"Well," says I, "it was a cheap show for the house."

"Why?" says she. "Because the speculators have such a graft on the tickets?"

"Speculators?" I says, "there were only twelve."

"How many does what is supposed to be a reputable theatre generally support?" says she.

"I don't know," says I. "It all depends."

"How many does it take," says she, "to sell all the tickets in the box office?"

"Two could do it, excepting the three last rows," says I.

"I've heard that 'three last rows' so often there," says she, "that I can imitate the box-office man's voice."

"He's only there to accommodate the speculators," says I.

"You can bet the house stands in," says she.

"You win," says I. "If you knew the New York, you would have known that."

"Why do they do it?" says she.

"Because it's so soft," says I.

"Gee," says she, "New Yorkers are marks."

"If they weren't," I says, "the New York Theatre would have to be run on the level."

"Why do they have that 'Warning Against Speculators' over the front entrance," says she.

"Oh, that's to hide a dirty spot that needs painting," says I.

"Who runs the Sunday nights?" she says. "Werba?"

"Don't ask such fool questions," says I.

"Do we go to a show every Sunday night?" says she.

"What else is there to do?" says I.

"There's another place you could go to," says she.

"Where?" says I.

"Guess it out," says she, "and then go."

THE COLONIAL.

It may have been the intention of Arthur Prince in assuming that stage name to have it read "Arthur, 'Prince of Ventriloquists,'" but it has been modified to read "The World's Greatest Ventriloquist," which may or may not be true, as you view his performance. Mr. Prince enters upon the stage garbed as a British naval officer, using one dummy, a boy dressed as a sailor. The dialogue throughout is in reference to the boy's duties while on the ship, and is exceedingly bright and mirthful.

Prince is never removed from his dummy more than nine inches, and the impression created on the audience is that it is wonderful ventriloquism, especially as it is impossible to perceive a muscle or twitching of his face while speaking, except through a glass, when the under side of the chin may be observed to move ever so slightly, and the cigar held in his mouth almost constantly to tremor.

Mr. Prince has not the knack of "throwing the voice," but rather the trick of changing it to perfection. Rapidly and repeatedly, the dummy speaks in an altogether different tone from that used by the manipulator, which together with the deft handling of the head gives to the illusion a natural semblance. An attendant places the head upon the dummy before Prince appears, and Prince himself, to avoid all suspicion of collusion, removes it again before his exit. Applause in plenty was given.

The five Mowatts in club swinging gave a performance which shows a great deal of improvement, new "stunts" having been added. The auburn-haired and blond boys have no mercy on themselves or the others in throwing the clubs, and several spectacular formations attract the merited approval of the house.

Nick Long and Idalene Cotton in "Managerial Troubles" offer an act full of comedy, and well liked. It allows Miss Cotton to give an impersonation of Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleschna," which to anyone who may not have seen America's greatest actress in this play will appeal as a life-like study. The voice and mannerisms are absolutely true.

The two Pucks, a young boy and girl, are so self-conscious that the value of their offering is hurt thereby. If the boy is blase, his age does not indicate as much, and they both should attempt to keep within the assumption their appearance creates.

Strong teeth and knotty muscles mark the Griff Brothers on the rings. Medals or badges occupy some space on their breasts. From the front the badges resemble those given out to the "entertainment committee" at a ball.

The three Dumonds are billed as the "first reappearance in New York." It would have been a very simple matter to have added "since the last time." The Dumonds are so well known that those by whom they are liked applaud before they appear, while the others leave the theatre in haste. The Camille trio on the horizontal bars and some pictures finished off what is probably one of the best bills the Colonial will present this season.

PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD ST.

Christmas presents occupied the attention of everyone at this house on Monday. Cinquevalli (reviewed under New Acts) was given an ovation by the audience at the conclusion of his performance and some one sent the juggler an immense floral wreath. Louise Dresser was very attentive to a couple of handsome diamond rings adorning her fingers—for the first time apparently, from the fond manner in which they were caressed—while she sang three songs. Miss Dresser does not seek to impress the audience with the quality of her singing voice. The song first seems to be the principle worked upon, which is a proper one, and in her case meets with much success.

Although she mentions "my brother, Paul Dresser," in announcing a new song, that may be forgiven, but the song itself should be discarded for something more in keeping with Miss Dresser's style. Progression in the family is a happy trait, for Jack Norworth is out in a different monologue—different from what he has used before, and different in method from the others. He calls it "The College Boy" and is dressed as a "soph." At Princeton or in any college town the boys would go wild over him. In a house removed from a college campus his slangy expressions come too thick and fast for ready comprehension. The monologue is good; Norworth doesn't hold up the house on the points of his stories for a "hand," and in the song always sung by him as long as memory carries back, he manages to give it a topical twist by having a verse on the principal feature of local news as reported in the newspapers. At Proctor's it is August Belmont acquiring the surface roads.

Barrows and Lancaster played "Tactics," a real, substantial sketch, with two substantial actors in it—James O. Barrows and Harry S. Robinson. Miss Leslie Bingham played the part allotted to her in a creditable manner, but as most of her scenes were with John Lancaster her acting may have seemed good by contrast.

Radie Furman as a remembrance of Fanny Fields is well known. A new costume improves her looks greatly, but a mechanical delivery still holds her back. Fanny Fields had to leave the country to be recognized as a laugh-maker of value in this line.

The Grand Opera Trio sang the prison scene from "Faust." Blanch La Vigne shows considerable improvement, since first assuming the character of Marguerite. Shean and Warren were the laughing hit of the bill with "Quo Vadis Upside Down." Other than Sam Bernard, Shean is the funniest "Dutch" comedian who ever appeared in vaudeville.

Hill and Sylviani on the unicycle, Toledo and Price in twists and turns, and Colby and May, who were on the bill so early that one would have to miss a breakfast to see them, filled out a show that will please all downtown.

Frank Lynne, an English comic singer, opens on the Proctor Circuit February 5.

PASTOR'S.

It is well enough in its way to go to Pastor's, and the regular habitue of the vaudevilles would be greatly enriched in technical knowledge were he to go there often. It is an educator as to what is "good" and "bad" among vaudeville acts.

This week Daly and Devere are the question mark. You can not help but wonder why George W. Munroe with his grotesque horse play, which amuses the idiotically inclined, should be a headliner at a comparative large salary, while John Daly, who is immensely superior in brogue, comedy and voice, should remain exactly in the same variety position he occupied long years ago. Both are guided along their theatrical existence by the same line of endeavor, and if all that is necessary to success in it is a disagreeable guffaw, Daly should cultivate one without delay.

Sam and Ida Kelly in "Si and Mandy" are another pair of sketch artists to cause reflection. Kelly is a "rube" and a mighty good one. Much better than a few who have been seen in the legitimate. He has the right conception of the "hayseed," and does not depend upon weekly funny papers for material. Miss Kelly as a "Sis Hopkins" girl does fairly well enough, and there are any number of enjoyable laughs throughout their time upon the stage.

George Overin and Kate Fisher in a sketch including a little of almost everything attracts the most attention from Overin's makeup as a scarecrow. He is so well made up that you can not detect the features. The encore is the badly done portion of their entertainment. Artists, and especially the younger ones, should give the applause answer more attention. If you create a sufficiently good impression to receive a recall, don't spoil that impression.

The Albertys, "comic acrobats," are not comic at all. Neither is any comedy attempted, so the responsibility for the billing is not theirs. Hand balancing is the main interest of the turn, with one backward spring from the floor to a chair, which, whether ever done before or not, which Miss Alberty questions, does not matter. It is a fine trick, finely executed.

Gavin and Platt have a sketch called "Hands Up," and the name is the worst part of it. Why not call it "The Intruder." It is by Edward Locke, and there's a dog (called "Peaches") in it which is featured. They lower the tone of the offering thereby. Gavin should refine the burglar somewhat. It would be much better to make a gentleman in the rough of the character. The woman carries her end very well, and their voices blend. More attention should be given to the singing. If the dog should be left at home altogether the loss would not be noticeable, save for the improvement.

Frank Bush Vernon, the ventriloquist, Mr. and Mrs. Allison and Hoey and Lee were also on the bill.

M. S. Bentham is arranging to place the six "Tiller Girls" from the defunct "White Cat" in vaudeville.

By Sime

KEENEY'S.

The orchestra plays four overtures before the first act makes its appearance at Keeney's, but an intermission is entirely forgotten. The male portion of the audience would be perfectly willing to waive a few of the orchestral selections for a chance to go out "to see a man" later.

Della Fox is on the bill boards as the drawing card for this week. Whether the society element of the "Bedford Section" waited for "amateur night," or for some unknown reason, they did not attack the theatre in force on Wednesday evening to hear Miss Fox sing three songs and decline to repeat even the chorus of her favorite number.

Miss Fox is deserving of a great deal of praise since her entrance into vaudeville. Casting aside the matter of her name, she has striven to please, and has succeeded. While dressed as a boy she smokes a cigarette gracefully. Also while doing so, she inhales the smoke. The "inhale" on a stage is obnoxious to many, and should be stopped.

Harry Thomson, "The Mayor of the Bowery," had some good local talk which made a hit. After giving it, he surprisingly retired, and persistently refused to do anything more—for three seconds. The audience demanded; Harry obliged. You couldn't stop him after that. His stories and imitations stretched out to such a length that before finishing, he was repeating.

"The Columbians," a family of five on their looks, dance and sing with some piano playing. Claire does the automatic doll, playing "A Hot Time" on the piano, announcing that it is Will H. Fox's. It is Charles Sweet's, as Fox never used it. Some piano dancing after Clara Morton is done by Claire, who is a very young girl with a voice smaller than herself. Ruth, another daughter probably, sings while thinking of something else, and Marilynn fills in in hopes of escaping the Gerry Society. The act is called "A Bit of Dresden China," but which of the five is the "bit" can not be determined.

Billee Taylor, John L. Kearney, Frances Golden and Grace Naesmith are the cast of "Wanted—A Stenographer." All excepting Taylor are new in it. Mr. Taylor's voice is not as sweet as when last heard in vaudeville, and he has contracted the comic opera tenor's method. Mr. Kearney makes up too young for the part, but plays it with spirit. Frances Golden is satisfactory, but Miss Naesmith gives a lifelike imitation of a lay figure.

Hammond and Forrester are "Comedians from the West." The girl is pretty in a blond wig which doesn't fit, and after one song is sung by both Hammond inflicts a monologue which for antiquity has everything stopped. If that monologue is cut way down, and more attention given to the rest, they will do a great deal better.

Gillette's Musical Dogs made a big hit, and Mr. Gillette has a lot of animals better trained than those any foreign act has yet shown here.

J. Francis Wood opened the show. Mr. Wood rolls hoops.

CIRCLE.

A burlesque show at the Circle must "clean up" before playing this house. Regardless of what is said or done "on the road" there are too many women and children attending the matinees here for a chance to be taken.

J. Herbert Mack's World Beaters are the bill this week, and there is not a line or piece of "business" connected with it even remotely suggestive. The nearest approach is when Major Casper Nowak, a dwarf, told by a girl that he is "too small," replies: "Well, what there is of me I can highly recommend." This same line when spoken by Mark Murphy in vaudeville is passed by, but the "Major" secures a laugh out of it because it is said in a burlesque show.

The girls are young, better looking than the average, and the only missing quantity or quality is comedians. The company is decidedly without them. Everyone in the olio doubles up in the burlesque, and the present comedians, Mike McDonald and Phil McFarland, are required to turn out and invent every old sort of an excuse for a laugh that can be thought of.

The "seltzer bottle," the "echo" and the see-saw bench are all made to do service in the final piece, which affords, however, May Gebhardt and May Corey the opportunity of "showing their shapes." The "shapes" take up a great deal of stage space, and evoke whistles and calls of admiration from the younger generation.

The opening number, "Jolly Old Sports," is given for the purpose of displaying the girls' costumes, which are not expensive. The girls march to the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and the discrepancies in the alignment seem to have passed notice. A small girl holds up one end of the row, while at the other is an amazon. Between, the short and tall ones are mixed.

In the olio the sisters DeForest sing three songs and show three dance steps. McFarland and McDonald also appear with the seltzer bottle, and German and Irish attempted comedy intermingled. About this time you laugh in sheer disgust, but Bohannon and Corey kill all chances of a continued smile with illustrated songs. Either one must close one's eyes or see the pictures. Miss Corey's voice must be listened to. In order that the audience may be aware a woman is singing the spot on which she stands is lighted up. It is darkened immediately after, and you hope, but no, she appears in a soldier's uniform, and sings some more.

Quigg, Edwards and Nickerson play "The Palms" on musical instruments, and have several such, of which the chimes carry off the honors for steely tones. Niblo and Spencer in "Artistic Dancing Exercises" may rest on the billing, while the moving pictures are the best of the whole show.

There is no dash, the action just plods along. What is needed is "a" comedian or comedians, and a stage manager with some idea of humor which hasn't been stored up in his "thinkery" since he visited his first burlesque show or saw an afterpiece.

HURTIG & SEAMON'S.

It was eight-forty Monday night when the curtain was raised for the commencement of the evening entertainment, and it fell again at eleven-twenty. During the interval twenty-two minutes were allowed "for refreshments." Deducting the time of two overtures for "waits" and the moving pictures, left two hours for eight acts to amuse.

The program man had "balled up" the billing, and the first wait was undoubtedly occasioned through an attempt to rearrange the bill after the matinee. Another mistake was the spelling of Stephen Grattan's surname as "Bratton."

Mr. Grattan and Maud White appeared in "Locked Out at 3 A. M.," which has been "touted" several times in a morning newspaper as a new sketch. It is old, very old, and since its first appearance about four years ago, both the principals have played in the legitimate, from whence they came. Their return to vaudeville is the answer. The least that could have been expected was something new.

Lind, a female impersonator, was the star of the show. There is no other similar impersonator that classes with him. Not one-tenth of the audience had an inkling of his identity until at the finale he removed the wig, which, incidentally, is a very poor one. The "buzz" following lasted several moments, Mr. Lind taking four curtain calls. Almost lightning changes are made, each perfect in itself, and to properly appreciate this artist he must be seen.

McMahon's Minstrel Maids made a solid hit. No one is starred. Each girl has something to do, and the act is far superior to any other of like nature. Miss Sully, the interlocutor, has a good voice, with a clear enunciation. The Barrett Sisters are the end "men" and have a song and dance. Annie Donaldson sings a ballad in a sweet soprano, while Miriam Carson has a rattling march song into which she infuses lots of spirit and enthusiasm in the rendering, besides being the prettiest of the lot, although a couple of others look quite pretty beneath the brown. "The Mobile Quartette" is composed of the balance of the girls, having one song which they would have still been singing had the verses held out. The second scene is well set. This is a return date within a month here.

Gorman and West, in a sketch called "A Special Meeting," spoil the idea of a "sketch" by opening in a song and dance. Miss West is one of the best dressed women on the vaudeville stage, and there is no reason why this team should not advance if they will exercise judgment in the selection of material. Something new and better should be procured at once. Miss West should examine her stockings carefully before each performance.

Mickey and Nelson amused a holiday house greatly, as did Foster and Foster. This last team made an undoubted hit with the songs and piano playing. The better placed they are on a bill the larger the hit. There is no getting away from it, although the reason is not evi-

THE OFFICE BOY AND THE MANAGERS.

"Sh, walk on your toes," said the Office Boy as I opened the door of the agent's office, "there's a Manager inside with the Boss."

"Well, supposing?" I replied, not deeming a Manager the Supreme Idol of the Earth.

"Back," says the Boy. "Excuse me if I talk in a whisper while he's around. I can easily dope out you don't know what a real cheese a Manager is."

"You ought to know them the way I do," he continued in a low voice. "In vaudeville it's the Manager. Always the Manager. Maybe the agent is looked up to once in a while, but when the Manager is around everybody shrinks."

"Listen and I'll hand you a few real ones about Managers. Most of them don't know they're alive. They have to keep still while the artists are around or the real workers would find them out. A artist goes to an agent and asks if Mr. So and So can't use his new act, and when it gets to Mr. So and So, he says, the wise guy, 'Where has it played?' and 'Is it full of comedy?' and when the agent says 'It's a new act of hisn,' Mr. Manager pulls his mustache and says 'You know our audiences. We can't take a chance. I know just what they want and I must know all about the act first before I take it. You had better get them to play somewhere first and see how it goes.'

"It would make you dizzy. If the Manager knew enough to know his audience he would have been in some other business besides vaudeville. Vaudeville has been a God-send for most of them anyway. They fell into it, and are scared to death all the time that they will have to fall out. If a Manager can beat a act down \$25, \$50 or \$100, he pats himself on the back and when he goes to sleep that night, pulls the bedclothes over his head so that the pictures on the ceiling can't see what a great man he is."

"When you find a real Manager he is so busy thinking up combinations how to trim the others in the business that he neglects his own shows."

"They will come into the city on a Monday or Tuesday from 200 or 300 miles away so as to say that they book their own shows and when they leave town they have to hire an expert accountant to find out how much they have been trimmed."

"It's a funny business, as I said before, and if the Managers knew as much as they think they do about it, they'd all make money. Everybody in the country now who's got a theatre what they don't know what to do with has turned it into a vaudeville house."

"Turn your back. Here he comes out. You musn't look, you know, for there may be a job on and you could get a line on it. Skip out quick now before the Boss sees you."

The LaVine Cimaron Trio appeared, as did Mosher, Houghton and Mosher, who were handicapped in bicycle riding by the size of the stage.

DEWEY.

Rose Sytell and her London Belles appear for the second time this season at the Dewey this week, with little or no change in the show.

The opening burlesque is called "Dazzling Nancy," a merry whirl of complications in two acts, by Barney Gerard. Why he calls it "a merry whirl of complications" I am at a loss to understand. The comedians, Bob Garnella and James W. Mack, try very hard to make the audience laugh, but it is no use.

Of course Rose Sytell was Dazzling Nancy, looking as pretty as ever. As usual, she wore a small fortune in diamonds. She sang a number of songs, ably assisted by the chorus and a male quartet.

"The above songs," the program read, "were written by J. Edward Owens," (who, by the way, is the leader of the show). It did not take him long to write these songs. Just took some of the big song hits on Broadway and changed a few bars. Shepp Campbell, the manager, played I. L. Trimmem, a man with a taking disposition, and it could be seen that he wasn't at home this season without Johnnie Weber.

In the burlesque, Vera Hearte probably carried off the major share of approval in an Indian song with a splendid chorus. There were six numbers in the olio, beginning with the McCall Trio, in a comedy singing and dancing act, at least that was what the program read. The female end of this trio does some capital skipping-rope dancing, which is spoiled by the man, who tells some gags that were told when I was a boy. He tries to sing a parody, but that is all he does—trys.

The Weston Sisters get a big hand on their clever singing and burlesque boxing, but mar their performance by the use of some suggestive gestures.

Garnella and Shirk have a good talking act in one and finish very strong with a burlesque opera. Miss Shirk has a better voice than is usually found in a burlesque show.

The Bijou Comedy Trio, billed as "Novelty, Comedy and Harmony." Where the novelty and comedy comes in I do not know, neither does the audience, but then the least said about this act the better.

W. S. Campbell and James Mack have a real novelty in a talking act. They show the interior of a police station. Shepp Campbell as a German Inspector, Mack as a patrolman. In the act there is shown a series of living pictures. They are very much out of place and if the pictures were given as a special number in the olio they would look much better.

The Great Relyea closes the olio, billed as the perfect man in physical culture. The scenic effects and the costumes and the working of the chorus help the show a great deal, though there is a great deal of "kidding" done by some of the chorus girls in the entrances and is plainly seen by the audience. As I left the theatre I asked Morris Kraus what he thought of the show; he only laughed.

Joe Raymond.

Mr. and Mrs. Vic. Levitt are the proud possessors of a bouncing baby boy. Mother and son are both well.

GOTHAM.

Charles Dickson ought to be doing Shakespearean repertoire. Not that he suggests conspicuous ability by his work, but the degree of indifference with which he strolled through his sketch at the Gotham in Brooklyn this week showed his personal conviction that he was too good for vaudeville. At yesterday's matinee he walked through his part of "A Pressing Matter" as though his mind were occupied with more important matters and he didn't particularly care whether his lines were listened to or not. His attitude was a direct insult to any audience. The sketch is of very fair quality and Dickson could make it an interesting part of the bill if he would inject a little ginger into his work.

By far the best turn of the Gotham bill was William Cahill's monologue. Cahill is endowed with a wealth of native Irish humor. He has rubbed most of the rough places off his talk and now, relieved of the coarseness that used to mar his performance, he more nearly approaches "The Rolling Mill Man" of beloved memory.

Laura Bennett and Pearle Andrews in George M. Cohan's farce, "The Angel," were funny in a rather loud way. The skit is based on a knocking fest between two jealous "stage ladies," and although it may be true it is an unlovely phase of life and not particularly elevating. On the other hand the two principals are well dressed and handsome in an Amazonian way. They get all there is out of the humor of Mr. Cohan's work, and their singing is above the ordinary.

The mysterious De Biere is infinitely more mysterious to the gallery than he is to the first half dozen rows of the orchestra. This is a case of distance lending enchantment. At close view De Biere's methods are more or less transparent, although his trick with the trunk suspended in the centre of the proscenium arch is mystifying to the uninitiated. Some of his mechanical tricks also are effective.

Adams and Drew are newcomers in vaudeville, although they have been doing their German dialect turn in burlesque for some time. The lines are bright and considerable thinking has been expended on the dressing of the turn. They have an entertaining line of automobile talk that is new and un-hackneyed.

The Gartelle Brothers in a roller skate dancing stunt did a lot of hard work and were rewarded by the delighted shrieks of the youngsters in the audience. The turn closed with a dance which was good. The introduction of some good talk would benefit the performance materially.

Joseph L. Maxwell and his Firemen Quartet was new to East New York, and they got an enthusiastic welcome. The five men sing well together.

Meehan's dogs were put through the usual tricks and a few that were original and novel. The leaping greyhounds were above the average.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR LOTTIE GILSON

Sam Meyers has raised a subscription to bring Lottie Gilson back to New York.

AMPHION.

The Amphion Theatre management reaped this week the reward of rather daring enterprise in crowded houses. The Williamsburg house is supporting a bill in which there are at least four acts that have served as the features of New York vaudeville theatres within the last few months.

Williams and Walker, of course, lead the procession of head-liners. The act remains practically unchanged from the form in which it was first given at Hammerstein's, with the exception that the chorus in the upper box, with which the act started, has been cut out, and the only work the rather overdressed company is now called upon to perform is in the choruses of the song. The change works to the advantage of the performance.

Tom Nawn has to thank the instinctive love of a fairy story that is implanted in most grown-ups for the large measure of popularity that has rewarded his performance of "Pat and the Genie."

Charlotte Appelle, the third member of the company, gives an excellent performance. Whether or no Abdul El Kader's "three wives" are his really, truly spouses, Williamsburg accepts the program at its face value, and accordingly greeted the act with a certain amount of scandalized interest. The women's pictures, however, will never be handed down to future generations as "old masters." Also the veils on the lower half of the women's faces are designed, it would seem, as a kindness to the audience rather than an effort to convey the Oriental atmosphere of the act.

Fielis and Ward must sit up o' nights wrestling with their act. Every time one sees it the sketch has been enriched with half a dozen bright new lines or a clever bit of business. Both artists are good, and their act has merit enough to warrant the owners in losing the little horse play and "kidding" they have been using.

Signor Luigi Del'Oro, together with his musical paraphernalia, were surely made in Europe, judging from the name and the gaudy gold and white of his

equipment. He played several classical numbers on a sixteen-pound accordion. The audience gave its interested attention to the music, which closely resembled that of a pipe organ, but when he gave 'em rag time they demanded more, even to the third encore. The sixteen-pounder was assisted by the "armonipede," an arrangement of pedals which the Signor worked with his feet.

The Three Madcaps in contortion stunts and dances came up to a fair average of shapeliness. They started the performance.

Riccobono's Horses did not make good its description on the programme, "Greatest animal act before the public," but it was a well done turn, to which a comedy hostler contributed a large part.

The Trolley Car Trio frankly announced themselves as being in the slap-stick and rough-house business from the getaway. The turn might amuse the youngsters, but for grown-up appreciation the performance of kicking a man in the face is rather too elemental humor.

WHAT REMICK PAID SHAPIRO.

Maurice Shapiro, the former junior partner of the disrupted firm of Shapiro, Remick & Co., has had an inflated chest since the dissolution over the general belief of his "pipe" that Remick paid Maurice \$100,000 to leave the firm. Every time it is mentioned to Remick here, he leaves for Detroit so people won't catch him laughing.

Shapiro was paid \$31,000 for his interest in the concern. While the terms were being discussed by him and the senior partner, the wily Maurice had a series of cold chills before Remick finished a short talk on the foolishness of Shapiro thinking he was a "mark." At the conclusion, Maurice, in a limp condition, accepted the offer without comment.

Frederick Thompson, of Thompson and Dundy, and Clifford G. Fischer, of Marinelli's Agency, left together on the Oceanic last Wednesday, and by special request you are asked to note that Mr. Thompson sailed with Mr. Fischer—but the Oceanic is a big boat.

VARIETY

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IN THE OLDEN DAYS

Reminiscences of the Early Days of Variety by the Veteran Manager and Performer, Nick, Norton.

NOTE.—There is probably no one now engaged in the vaudeville with the exception of Tony Pastor, who possesses as wide a knowledge of the variety business as Nick Norton, who gave up professional work to associate himself with the managerial end and who for several years has been a valued member of the Hyde & Behman forces. Mr. Norton has kindly consented to give some of his recollections for the benefit of Variety. The series will be continued in subsequent issues.

NUMBER THREE.

My first stage managing experience came after the Toledo engagement, when Gus Lee and myself went to Cleveland to join the forces of A. Montpelier, who had come up from Cincinnati to open Kelly's Hall as a variety house, changing the name to the Athenaeum. Of course the dignified position of stage manager called for a larger salary and they raised me to \$20 weekly.

For that I was expected to lay out the show, engage the acts and stage manage the afterpieces. It was hard work; twice as hard as merely doing a specialty, but the five dollars paid me for it, and more, and for four months I enjoyed my authority and dignity when I lost the job through a most curious circumstance.

Cleveland was at that time the great oil centre. John D. Rockefeller was there at that time laying the foundation for the Standard Oil Company. Naturally all the oil people turned to Cleveland, and among them was John Steele, better known as "Coal Oil Johnny."

Steele was at that time in the height of his spectacular career. The discovery of oil in Pennsylvania had raised him suddenly from poverty to affluence and, like all newly rich, he was a spendthrift. He maintained apartments in the Weddel House in Cleveland the same as he did in other cities, taking them by the year, but he spent a great deal of his time in Cleveland and he liked to mix with the actors. He was always a welcome guest behind the scenes and right royally did he pay for the privilege.

He was an amateur minstrel himself and it was his delight to lead the entire company on four-horse sleighs after a performance and drive into the country to Rocky River, where at the road house there he would set forth an elaborate dinner with anything we wanted to drink. Out and back we would stop at every road house, giving an impromptu minstrel first part, in which he would participate, and the tip was invariably twenty dollars to the proprietor in addition to his bill.

These little jaunts would last well on into the next day, but we were always home in time for the following evening's performance. On one of these jaunts we got back just in time to dress and ring up the curtain. Steele and his chum, Slocum, came along with us and during the evening they bought champagne by the basket.

By eleven o'clock we all were mellow,

and as Steele kept urging me to ring down that we might take to the sleighs again, I gave the signal for the "Grand Walk Around," which always closed the show, an hour earlier than usual.

The next morning there was a little chat with Mr. Montpelier notable principally for its brevity and eloquence of expression, and my relations with the Athenaeum terminated at the expiration of my week's notice.

Montpelier explained that it was merely a matter of discipline and that he did not altogether blame me, and later on I played for several years under his management and the incident was recalled as a joke.

From Cleveland I went to Buffalo, where I got a chance at Carr's Melodeon. There I met Billy Emmett and after a time we doubled up. We were undoubtedly the first Dutch rough wooden shoe song and dance team. Emmett being thin and lank, did the girl to my fat Dutchman; a combination afterward followed with such great success by Pete Baker and Tommy Farron.

The East had always been the Promised Land, and I made for Philadelphia, concluding that the time was ripe for an invasion. I had expected to find work at Robert Fox's, but to my dismay Martini Chiriski, a noted juggler and wire walker, was filling an engagement there.

There was no chance for me, so I took an engagement at J. C. ("Fatty") Stewart's Apollo Hall, a Vine street basement place where the ceiling was so low it was impossible to work on the stage and even from the floor it was hard to find room for my juggling.

My salary was small because Stewart knew that I was stuck, but I did not get even that, for Stewart was an inveterate faro player and as soon as the receipts were in he would streak off to a gambling room and lose the entire amount in the hopeless endeavor to gain back what he had already lost. The result was that the ghost was permanently disabled and when at last an opportunity came to go to Baltimore for an engagement at Bob Gardner's Melodeon, I could not raise the fare.

The late "Billy" Barry was then a youngster in the company, and it was to his inventive mind I owed my escape. Our credit was good at the bar and at Barry's suggestion I drew against the bar to the extent of my salary in bar checks and sold these to the waiters at a discount.

In this way I got enough for my fare and got out of town, leaving all of my personal effects except the suit I was wearing at the boarding house in lieu of my board money. The Baltimore engagement was a good one and in a couple of weeks my effects were redeemed and my chances began to look more rosy. Later on business dropped, and when, on April 14, 1865, John Wilkes Booth assassinated the President, all theatres were closed with no prospect of an early reopening and the management made this the excuse for welching on several weeks of arrears of salary.

I was broke again and without a single place of amusement in the entire country doing business.

Theatres then were not the important ventures they are to-day. A store with a stage at one end and ordinary kitchen chairs strapped to wooden bars constituted the equipment of many of the

places, and I have known a place to be opened within forty-eight hours after some one had decided upon such a venture. If the place failed to pay there was small loss, and since there were no heavy investment charges the managers were not so anxious to keep the place open as they are now.

There were from four to eight of these places in every town in addition to the standard place. I recall only eighteen important places open in the season of 1864-65, to wit:

Howard Athenaeum.....Boston, Mass.
Bob Butler's Theatre Comique,
444 Broadway, New York City.
Robert Fox's Casino,
Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Bob Gardner's Melodeon,
Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
George Lea's Canterbury.....Washington, D. C.
Ben Trimble's Varieties.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
Tom Carr's Melodeon, Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Montpelier's Athenaeum,
Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Theatre Comique (Chas. M. Welch),
Detroit, Mich.
Charles Chadwick's Varieties,
Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
George Deagle's Varieties.....St. Louis, Mo.
Green Street Varieties (Capt. John Smith),
Albany, N. Y.
Palace Varieties.....Cincinnati, Ohio.
Haverly's Theatre (J. H. Haverly), Toledo, Ohio.
Spaulding and Bidwell's St. Charles Theatre,
New Orleans, La.
Bloom's Varieties (John Bloom), Memphis, Tenn.
Tom Poland's Varieties.....Nashville, Tenn.
Della Union.....San Francisco, Cal.

The list is unimportant as compared with the formidable array of houses to-day, but these were the schools wherein many of the important legitimate actors of to-day and practically every comic opera comedian of importance was trained to his work. Men like Eddie Foy, Ned Harrigan, Francis Wilson, James T. Powers, Peter Dalley and hundreds of others were grounded in these variety houses, and they do credit to their instructors.

(To be concluded.)

AMATEUR NIGHTS.

Keeney's Theatre in Brooklyn installed for the first time last Thursday an "amateur night" with prizes amounting to \$20 offered as an inducement for the budding genius to compete.

Most of the burlesque houses around town have one night a week set apart for the edification and amusement of the audience, particularly the gallery, with the antics of the new beginners, but this is the first time a vaudeville house in New York has attempted it as a feature. It is always the most amusing part of the evening's entertainment.

COLE AND JOHNSON AMONG THE LADIES.

A march by Cole and Johnson appears in the January number of the Ladies' Home Journal.

WAS THERE?

Adele Ritchie denies that she has had trouble with William Lykens over the matter of commissions. In her earlier engagements Miss Ritchie paid ten per cent. to Lykens on all engagements, but finding that there was a demand for her act and that she could book direct with the agents who booked for the managers, she dropped Lykens and did most of her business with Morris. She denies that Lykens is after special commissions, but it is said that the agent is painting his face in streaks of red and yellow and will soon begin to make war medicine, alleging a contract for exclusive booking.

It is rumored that Ida Rene receives \$600, and Arthur Prince \$700, weekly, while playing the Williams houses.

THEY DIDN'T EAT.

Truly Shattuck and the "City Girls" from the "Prince of Pilsen" now playing in vaudeville arranged to have their Christmas dinner last Sunday evening after the performance. Invitations were recklessly mailed, and as the girls' dinner was to have been by subscription from the young ladies themselves, the "invites" caused many hearts to beat high. The girls changed their minds at the last moment but did not recall the invitations, causing those who had invented an excuse at home to escape the Sunday meal to wander forth at midnight for something substantial.

EMMA FRANCIS GETS GERMANY.

Emma Francis has been booked by M. S. Bentham through Charles Bornhaupt for the Wintergarten in Berlin at 5,000 marks a month. From that city she will journey over the Continent.

CIRCLE CONCERTS.

Commencing to-morrow Percy G. Williams will offer Sunday concerts at the Circle Theatre. They will have no connection with the shows given through the week, but will be made up of high grade acts. Apparently Mr. Williams finds the need of closer competition to the Majestic on Sunday evenings than he can give with the Colonial show.

MYERS IN HARTFORD.

The Hartford Opera House has entered the roll of Connecticut vaudeville playhouses for keeps.

Manager H. H. Jennings put in a variety bill this week as a sort of stop-gap to cover up a dark stretch. Hartford seemed to like the idea, and, so 'tis said, the first two days of the Christmas week's business decided Mr. Jennings to establish his home as an opposition to the Poli menage in the same burg on a permanent basis.

The initial bill displayed the names of John C. Rice and Sallie Cohen, Duffin-Radcaj and Kleinott Brothers and Nicholson.

DUNBAR TO PATERSON.

George F. Dunbar, formerly of Fall River, Mass., has assumed the management of the Family Theatre in Paterson, N. J., taking the place of C. W. Morris. Mr. Morris, it is understood, has been forced to give up the management of the Paterson house by ill health. He will continue, however, to be the active executive factor in his other house in Gloversville.

Albert Sutherland will do the exclusive booking for the Paterson house under the new arrangement.

HAPPY HARRISON.

Lee Harrison is carrying a smile now which may almost be heard. He is going to shake the weekly jumps, where if you don't like a town you must stand it for seven days, to go in the Joe Weber show in January. Lee expects a happy future, however short, for he says: "Now I know I can find my theatre without a guide for a little while, at least."

The Scipio-Argenanti troupe of pantomimists from Europe will arrive here next month, appearing on January 29 in Chicago at one of the Kohl & Castle theatres, afterwards going over the Orpheum Circuit before presenting themselves in the East.

ARTISTS' FORUM



If you don't like something and want to tell about it, send it here if you think it will interest others. Variety does not assume paternity for any opinions expressed in this column. Items will be printed (if not libelous) whether we agree with the statements or not. It is desired to make this the artists' forum.

Editor Variety.

Sir—In your recent number I noticed for the "knocker"—this is not meant for that place at all—but as a suggestion that the critics of theatrical papers suggest improvements to the managers as well as to the actors. We have a little playlette which we try to deliver in a refined and well dressed manner and find ourselves suddenly surrounded with environments strongly suggesting a kitchen or a parlor in a cheap one night stand hotel. My argument is, if the actor dresses well and wishes to appear clean, is it fair of a manager to give him chairs on the stage that soil his clothes even to sit on them? How can an actor feel like acting and letting himself go, if he has to be afraid to sit down for fear of breaking the gilt chair allotted for his "parlor" set? Perhaps it's immaterial to most vaudevillians, but I'm sure we would all feel more like work if we were made glad by a little responsive help on the part of a manager. To be brief, we are playing in the dirtiest set, shabbiest properties that we have ever met in our whole career (Poll always excepted), and in the heart of New York, where the audiences demand strict attention as to dressing and neatness, etc., and the manager hasn't even a clean sofa pillow in the house and the property man has to put his own money out for a stage waste paper basket. This is not intended nor written for publication, but if it will open a way for your paper to take all these things in consideration when reviewing a performance and give the managers a few points, my mission will have been accomplished by this hurried, tho' well-wishing, missive.

North Adams, Mass., Dec. 28.

Editor Variety.

Enclosed find money order for subscription. Kindly mail paper as per enclosed route. We consider your paper fills a long felt want and see no reason why it should not prove a huge success for both artists and publishers. We have heretofore paid sixty to seventy-five cents weekly for dramatic papers that did not contain one-half the real news to the profession that yours does. There are several papers in England that are devoted to the interests of the vaudeville artists exclusively and we have often wondered why they did not have one here. Let us know when our subscription is again due. Wishing you every success,

Burton and Brookes.

New York, Dec. 27.

Editor Variety.

I wish you would go into the matter of managers cutting down acts to suit themselves and the program without regard to whether the act is hurt thereby or not. Some managers believe in quantity rather than quality, and this cutting down causes many an act to fall flat which otherwise would go. It is not necessary for a manager to crowd his bill because he can get a lot of acts within his expense limit. Hand it to them for it. Please don't sign my name to this.

Editor of Variety.

Sir—It is doubtful whether our troubles will interest you to any great extent, however after reading your article which appeared in last week's Variety under the heading of "Managers from Missouri," and also Mr. Cressy's remarks on the same subject, I cannot resist citing our own case as a fair example of the absolute disregard and utter uninterestedness shown by managers and agents regarding new acts.

We are new faces in the East and have a new act, and while we do not profess to have the greatest act in existence, still from past performances and the census of opinion of the press, we are led to believe that we have at least a look in on any first-class bill.

At present we are with the Dainty Paree Burlesquers; played last week at Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre, the week previously at the London. Now in playing those houses we foresaw that we were avoiding one of the most serious situations confronted by the average new act endeavoring to gain recognition, viz.: of procuring a place to present same. In not having the foregoing to trouble me, I started out one morning with gay abandon to have a little heart to heart (?) talk with various managers and agents.

Any one familiar with the situation can readily surmise what were the results of my efforts. Suffice to say that I would have had a far better chance of gaining an audience with the President of the United States than I had with any of the gentlemen who claim they are looking for something new.

After many unsuccessful attempts I finally managed to get the ear of one or two agents, but even then the best I received was the oft repeated promise of "Well, I'll send some one down to look you over," which promise undoubtedly faded away with my departure as is usual in all such cases.

This is merely the expression of one who has had practical experience in trying to place a new act, and goes to prove the fact that the author of "Managers from Missouri" understands the situation thoroughly. Let us hope that articles of this character will continue, and be the means of removing this one obstacle of placing new acts before the public.

MONTGOMERY AND CANTOR,

CORRESPONDENCE

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Bon Ton has changed hands again, Frank V. Dunn, Jr., disposing of the lease to Lilly Tyson. The latter is the wife of John G. Jermon, who owns and runs the Lyceum Theatre here and this is her second venture in the Bon Ton. The new lessee reports that in the future half-hour comedy sketches will be put on by a stock company headed by Joe West, with an olio bill in addition. It was recently announced in this column that George Fish, of Cincinnati, was trying to secure the Bon Ton to put a stock company in there, but he failed to reach terms with Dunn. No terms have been announced regarding the latest transfer. The Empire Theatre, located in Frankford, a local suburb, was added to the list of houses playing variety this week.

CASINO.—The "Parisian Widows" furnished the Christmas attraction with a strong bill. Ben Welch is the principal entertainer in the burlesques "The Carnival at Monte Carlo" and "A Day in Camp," and being the author has supplied himself with lots of material. He works hard, and most of his stuff is good. The supporting company is a large one, but the women will never earn honors as a "beauty show." Ben Welch and the Three Keltons are the best in the olio. "Baby" Kelton made a big hit. This child looks promising and should be taken care of the field she is in. With a little brightening, the musical act could find plenty of time on the big bill. Manager Harris is wearing a handsome suit and charming the gits of Ben Welch, while the company presented him with a handsome leather bag. Many of the company members were remembered by Santa Claus. Business was big all week and the Casino is improving since Floyd Lauman has taken over.

TROCADERO.—Nothing less than packed houses at each performance welcomed the "Kentucky Bells." They are using "Murphy's Mistake" which is credited to the pen of Jack Reid. It is simply a revised version of the farce "Confusion," which was used to amuse the refugees from Noah's Ark. But it presented enough amusement to please and with a number of specialties makes up a creditable entertainment. Hedrix and Prescott, dancers; Reid and Carroll; The Century Four, singing quartette; Gray and Graham, who offered a good musical act which was almost spoiled by some bad comedy, and the Four Melvins, clever acrobats, introduced specialties. Ella Gilbert, Violet Berio and others appeared in the musical numbers. The company gave a Christmas dinner and numerous presents were exchanged. Manager Robert Gordon received a handsome diamond studded match box.

BON TON.—Charles Lawlor and the Lawlor Sisters; La Salle troupe, acrobats; Mabel Emerson; the Grubbs, and several other acts pleased well filled houses.

EMPIRE.—A dozen acts makes up the bill for the opening week under the new management, and good sized crowds were entertained.

KINGS.

Peoria, Ill.

MAIN ST. (J. C. Cutler res. mgr.).—Week of 24: La Dent, Marinette and Sylvester, Marie Laurens, Russell and Dunbar, Melt's dogs, Peter J. Smith and Kinodrome form the program. Big business rules Christmas week. Performances fine; Russell and Dunbar and Melt's dogs big hits; La Dent performed the remarkable feat of juggling ten balls. —WEST (C. F. Barton, mgr.).—Knox Bros. head the bill, with Claus and Fleish, Green and Rober, The Lawlor, Marion and Iwane and moving pictures. Big business Christmas night. —The following performers appeared at the benefit given for the stage employees of the city: Connelly, Downey and Willard, Casad and De Verne, The Savoy's, The Rays, Chas. Banks, Marinellas, Peter J. Smith, Mrs. and Mr. Lewis, Ben Harney. The entertainment was a big success. —MAC.

Lynn, Mass.

AUDITORIUM (Harry Katzes, Mgr.).—The bill for Christmas week is an exceptionally strong one, the Colby family of musical artists being the topliner. Al Lawson and Frances Mamon, in comedy cycling and bag punching, really come out. The sketch, "The Quiet Life," given by Julie Ring and G. Roland Sargent, has good action, although Mr. Sargent exaggerates his part. Irene Franklin, comedienne, is being called back many times at each performance. Pat Rooney and Marion Bent are good dancers, but that is all. Mitchell and Marlon, the minstrel boys, are well liked. The male member of the Brownings would improve the act if he did not fall down so often and got a new make up; otherwise the act was good. —GEM (C. W. Sheafe, mgr.).—This house is doing good business with a strong bill. —NOTE.—Charmion, the French aerial artist, is being featured with the Harvey and Gage Comedy company at Lynn Theatre this week. Of

NOTICE.

Variety may be obtained from the following dealers throughout the country: Worcester, Mass.—F. A. Easton Co. Syracuse, N. Y.—Vanderbilt, Globe Hotel. Rochester, N. Y.—Powers Hotel. Philadelphia, Pa.—Bellevue-Stratford Hotel.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Bingham House. Chicago, Ill.—Post Office News Co. 178 Dearborn street.

Trenton—K. W. Garside, 4 South Broad street.

Meriden, Conn.—The Aug. Schmelzer Co, 15 E. Main street.

Newark, N. J.—Rosner Bros., 179 Market street.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Claypool Hotel.

New Orleans, La.—C. E. Staub, 1021 Exchange Place.

St. George, S. I.—Wm. Wheeler.

Washington, D. C.—Riggs House.

St. Louis, Mo.—Southern Hotel.

CANADA.

London—Red Star News Co.

course her usual souvenirs are being distributed, meaning her a big drawing card.

P. DAVID CHASE.

Boston, Mass.

KEITH'S (Frank O'Connor, bus. mgr.).—The holiday week bill is filled with many good acts—most in consideration, a real dramatic treat by Valerie Bergere and company, in a pleasing one-act version of "Carmen." This popular little "legitimate" artist has a fine support in Harry Keane, Edward Dauch, Charles Diamond, Annie Gordon and Marie Burke, all of whom acquiesce themselves admirably. Miss Bergere improves excellent opportunities of showing her range of talent from comedy to tragedy. Her beautiful stage setting and electrical effects are credited to her, and deserve notice. First among the funnakers is Lew Hawkins, the "Chief of Mincestry," who has a new list of funny stories and up-to-date parodies full of local hits that are big. As a humorist, Lew is a dandy, and his song about Miss Alice Roosevelt as a "Rankee Loodle Girl" is a winner. John Bitt has a unique and original novelty in which he impersonates all the characters of the modern cheap melodrama by simply changing his face. It is he could disguise his voice better, his face would be a capital burlesque. The balance of the entertainers include the Taylors, "Real Coo" song and dance comedians; Jack Lyne in a monologue and songs; Crane brothers, offering "The American Minstrel"; the American bicyclists; Herbert De Vaux, a rapid sketch artist, presenting "Studies in High Art"; Maria and Jean Latona, who made their debut in vaudeville here, in a musical sketch which gives Miss Latona a splendid chance to show her ability as a pianist. She sings well, too, and Frank plays the cello and trombone to good advantage. Toward and Dorretto, European acrobatic comedy acrobats; Ed F. Hendon, a clever ventriloquist, and the Astorian troupe of Japanese equilibrists are newcomers from last week's program, and repeated former successes. Finner's dogs are a special feature and score heavily with the children, who are much in evidence. Christmas each juvenile patron was the recipient of a handsome present. The holiday decorations of this theatre are beautiful. The description views of travel pleased and the cinematograph exhibited several timely films. Business, standing room only.

HOWARD (Carl D. Lothrop, bus. mgr.).—The sixtieth season of this house is marked by excellent shows and big business. The variety features engaged for the holidays include George B. Alexander, "The High-Toned Hobo," but better known to the Howardsites as "Susie Smithers' Dandy," on account of his great popularity here last Summer, when he sang so many funny parodies about "Susie" and her troubles. Among the well-received numbers are Dave Genaro and Ray Bailey, supported by Edmondson, in a lively singing and dancing comedy, entitled "A Cigar in the Case." The Four Magnanims, musical barbers, are doing fine. Sam's impersonations of great men are very clever. Flaner and Johnson, cycling comedians; Al and Willis, doers of "Lichim" (Lilton), Hebrew juggler, and the Magicians, magicians, are satisfying an appreciative audience. Worthy of special mention are Lulah Lee, a saucy little soubrette, who is a charming comedienne; Lou La Clair and Hovey West, promoters of variety; Carrie M. Scott, a pretty exponent of physical culture, and Cockley and McBride, black-face comedians, and Mr. and Mrs. Al Stewart, in their realistic sketch, "Uncle Josh on the Liberty," are receiving success on the Arthur other house last week. The Howard Burlesquers, under the personal direction of Miss Violet Mascotte, present a new musical burlesque, "Under the Liberty." Forty pretty girls make up this portion of the show and in song and dance numbers and feature attractions are still favorites in their way. The Howardscope is fine this week. Packed houses prevail.

Utica, N. Y.

ORPHEUM (E. L. Koneke, Res. Mgr.).—Edward Clark and his "Six Winning Widows" head this week's bill with an act overflowing with fun, good music and clever dances. Clark is a miniature comedian, musical and funny. Dunn type, yet his methods are strikingly original. His girls are all good looking and wear stunning gowns. A singing act of the operatic type, furnished by the Italian Trio. These three men possess true voices of whom we have heard. Their singing is a feature. May Duryea and Wm. Mortimer present a skit called "The Imposter," that is a winner from the comedy standpoint. Cherry and Bates are good trick cyclists and the comedians of the troupe are many laughs. Musical Kleist presents the most mysterious musical act yet seen at the Orpheum. The Misses Carey and Hayes have a novelty act called "The Derby Race." Ed Seppala, the equilibrist, does a most wonderful balancing act. Views on the kinetograph conclude the bill. Next week—Virginia Earle and her six Johnnies; Caprice, Lynn and Fay; Darras Brothers; Tobin Sisters; Billy Link; Mabel Rowland; Orville and Frank, and Kinetograph.—STAR (Joe Ball, Mgr.).—Dark.

Pittsburg, Pa.

GRAND (Harry Davis, mgr.).—It is rather difficult to fix on any special headliner, but Hugh J. Ward and Jessie Izett are perhaps a little favored on account of their long connection with the old stock companies. They appear in a play by Edward E. Kilder, called "Daddy Doolittle," an act which comedy was mixed touches of the pathetic, but hardly original enough for a long life in vaudeville. Ward is the same unctuous comedian, with a little extra of the finish and less of the flourish than of yore. Miss Izett has some good opportunities and shows marked improvement since her stock company days. Clifford and Burke, Pittsburg boys, entice the audience with their back-face act. Will Rogers, larrikin comedian from Wooley West, assisted by another man and a finely trained "cow pony," gave a marvelous exhibition of "roping." The Three Keatons kept the house in an uproar of laughter and applause, and the Piccolo Midgets were as ever. Charlotte Guyer George, late of "Parisian," rendered several numbers that appealed to the popular fancy, while the Basque Quartet sings selections from grand opera well, and received generous applause. The troupe also gave a clever acrobatic specialty. O. K. Sato makes fun while he juggles, and is decidedly clever at both. The Brothers Durant, aerial comedians, are good; the two dogs, "Fanked" and "Dixie," did a pleasing act; Shag and Lamson, the Herberts and Earnest Caro, with the moving pictures, rounded out an exceptionally fine bill.

TEMPLE (Jas. A. Moon, mgr.)—Frank D. Bryon's "American Gliss," Jas. T. Dolan and Ida Lenhar presenting "The Wire Tapper," Clarice Vance, Clifton Crawford, singing comedy; Neely's Imperial Japs, the Wilton Brothers, keely bar act; Caboret's dogs, the Majestic Dogs and the Cinematograph, Good show, good business.—**AVENUE** (Frank Drew, mgr.)—The Imperial Burlesquers, presenting a musical comedy in three acts, entitled "An Eye Opener," consisting of such well known artists as—Washburn, Pauline Mason, Crawford and Manning; Jack and the Palace Follies, J. Evans and the Clipper Comedy Four, Good attraction, good business.—**CRYSTAL**—Mack & Elliott in "The New Minister," by C. Horwitz, Tom Hefron; Ed B. and Rella White, presenting a high-class musical comedy, Good show, good business.—**WILSON**—Evelyn, comedienne; Paul LaCroix, juggler; Oliver, variety, illustrated songs, and the Lindorome. Good show, good business. JNO. A. WEBER.

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Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Business at the Family Theatre during the present week has been of the gold-edged order, and the S. R. O. sign has been conspicuously displayed at all performances. The bill has been a good one and is headed by "Cunning," the jall breaker, whose unique act of freeing himself from handcuffs, leg-irons and lastly a steel cage, has caught the city and aroused much speculation. The police officials as well as all others are mystified. The Nelson troupe, comedy acrobats, are very good; the tumbling is of unusual merit. Black and Jones, singing and dancing coons, have been here before this season, but they are clever and their work pleases. Irma Lore, comedienne, has a good voice and fine appearance, but she sings songs that are older than herself. The Taneans (2) do a musical act that

is fair, and the show is closed with new pictures.

Worcester, Mass.

PARK (A. T. Witton, mgr.).—Sam Watson and his Farmyard was the headliner of the best bill of the season. The Elmore Sisters, Mayme Remington and Elsworth and Burt all scored heavily and were about even for second place. Harry Brown, cartoonist, scored heavily, while Zalka, the mystery, was well liked by the audience. Delmar Bros. gave an excellent exhibition of barrel jumping. The kinetograph concluded. —POLIS (Chas. W. Fonda).—Paul Sander as headliner was well liked, but was closely pushed for first place by Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane. The Meers were well liked and received several curtain calls. World and Kings-ton took well. McGloin and Smith, heel and toe

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dancers, scored heavily. "The Girl Behind the Drum" also took well. Sherman and De Forrest were the weakest on the bill, their sketch at times being silly. The electrograph concluded.

G. W. JARDINE.

Syracuse, N. Y.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE (C. H. Plummer, mgr.).—The bill offered this week was not up to the standard. Sisters Durbyelle, a novelty in shadows, fair; Leo Carillo, mimic, makes a lot of noise, that's all; Dertorelli and Glissando, good musicians, but spoil the act when they try to be funny. The Grand Opera Trio was well received. Bon and Benton's sketch, "My Awful Dad," took well. Thompson and Vidocq are old time conversationalists. Some of their jokes were older than that. Paul Conchas,

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whose balancing and catching of heavy weights was marvelous, was received with great applause. Next week, Patrice, "The Flying Rath-burns" and others. Eddie Clarke plays this in his "Weekly Hash." "Can you imagine the time I had in Syracuse, the home of Lee Shubert? Talk about mistaken identity, before I left town I owned 184 theatres. And all because Lee looks like me. Oh! the curse of beauty is awful!"

SAM FREEMAN.

Trenton, N. J.

TRENT (Ed. Renton, mgr.).—The bill this week was not quite up to the standard. Matthews and Ashley and Hines and Remington were about the two best acts, followed by Rhoda Royal and her trained horse, Chesterfield, which does some clever posing, but a little too much of it. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Murphy are fair in "Why Dugan Swore Off." Mrs. Murphy making a hit with the song "Larry." Artie Hall has quite a cold and could not sing her best. A new song would be right in line for her to improve her act. Reno and Richards in an acrobatic act with the baseball finish did well. Alburts and Jessie Miller in "A Scene at the Fair Grounds," quite a lot of junk to hand out in one act. Her cornet playing lets the act out. Biograph concludes. Business, capacity early part of week, with a tendency to fall about mid-week. Next week's bill consists of Victor and his Venetian band, Fanny Rice, James Donovan and Co., Emmett De Voe and Co., Mr. and Mrs. James Barry, Gourley and Sully and Gourley, Murphy and Francis and Biograph.

F. G. F.

Lansing, Mich.

BIJOU (D. J. Robson, mgr.).—Week of 25: The Mirkell Sisters and the Gold Dust Twins in their new act pleased the crowds at the Bijou this week. Dracula, the frolicsome demon, deserved the applause that greeted him. "Bren" Hayes, banjo and mandolin artist, is a great performer on the instruments, playing a class of music that is rarely heard on these stages. Higgins and Phelps have a laughable act, consisting of singing, dancing and dialogue. C. S. Humphrey sings the illustrated song, and the pictures are very good. Playing to packed houses.

FORD A. CARY.

Fort Worth, Texas.

MAJESTIC (Chas. R. Fisher, res. mgr.).—Week of 18. Rainy weather and Christmas shopping prevented many from seeing the best week of vaudeville yet presented here. Loud praise from all patrons for this week's bill. Every act presented had music in it. Ida O'Day, banjo, song and story; Three LaMoines, musical artists; May Vokes and Company in "A Mrs. Maid"; Zoo Mathews, singer; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Waterous, high-class vocal selections; the Two Vivians, rifle shooters; the kinetograph. The pronounced hit of the bill was Miss May Vokes, whose impersonation of a foolish servant girl was perfect.

"TARRANT".

Janesville, Wis.

The West Side Theatre (vaudeville) has been closed as a theatre and is now being used for roller skating. This theatre plays only first-class acts, and will open again on March 5 with a first-class bill of attractions.

GEO. L. HATCH.

Jersey City, N. J.

BON TON (Thos. W. Dinkins, mgr.).—"The Mascottes," a combination which looks as though it had been begotten and born overnight, are here this week. Both performances on Christmas had the "standing room only" out. The most noticeable feature of the performance was the frequent exit of the auditors, and the neighboring third mills are thanking the management. However, we are living in hopes of better things. The "Colonial Belles" descend on us next, and some one whispers that "It will be different."

"MONTMORENCY."

Yonkers, N. Y.

DORIC.—The house was packed to the doors. Waller and Magill opened the show with "The Pistol Card." Their act is only fair. Mr. Waller would do much better if he left out his German, because an English-speaking audience does not care for that sort of thing. Dan Harrington is of the general run of ventriloquists—nothing wonderful, but entertaining. Nellie Sylvester is a prepossessing singer, and has a good voice. Good old Gus Williams was on, and I think Gus is better than he ever was. De Noyer and Ward next. Mr. De Noyer is a very clever, able comedian, but I cannot see why and for what reason he carries Miss Ward with him; she can neither dance nor sing. Shepard and Ward are fair, just about please. The show closed with Bailey and Austin in a good act.

ELZIE.

Des Moines, Ia.

BIJOU (Fred Buchanan, mgr.).—Scarles and Arnold, Harney and Haines, Rose and Severns. Art Adair and Jack Irwin; week 18, good business.

H. VERNON REAVER.

Alexandra Dagmar has taken to telling stories and they say that she is getting away with the idea.

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